



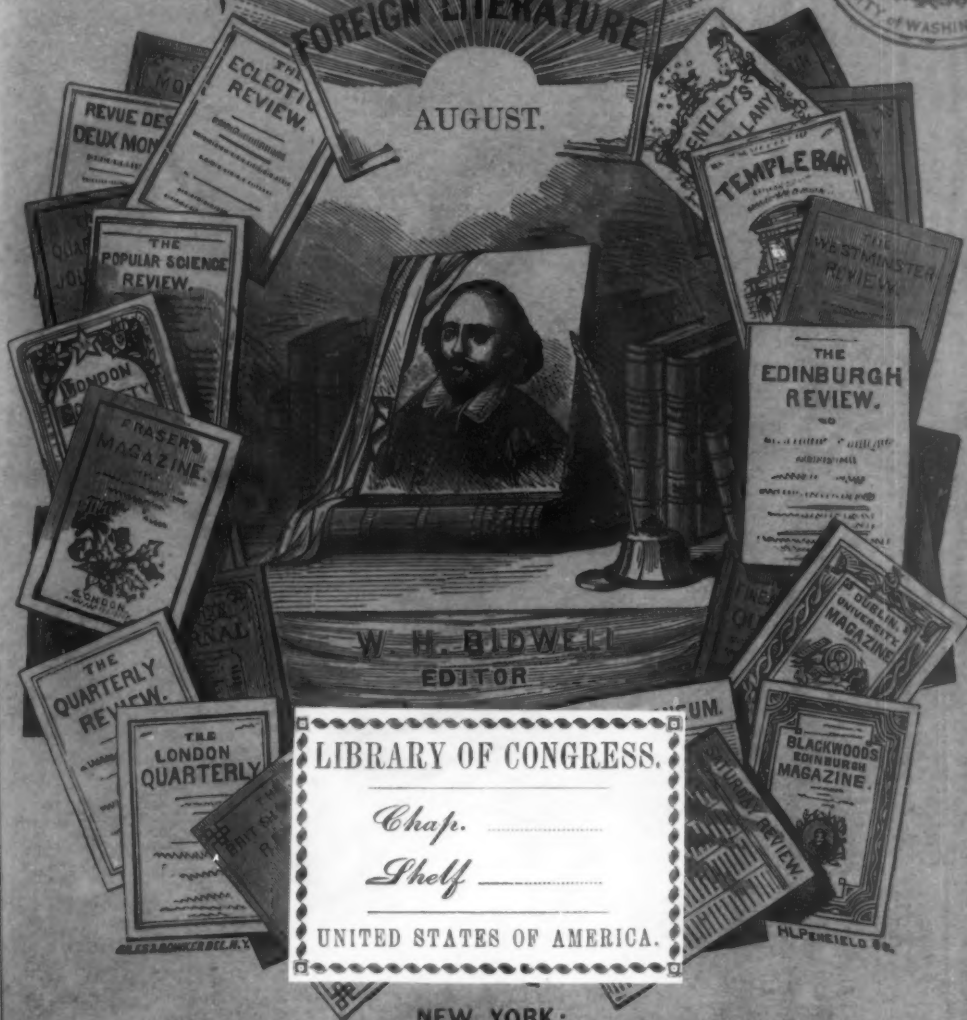
Vol. XXVI.—No. 2.

THE

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

# FOREIGN LITERATURE

AUGUST.



**NEW YORK:**

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 23 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., *General Agents.*

**Terms:** Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.

## CONTENTS OF THE AUGUST NUMBER.

STEEL ENGRAVING—PAUL H. HAYNE.

I. THE CONTEST OF CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> .... 129
II. TWENTY YEARS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> .... 137
III. GENIUS AND VANITY.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> .... 157
IV. TO VICTOR HUGO. A SONNET. By ALFRED TENNYSON. <i>The Nineteenth Century</i> ..	167
V. LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> .. 168
VI. PERA. A SKETCH.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> ..... 177
VII. IS THE MOON DEAD?.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ..... 186
VIII. GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> ..... 197
IX. EX-VOTO. By CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.....	<i>The Athenæum</i> ..... 206
X. YOUNG MUGSHAVE. By MRS. OLIPHANT. Chapters XVI. to XVIII.....	208
XI. GEORGE SAND. By MATTHEW ARNOLD.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ..... 225
XII. AVE MARIA. A BRETON LEGEND. By ALFRED AUSTIN. <i>Cornhill Magazine</i> .....	235
XIII. AMONGST THE COSSACKS OF THE DON.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> ..... 237
XIV. TEACHING TO READ. By JAMES STEDDING.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> .. 241
XV. LINES ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. By F. W. H. MYERS. <i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ...	247
XVI. PAUL H. HAYNE. By the EDITOR.....	247
XVII. LITERARY NOTICES.....	248
Freeman's The Ottoman Power in Europe—James's The American—Gullemin's Forces of Nature—Turgénieff's Virgin Soil—Hours with Men and Books.	
XVIII. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	251
XIX. SCIENCE AND ART.....	252
The Relation between Sun-spot Periods and Meteorological Phenomena—Tycho Brahe's Observations—A New Antiseptic—The Formation of Meteorites—Papuan's—The Crater of Vesuvius—Glass-making from Grass—Is the Eucalyptus a Fever-destroying Tree?—Flames—The Pennsylvania Gas Wells.	
XX. VARIETIES.....	255
The Jew in Novels—The Cost of War—The Argot of Polite Society—Beyond Reach—On the Heights.	

### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The *ECLECTIC* and any *94* publication will be sent to one address for *98*, and a proportionate reduction will be made when clubbed with any other publication.

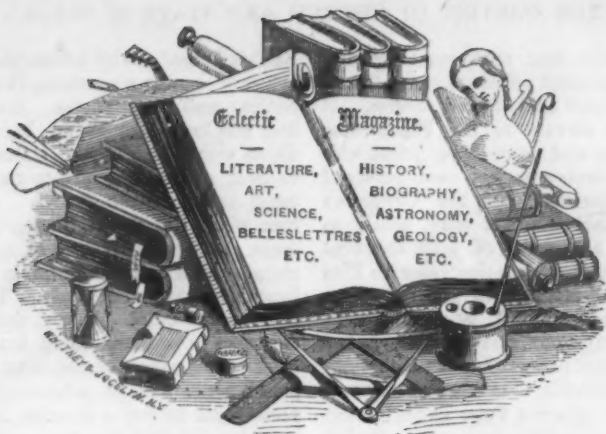
*25* The postage on the *ECLECTIC* is prepaid by the Publisher. *25*

**BINDING.**—Green cloth covers for binding two vols. per year, will be furnished at 50 cts. each, or \$1 per year, or sent by mail on receipt of price; and the numbers will be exchanged for bound volumes, in library style, for \$2.50 per year, or in green cloth for \$1.50 per year.

*17* Mr. J. Wallace Alder is our general Business Agent.

*25* **COMPLETE SET OF ECLECTIC.**—We have now on hand, for sale at our office, one complete set of *Eclectic*, from January, 1844, to January, 1875. It is elegantly bound in English library half calf and comprises eighty-seven volumes. Price, \$500. For a public or private library the above set is most invaluable, as many of the older volumes have long been out of print, and are extremely difficult to procure.

New Series, 1865 to 1877, in library half calf, price \$75, can also be furnished.



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,  
Vol. XXVI., No. 2.

AUGUST, 1877.

Old Series Com-  
plete in 63 vols.

## THE CONTEST OF CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.

ROME, May, 1877.

THE very natural interest felt by all Englishmen in the issues of the great war now raging on the banks of the Danube should not lead them to overlook the importance of another conflict which is now taking place on the banks of the Tiber. The organs of public opinion in England have, for some time past, appeared too apt to concentrate their attention on certain eventualities more or less distant in the general relations between Church and State in Italy, to the comparative disregard of present occurrences of real moment. No doubt the change which may be effected in the conditions of the Papacy by the decease of the present Pope and the personal character of his successor, is a matter of much concern for the common interests of Christendom; and it is equally a matter of curious speculation to forecast the probable tendencies of the next Conclave as foreshadowed in the habits and opinions of the present members of the

Sacred College. But notwithstanding the great term of years to which the life of the present Pontiff has already been prolonged, there is nothing improbable, when we take into account the marvellous longevity by which many members of the Mastai Ferretti family have been marked, in the prospect of his living eight or ten years more; whilst the conjectures on the probable character of the next Conclave, based on the known characters of the present Cardinals, may be rendered utterly worthless by a variety of causes — by the different attitude which the same individuals may unexpectedly assume when called upon to act in an independent character, by the different relations in which the Sacred College may only a few years hence stand to the nation and to other European Governments, and by the changes of political opinion which the events of even a few years may bring about in the policy of those Governments themselves. The result of the next Conclave is, perhaps, too hastily assumed to

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXVI., No. 2

be necessarily one that must greatly modify the present relations between the Catholic Church and all civil powers. It may, indeed, elevate to the Papal chair an ambitious and aggressive priest who will seek to revive in his own personal career the memories of the Gregories and the Innocents. It may, small as the chances now seem of such an event taking place, furnish a successor to Pius IX. who shall attempt to give again to the world the spectacle of a reforming and liberal Papacy. But if we may judge from the data at present in our possession, it is more probable that when there shall sink into the grave a Pope so far enfeebled by age as to have become incapable of any vigorous personal initiative, he will be succeeded by another Pope as little likely to disturb by the force of his personal character and the energy of his individual action the calculations and the strategy of the real rulers of the Church. It is far more important to keep steadily in mind that whether the occupant of St. Peter's chair be called Pius IX. or Pius X., a great war of aggression by the Roman Catholic Church against all civil Governments has already been proclaimed, and is now actually carried on, and that one of the first campaigns is at this very moment marked by varying fortunes in the capital of Italy. What is now taking place in that country, what especially is taking place in the city of Rome, has an importance for other lands quite as great as any that now attaches to the successes of Russian or Turkish strategy. But its chief importance is of a delicate and subtle character, and it is to be found mainly in the delicate and subtle transformations of national thought and feeling which mark here a state of political affairs eminently transitional in its character.

"Italy in Transition" was the title of a well-known and most instructive work published seventeen years ago, and which may be read with much profit at the present moment. The character of transition which the author then sought to depict in the year when Garibaldi invaded Naples, and Fanti and Cialdini tore Umbria and the Marches from the Pope, was chiefly of a territorial and political nature. The great social, moral, and religious consequences of the Italian Revolution were only dawning upon the

national mind; with advancing day they are now seen in something like their true outline and proportions. But it is still, and will long remain, an Italy in Transition with which native statesmen have to deal, and of which foreign statesmen must calculate the forces. If this be true of all important questions, it has a quite exceptional degree of truth in reference to all matters relating to the religious condition of Italy. The transition is universal. Every day one has occasion to witness some manifestation of it in the minds of the laity. Laymen past middle age, or advanced in years, seem often to feel a positive difficulty in realizing the fact that they are the same men who thirty years ago in the Sardinian States, seventeen years ago in Lombardy, Central Italy, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, eleven years ago in the Venetian provinces, and not even seven years ago in Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter, were liable at any moment to heavy penalties, to the choice between exile and imprisonment, if they dared to express in public the opinions which are now the recognized and official creed of the Italian State. Legally, as regards all outward acts, these men are free; but can it be matter of wonder if the iron of a lifelong servitude has eaten so deeply into their minds and hearts that at every moment we recognize the traces of a mental bondage? Nevertheless the transition from an anti-national and despotic past to a patriotic, free, and independent future, is steadily going on amongst the Italian laity. Its progress is most observable amongst the peasantry, and for that progress the organization and discipline of the army are mainly to be thanked. The Italian officer has been the untiring and thoughtful teacher of the Italian soldier, and in teaching the Italian soldier he has been the best educator of the Italian people. From official data which will shortly be published by the Ministry of War, but of which the more important results have already been made known to me, it appears that, since the year 1859, when the old Sardinian army began to receive the conscripts from the first of the new provinces successively annexed, not less than a million and a half of common soldiers have received in the Italian army the educational train-



ing imparted to them by the younger officers. It would be difficult to estimate too highly the effect of this process on the national mind. Raw Sicilian and Neapolitan youths, whose entire stock of knowledge until the day of their joining the army has consisted in their acquaintance with strange provincial customs, or their traditionary belief in crass local superstitions, have found themselves four times a week, during two hours each day for a period of three years, in mental contact with a class of as highly educated and public-spirited men as Italy can boast of. The mere elementary work of teaching the young recruit to read and to write has been quite secondary to the contemporaneous work of eradicating the prejudices with which his mind was overgrown. And this educational process has been marvellously aided by another, of all processes that best fitted to incarnate in the young soldier's mind the idea of Italian unity — his successive transference from Italian cities and provinces, speaking various idioms, and marked by very different customs, but all agreeing in the recognition of that common country, which, had the illiterate peasant remained in his village, would never have been to him more than a myth. The Neapolitan conscript who has been trained up in the faith of St. Januarius finds, when quartered in Padua, that St. Januarius is there regarded as a very insignificant saint when compared with St. Anthony, and on his removal to his Bologna barrack, learns that neither St. Januarius nor St. Anthony is held fit to be mentioned in the same breath with St. Petronius. What deductions he may draw from the comparison will depend partly on his natural intelligence, partly on the tone of conversation which he holds with his superior officers, partly on the character of the works in the perusal of which he exercises his new sense of intellectual power. One thing is certain, the million and a half of Italian peasants who have passed, or are passing, through this course of training, are a million and a half Italian minds in a most decided state of transition, and one cannot feel surprised at the undoubted fact that amongst this class are found many individuals who subject to a searching criticism, and end

by rejecting, the doctrines of the Romish Church, and who in consequence join the Waldensian or other anti-Papal Italian communions.

If the Italian peasant is in a transition state, and if this fact is chiefly promoted by the experience of the peasant-soldier, a change equally great is taking place in another class of the laity — and their name is legion. I mean those who were in direct contact with, and immediate subjection to, the power of the Church, wherever that power was indirectly dominant, and, of course, far more where it was directly and wholly supreme — at the seat and centre of the Papacy, in Rome itself. Here the process of mental emancipation is commonly ignored, and often stoutly denied, by the very persons who in their hearts rejoice at the blessings it has conferred. The mental is the necessary though gradual and noiseless result of the civil and political liberation. In that memorable Syllabus of 1864, which formed the starting-point of a new and aggressive epoch in the history of the Church of Rome, the Papal State, as then governed by the clerical oligarchy, is virtually represented as the one true model for all civil societies, as that which, whilst approaching the nearest to perfection, exhibits in its grand outlines that relation between virtuous rulers and a happy people which all other countries should reverently and zealously endeavor to reproduce. Far different has been the actual experience of the dwellers in this happy valley, for most of whom escape was made almost as difficult as for the heroes of Johnson's tale! The spiritual control which the State claims to exercise over all the forms of domestic and social life did not suggest the idea of an easy yoke or a light burden. It was, in truth, a monstrous aggregate of tyrannies, covering the whole land with one enormous network of espionage, and rendered only tolerable by a mitigation tenfold worse than the evil itself, — a deadening of the human conscience so complete and general that the worst features of the administration were not perceived in their full extent or felt in their real horror. The most popular of Roman satirists of the present century, Belli, has condensed in one of his sonnets the feelings with which the Papal Government was regarded by every

Roman citizen not utterly destitute of intelligence and self-respect. He represents the brow-beating and bullying practised on all around him by one of the lowest menials of the Vatican; and how, by the simple announcement that he is such, his victims are cowed and scared as effectually as the poor plebeians in Macaulay's lay, when the client Marcus declares that he serves Appius Claudius. Rome contains within its walls many miracle-working relics, but neither in cloister nor basilica can it show a treasure so truly associated with beneficent effects as the least splinter of the cannon-balls employed by General Cadorna on the 20th September, 1870, to batter in the wall at the Porta Pia. Twenty years of previous negotiations between France and the Vatican, Sardinia and the Vatican, and not unfrequently England and the Vatican, had not procured the removal of one abuse, the introduction of one reform, in the dominions subject to the Pope. General Cadorna's cannon-balls brought with them representative institutions, trial by jury, equality before the law, free discussion on every subject affecting man's state here or hereafter, the sweeping away of the system which had made the father a spy on the son, the wife a spy on the husband, the servant a spy on the master, the confessor a spy on the penitent. But the cannon-balls of General Cadorna demolished in great part, if not altogether, something more. They demolished the long-established prestige of the so-called theocratic Government, against which they were levelled. One must have lived in Rome before and after September, 1870, and had the opportunity of comparing the tone of scornful incredulity with which the mere notion of an Italian occupation was scouted in the higher clerical circles with the mingled astonishment and terror that came over the same circles when the event actually occurred, to realize the true character of that transition state into which even the most devoted partisans of the Papacy felt themselves gradually drawn. The mere force of circumstances imparted with each successive day a less pro-Papal character to Roman society. There exists a vast amount of misapprehension in foreign countries, which it is the object of the Ultramontane organs to

uphold, on the character and strength of the Papal tendencies in the population of Rome. No doubt a large proportion of the higher clerical aristocracy hated and still continue to hate a change by which they have been deprived at once of political power and the prospect of great pecuniary gain. But the relatives of these very persons amongst the Roman laity, and, in not a few cases, even the higher clerical dignitaries themselves, have become suddenly so much enriched by the augmented value of all real property in Rome and its neighborhood, that their aversion to the constitutional Government of Italy is not without its tempering influences. Men do not hate violently, very violently, revolutions which have had the immediate effect of trebling their income. Then the attachment of the higher Roman nobility, and, indeed, of all classes sharing their feelings, to the Papacy, has in a great measure a merely personal character. It is not an attachment to the institution but to the person of the reigning Pontiff. It would indeed be strange if during a Pontificate that has now extended over the long term of thirty-one years a Pope who at the commencement of his reign entered on a liberal path, who was compelled to leave that path rather by the inexorable laws of his office than by his own inclinations, who has been singularly kind and affable to all with whom he came in contact, who has been eminently free from that vice of nepotism by which so many of his predecessors were stained, and who, whilst never availing himself of his countless opportunities to enrich himself or his family, has lavished countless benefits on those around him, and in many cases been the chief creator of their fortunes,—it would indeed be strange if such a prince had not fostered in the minds of the many recipients of his bounty and the many objects of his kindness, feelings of gratitude and goodwill. But those feelings, I repeat, cluster solely around the person of the Pope. The individuals in whom they are strongest are day by day dying off. One after another the great Roman princes personally attached to Pius IX. descend into the tomb. A Massimo has been followed by an Orsini; an Orsini has been followed by a Doria; not many weeks ago there occurred the death of Prince Ruspoli; and the head of the

house of Chigi has now shared the common lot. The sons of these great Roman princes will certainly not exhibit the attachment to the Papal cause by which their fathers, including the least Papal of the number, Prince Doria, were marked. They will divide their allegiance between the Vatican and the Quirinal. It may safely be predicted that on the death of Pius IX. their allegiance will be transferred to the Quirinal completely. Prince Torlonia is beyond all question the most prominent financial representative of the old Papal system. And Prince Torlonia has audiences of King Victor Emmanuel, entertains the Ministers of King Victor Emmanuel at the inauguration of his great agricultural works, and receives from the King of Italy the gold medal struck by royal command in commemoration of the same. No member of this class, by the most vigorous aid of self-deception, can hide from himself the fact that the Rome which he is now free at any moment to quit for London or New York, where he can defend his legal rights in an open court against rival interests however powerful, where every phase of public life is the daily subject of free discussion, is separated by a change of opinion far greater than any mere lapse of years from the Rome in which the Vatican Council met during the first six months of 1870, and in which, until the 20th of September of that year, every expression of opinion unwelcome to the ruling powers was kept down by the rifles of the Papal Zouaves.

Even the Sacred College itself, in one of its two antagonistic currents, and precisely from the antagonistic nature of the two currents, is daily affording a marked illustration of this transition state. The character of nearly all the recent nominations has been strongly Ultramontane, and this Ultramontanism it is sought to extend and strengthen by increasing the proportion of foreign cardinals. With each successive appointment of a foreign cardinal, the Italian element in the Sacred College has by a sufficiently natural reaction gained in strength and intensity what it has lost in numbers. That strength and intensity have been clearly enough revealed in the filling up of the vacant posts in the several congregations or separate ministries of the Curia, and

make themselves quite as strongly felt whenever it is necessary to accredit to foreign Governments a Papal nuncio. If this transition character in the civil and social, in the mental and moral condition of the former subjects of the Papacy in the city of Rome itself, is discernible by every calm and impartial observer, the transition character of the governing body of the Church and of the great mass of the Catholic hierarchy is not less decided, though perhaps from the different sphere of its action it may not in the same degree startle and rivet the same observer's mind. How the Papacy, from an attitude comparatively friendly and pacific, should have passed of late years into one so openly hostile and belligerent towards all civil Governments, is only intelligible when we examine much more attentively than it is the fashion to do the successive relations between Church and State in Italy. Nothing at this moment in the various phases of Italian politics and parties is more instructive than the process of continual and universal change, in a reactionary sense, in all branches of the Catholic hierarchy in Italy. Its hundred and seventy-six bishops, four thousand canons, ninety-six thousand priests, and forty thousand monks and nuns may not all obey with the same rigorous discipline the word of command issuing from the Vatican, but a very large proportion of the body act in the same direction with a consistency and unity which it would be vain to look for in any merely political party within the bounds of the Italian Peninsula. They have facilities for action such as no merely political party possesses. The object of the law which was recently submitted by the present Italian Ministry to Parliament, and which, after passing through the Chamber of Deputies, has been rejected in the Senate, was justified on the ground that in the interest of the State such facilities must be curtailed. They did not exist in the old Sardinian legislation. They were not to be found in the Leopoldine and Josephine laws, by which the relations of Church and State were regulated in the Tuscan and Lombard provinces. The policy of Tanucci had carefully removed them from the legislation of Naples. The Republic of Venice, true to the traditions of its great jurist, Paolo Sarpi, had ex-

cluded them with a vigilant jealousy from the body of its laws. Nor will such facilities be found in the new penal code which has already received the sanction of the Italian Senate, and which, so far as regards this branch of penal legislation, is equally certain to meet with the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies. Why, then, it may naturally be asked, should the discussion and rejection of a temporary law which, after all, only seeks to re-establish provisions which a few years ago existed, and which in a few months, perhaps even weeks, are certain to become again the general law of the land,—why, it may well be asked, should this discussion and rejection have given rise to so much excitement, and be regarded in many quarters almost as a turning-point in the relations between Church and State in Italy? If the existence of such facilities was necessary for the independence of the Catholic Church, and is so regarded by foreign States, how comes it that no voice of protest ever proceeded from those foreign States during the long term of years when the facilities were not accorded? Why was no warning voice heard from foreign Governments when the Senate discussed and approved, as a prominent feature of the entire penal legislation, the provisions which it has now discussed and condemned when presented as a special measure? The true answer to these questions will only be found when we look a little below the surface of the political stream and detect the undercurrents of party action.

In the Parliamentary session of 1875, the relations between Church and State occupied in a quite exceptional degree the attention of the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The Minghetti Ministry was charged with exhibiting a timid, not to say servile bearing towards the Vatican. It was charged with yielding to Ultramontane influences in its bearing towards the episcopal body, in the character of educational appointments, in the lenity which it observed towards seditious priests. In a word, it was accused of "Vaticanism," and in debate after debate the authority of Mr. Gladstone was invoked to point the moral and adorn the tale of Minghettian reaction. So frequently did this occur, that the Parliament was sometimes satirically nick-

named the Gladstone Parliament. Nor did these charges proceed chiefly from the members of the Left. The Marquis Anselmo Guerrieri Gonzaga, Commendatore Villari, Commendatore Tommasi Crudeli, were amongst the foremost censors of the Ministry, and all three belonged to the ministerial ranks. The first of these three eminent politicians spoke with undisguised severity of the course taken by the Cabinet when dealing with the popular movements in the Mantuan and some portions of the Neapolitan provinces, which in these districts had assumed the form of attempts to wrest from the episcopal body the nomination of the parish priests, and to revive the ancient Christian right of nomination by the parishioners. The motion originated, however, in the ranks of the Left, and found in those ranks a very learned and eloquent exponent of anti-Papal views, the distinguished Neapolitan lawyer, Pasquale Stanislao Mancini. It was therefore not unnatural that with the formation of a Left Ministry, and with the presence in that Ministry of Pasquale Stanislao Mancini as Minister of Grace and Justice, a more decided anti-Papal attitude should have been announced as part of the ministerial programme. But on the actual point, whether the ancient provisions guaranteeing the State against the aggressions of the Church should be recalled into life, the Minghetti Cabinet, whatever its general tendencies, Papal or anti-Papal, had, at least in the matter of penal legislation, shown its resolution to keep a tight hold upon the Church. A great Piedmontese lawyer, the friend and, on many critical occasions, the trusted confidant of Count Cavour, Senator Vigliani, who had most honorably filled the office of Minister of Grace and Justice in the Minghetti Cabinet, and who now discharges the functions of President of the Supreme Court of Cassation, had taken good care to provide ample guarantees in the new penal code against the abuse of the priestly office to the detriment of the State. When the guarantees adopted on his recommendation in the Senate should likewise have received the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies, the State would have reoccupied—and nothing more—the defensive positions which, in the old legislation of the sepa-



rate Italian States, it held against any aggression on the part of the Vatican. But this was not enough for the present Ministry, least of all for that member of the Ministry, Mancini, on whom the task of dealing with legal and ecclesiastical affairs chiefly devolved. A good opportunity appeared to present itself of making party capital, by passing from the general and more defensive bearing of his predecessor to an immediate, special, and aggressive attitude towards the Vatican. Accordingly there was introduced into Parliament the special and temporary law, by which priests who should abuse their spiritual functions to the damage of the State, or the public outraging of its institutions, should become liable to various degrees of fines and terms of imprisonment.

No step could possibly have been more welcome to the Vatican. The Roman Curia believed that it had at last found a grievance which would bear exportation. It had hoped that foreign Catholic States would have prevented the suppression of the religious orders: the hope was cruelly disappointed. It had hoped that the forced conscription of students for the Church would have prevented angry protests from the same Catholic powers: and these powers had not uttered a single syllable of sympathy or consolation. Might not the attempt to awaken the indignation of the faithful by the exhibition of this new grievance prove more successful than the previous efforts? Could anything be more monstrous than the proposal to punish the minister of religion for the conscientious discharge of his religious duties? Where, henceforth, would be the freedom of the pulpit? Where, henceforth, would be the freedom of the confessional? Was the priest, when called on to administer the last sacraments to the dying man, to be watched by gendarmes, and have his words taken down by notaries public, as a safeguard of the rights of the inviolable, infallible State? This is nothing more than an average sample of the tone in which all the Ultramontane journals, from the Alps to Syracuse, have been during the last three months discussing the provisions of the law. All this was intended for exportation, and of course for exportation chiefly to France. The French

bishops were expected, invited, instructed to make themselves the organs of this great pro-Papal demonstration in their relations with Marshal Macmahon's government. Kindred instructions were transmitted to the faithful in other countries. It seems probable that, as happens with the most popular of French and Spanish wines, the instructions were variously branded, according to the tastes and palates of the populations for which they were designed. If Cardinal Cullen's language reflects with any fidelity the instructions addressed to his Eminence, the communication must be regarded as a touching tribute to the vigor of the Hibernian imagination. The Bollandists in their great collection of the Lives of the Saints thought it prudent to put forward a special reservation on the character of their hagiology. They felt it their duty to declare that they could not guarantee the miracles of the Irish saints. The reader of Cardinal Cullen's addresses, on confronting the statement that the Italian Government intends to deal with the present or any other Pontiff after the fashion practised by Napoleon I. to his predecessor, will perhaps feel the necessity of weighing the language of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin at least as carefully as the miracles of the Irish saints were weighed by the Bollandists. The Mancini law passed the Chamber of Deputies by a large majority. It is not perhaps unfair or uncharitable to assume that amongst the members who there voted in its support, not a few were actuated quite as much by the desire to stand well with democratic constituencies as by a hearty approval founded on a careful examination of the measure. Strange to say, the principal speakers against the law were found amongst the ministerial supporters themselves, just as two years before, the chief assailants of Signor Minghetti's ecclesiastical policy had been found amongst the oldest and most consistent members of his party. The true facts are well worthy to be noted, as illustrating the altogether transitional state of public opinion in Italy on these questions. The law as passed in the Chamber of Deputies had then to meet with the approval of the Senate. And it is neither unfair nor uncharitable to affirm that, even before its

provisions were made known to that body, a large proportion of the members of the Italian Upper House had almost made up their minds to reject it, for reasons which had not the most remote connection with any possible phase of Church and State legislation. In plain words the senators believed that they had been treated with disrespect by the present Depretis Cabinet in the discussions of last year on the question of free ports; they were resolved that the disrespect then shown should be resented on the first opportunity; and the first favorable opportunity that happened to occur was the Mancini law on the abuses of the clergy. Of course, not the faintest trace of this sore feeling was to be found in any speech delivered in the Senate. But in the library and reading-room of the Senate House, and in the familiar talk of the members beyond the walls of the Senate House, one heard repeated, with suggestive frequency, the threat, "Now we will pay the Government off, for its way of treating us on the question of the free ports."

It would surely be a mistake to consider the adverse vote by which the discussion in the Senate, entered upon with such feelings, was at length closed, as an important indication of political tendencies in any direction whatsoever. The discussion furnished occasion for at least four remarkable discourses—that in which the Minister Mancini defended the policy of the Government, and those in which it was assailed by Senators Buon Compagni, Cadorna, and Lampertico. The most eminent, at least if we regard profound constitutional knowledge and varied literary attainments of every kind, was undoubtedly Senator Buon Compagni, who opposed the law on the ground that it possessed an arbitrary and exceptional character, that it was a direct deviation from the policy of Count Cavour, and that it ran counter to the provisions of the law on the Papal guarantees, by which full liberty was secured not only to the Pope but to all members of the Catholic clergy in the exercise of their purely spiritual functions. Some of these objections call for a word of comment. The Senate was evidently quite right in its condemnation of the measure as *exceptional*. In condemning it as arbitrary it not only condemned the

former legislation of the different Italian States, but the new penal legislation of the kingdom to which, in its legislative character, it had given a sanction. Any deductions from the policy of Count Cavour ought, in common fairness, to be modified by the recollection of the fact that Count Cavour died in the June of 1861, and that the Roman Curia opened its new batteries against all civil Governments at the close of 1864. How far the law was a violation of that establishing the Papal guarantees, is a question which from different points of view may be differently answered, but from the point of view which it must be presumed presented itself to the Italian Senate, which swept away all the civil rights possessed by the monastic orders in connection with the Papacy, it certainly was no violation at all. But the real importance of the vote lies in the political and party results to which it has given rise. At an early stage of the discussion in the Senate, it became evident that many members of the Opposition, though at first disapproving of the course pursued by the Ministry in bringing forward such a measure, were of opinion that its absolute rejection by the Senate would be an unwise and impolitic concession to the Vatican, the various organs of which in the European press were seeking to make this question the pretext for a general crusade against Italy. Foremost amongst the statesmen who held this view was the acknowledged head of the Opposition and Chairman of the Central Constitutional Club of Rome, the ex-minister Quintino Sella. The *Opinione*, which on this matter was understood to reflect Signor Sella's opinions, had strongly urged upon the Senate the expediency of voting the measure. At the private meetings of the Central Constitutional Club, Signor Sella had clearly expressed his views to the same effect. When, therefore, the Senate threw out the bill by a majority of thirteen, and it became known that, amongst the senators who voted in the majority were several eminent members of the Central Constitutional Club, Signor Sella at once tendered his resignation as president. He has not indeed resigned his post as the recognized chief of the Opposition, but it is only too probable that the same differences between

him and other members of his party which led him to withdraw from the one post, may cause him to resign the other.

And in this last fact may be found another and not the least striking illustration of the general state of transition to which I have referred. The Commendatore Buon Compagni, and the other members of the old Cavour party sharing his views, believe that it is still possible to effect a reconciliation between the Church and the State, and that, in any case, every effort should be made to treat delicately and tenderly what the Catholic Church is pleased to call its liberty. The Commendatore Quintino Sella, the recognized head of the old Cavour party, has broken off all connection with the Central Constitutional Club, because he holds it to be the first duty of a patriotic Italian statesman to present a bold front towards Rome, and because he holds that what, in the language of the Vatican, is termed the liberty of the Church can only be regarded by thoughtful and observant men as a continuous aggression on the liberties of the State. The question raised

on these issues in the Central Constitutional Club of Rome has become more than ever the subject of keen discussion in every Italian journal, and, in truth, in every social circle throughout the peninsula. Meanwhile, within the ranks of the Church itself the transition is becoming more rapidly effected from the comparatively pacific and tranquil character of forty years back to one of openly aggressive Ultramontanism. Once a fortnight the *Civiltà Cattolica* strikes the key-note of an air, which is repeated with endless variations in all the clerical journals of the kingdom. The Central Catholic Club of Rome gives, at the same time, its tone to all the provincial Catholic clubs with which it is in connection. This is a campaign in which the interests of other countries, as well as of Italy, are at stake; and even Englishmen, though they may no longer repeat with equal conviction the words addressed by Cromwell to one of his Parliaments, "Rome is *our* matter," may still hold it to be a matter not unworthy their regard.—*Contemporary Review*.

---

#### TWENTY YEARS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.

THE marvellous way in which Africa has been explored during the last twenty years is scarcely less extraordinary than the sublying fact, that a continent so great and possessing such immense resources should have been reserved, as a *terra incognita* in its central regions, for the travellers of our generation. Within a century and a half almost the whole of North America has been explored, swept over, and occupied by the expanding races of Northern Europe; South America has been occupied, in great part, by offshoots of the Latin race; and yet Africa, with not greatly inferior possibilities of development, has been reserved for its own singular people and for a few adventurous explorers. It is not difficult, however, to explain how such, in the circumstances, should have been the case. The great deserts of the northern portion of Africa, its unhealthy coast-line, and thick tropical vegetation on both sides of the equator, and on both sides of the continent, together with the scanty vegetation and the Kaffir tribes

of its long southern horn, presented most formidable obstacles to even an acquaintance with its elevated, temperate, and productive central regions. A quarter of a century ago our maps of Africa were almost an entire blank from ten degrees of north latitude to the tropic of Capricorn, with the exception of the coast-line, the valley of the Niger, and the central northern region. In some of our maps traces remained of older knowledge and of more recent Portuguese exploration. Livingstone's Lake Nyassa appeared as "Nassa," and Tanganyika occupied an enormous, but quite indefinite, space as "Lake Uniamesi;" but these maps were exceptions rather than the rule, and the most important parts of Central Africa were either left entirely blank, or were filled up with great deserts, *montes lunæ*, and figures of lions and dragons.

There was, no doubt, plenty of ancient knowledge to have taught us better. Ptolemy appears to have known a good deal about the geography of Central Africa;

and even the unadventurous Hindu had contrived to get a rough idea of the great African lake-region; but somehow or other all this older information had fallen back out of sight. A better fate might have been expected for the Portuguese explorations, which had advanced very far into the interior of Africa, and to points which it has been an achievement, on the part of Livingstone and Cameron, to reach within the last few years; but these explorations commanded no general attention, and scarcely affected the general European knowledge of the continent. If you spoke about African exploration, the minds of the listeners at once reverted to the journeys of Bruce and Park, which had become sort of household words, though in a very different way. Bruce was scarcely believed in as a narrator of facts; but he was accepted as a sort of gigantic liar, whose achievements in that way were worthy of respect. An old Scotch lady who knew him well assured us that even in the society in which he was welcome, his African stories were never believed, though the credibility of them has since been abundantly established. Park's quiet, beautiful pictures of Africa met with a different reception, and were unhesitatingly accepted, and became so popular in their abbreviated form, that few visitors to Scotland drive up the valley of the Yarrow without looking with kindly interest upon the cottage where he was born. Bruce's discoveries were the more important, because he had traced up the Blue Nile to its fountains among the mountains of Abyssinia; but the course of the White Nile, the real Upper Nile, remained entirely unknown; and the progress of exploration for many years after Park's time was confined to points in the great west shoulder of Africa accessible from the Mediterranean coast or from the coast of Guinea.

Such a state of matters was incompatible with our modern energy and means for exploration. Some time before twenty years ago the unknown regions of Africa began again to attract attention, and various attacks were made upon them from various quarters. The most important of these was, unquestionably, the expedition subsidised by the British Government, of Richardson, Overweg, and Barth, which started from Tripoli in

1849. The two former of these travellers did not live to return, and an affecting account has been given of Richardson, when he was dying, lying on the sand and calling on his far-distant wife. Dr. Barth's five ponderous volumes recording the results of this expedition are probably the dulllest narrative of a great journey which has ever been presented to the world. Without going conscientiously through them, it is difficult to realise how absolutely leaden they are, and what their effect might be upon even the strongest mind. As to heaviness they almost rise to a kind of sublimity; but the journey they describe was a very wonderful one, extending over twenty-four degrees of latitude from north to south, and including a visit to the dangerous and then almost fabulous city of Timbuctoo, and to Kano, the great commercial emporium of North-Central Africa. Timbuctoo had been visited before by Park, and again by Major Laing; but neither of these travellers lived to describe it, being murdered on their way back. Lake Tchad had been reached before by Clapperton and Denham, but Dr. Barth examined it thoroughly, and by coming on it from the north, he thus struck the route of explorers from the south-west; while also, on an excursion into the province of Bagirmi to the south-east of Lake Tchad, he approached Darfur, and thus nearly struck the route of explorers like Werne starting from the Nile valley. It was an enormous journey this which Dr. Barth accomplished, and it threw much light on Africa, but not beneath the twelfth degree of north latitude. He established the important fact that the whole of Central Africa lying between the western border of Bagirmi and Timbuctoo was neither desert nor mountainous, but an elevated fertile plain affording many products; but he did not touch the most important and interesting region.

Voyages which had been made up the Niger and its eastern continuations the Chadda and Binue, by Allen, Laird, Oldfield, and Baikie, had discovered a water-way towards the heart of North-Central Africa, but nothing more was accomplished in that direction. Elsewhere on the west coast the pestiferous forests and wild tribes confined our



knowledge to an extremely narrow coastline except where some great river afforded an inlet, and in the southern regions where adventurous unscientific Portuguese traders had pushed far into the interior. The valley of the Congo especially had attracted notice, and about 1816 Captain Tuckey had passed up it some way beyond the great Yellala Falls, or in all about two hundred miles from the coast; but there had been no further travel in that direction, and our settlements on the west of Africa were much more devoted to, and fitted for, a coast trade than interior exploration.

In other directions, however, there were indications of progress in African travel. The Nile, instead of the Niger and the Congo, began once more to excite the attention of geographers. Bruce had, indeed, discovered the source of the Blue Nile; but the source and course of the more important White Nile remained quite unknown. More than one expedition was sent out by Mehemet Ali and his successors for the exploration of that river, but they did not advance far enough to solve, or even to throw light upon, the great problem; and, being to a large extent slave-hunting expeditions, they rather complicated matters, and did not improve the prospects of future travellers. No less than three Egyptian expeditions were sent up about the year 1840; and Roman Catholic missionaries established themselves in 1849 at Gondokoro, about five degrees from the equator, or in north latitude  $4^{\circ} 54' 5''$ , and nearly about half that distance from the northern end of Baker's lake, Albert Nyanza. Quite a large number of private travellers—such as Brun, Malzac, Rollet, Miani, and Werne—took advantage of the Egyptian advances to try to push up to the sources of the White Nile; but their advance to any important point was prevented, owing to the nature of the country, the martial character of the native tribes, the animosity excited by the Egyptians, and the unsettled state caused by slave-hunting which the Egyptians set in motion, and which extended far beyond the points which they themselves held. Captain Speke, in the last chapter of his 'Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile,' has given a graphic description of the brutal conduct of the Egyptians at their advanced posts

in the upper Nile valley, and so has Colonel Grant. Something must be allowed to the martial and savage character of the negroes in that part of Africa; but Speke managed to pass through them, and so did Sir Samuel and Lady Baker afterwards; and it is chiefly owing to the Egyptians that this door into the lake region remained absolutely closed, and that it is even now again closed, notwithstanding all the humane efforts of Sir Samuel Baker and of Colonel Gordon, when in the employ of the Khedive, to arrange that northern frontier. It is worthy of special notice, however, that the lake region was approached so closely from that quarter long ago, without being reached, and, indeed, without the lakes being even heard of except by Brun. The observations of these travellers may not have been always accurate; but there seems no reason to doubt that Herr Kloblecher, of the Gondokoro Mission, M. d'Arnaud, in the Egyptian employ, Werne, and Miani, got in this direction nearly to the third degree of north latitude, or about 220 miles distant from the Victoria, and about 90 from the Albert Nyanza, but they discovered nothing beyond the uninteresting points they attained. Speke, indeed, at the Geographical Society, spoke of them as having got within 50 miles of the lakes; but that is only a rough way of stating how nearly they approached to his own discoveries, and is evidently not intended to be a geographical statement of the distance.

The source of the Nile was destined to be reached from an entirely different quarter—from the then almost unknown east coast: but there, and also from the southward, a good deal of preparatory exploration went on before the commencement of the grand season of African travel. Especial notice in this respect is due to the work of Dr. Krapf, and his associates, the Rev. Messrs. Rebmann and Erhardt, of what has been called the Mombas Mission—a name which, for our general purpose, quite sufficiently indicates its locality. These reverend pioneers have hardly had sufficient justice done them by secular travellers; but there is no doubt that they did a good deal to prepare the way for the grand achievements which were to follow their humbler efforts—especially

in preparing grammars and dictionaries of the African dialects; in learning the modes of travel and exchange; in proving personally that it was not impossible to advance into the interior some way from the coast; in discovering the snow mountains, Kenia and Kilimandjaro; in collecting a vast mass of information in regard to the interior; and in spreading amongst East Africans an idea of the white man, as just and humane, and very different from the Arab and half-caste slave-hunters. Commander Cameron found a knowledge of Kisahueli sufficient to take him across the African continent; but it was Dr. Krapf who reduced that language (besides several other African dialects) to grammar and dictionary; and we need not say how arduous such a task is, with a purely spoken language and the aid of savages only. Dr. Krapf established himself near Mombas, on the east coast, about four degrees south of the equator, so far back as 1844, and he and his associates made long journeys into the interior. Unfortunately, their geographical knowledge was not sufficient for original scientific observations, and their maps required not a little correction; but still they made a beginning, and, from native accounts, gave us information as to the existence of "Lake Uniamesi" or Tanganyika, which, however, they set down as of altogether gigantic proportions. Commander Cameron has got great credit for his courage and the amount of physical sufferings he endured—though in these respects he cannot, and (we doubt not) would not himself, claim any superiority to the great African explorers; but Dr. Krapf had one experience, which was really more frightful than anything which Cameron or any of the other African travellers had to endure except M. Maizan. On his second journey to Ukumbani, he was attacked by robbers, lost all he had, was separated from his attendants and guides, and travelled homewards alone and unarmed for some days till he reached a friendly tribe, concealing himself during the day, walking by night and subsisting on such raw grain and fruits as he could stealthily pick up. Fancy a poor old German missionary doing this in a country not only occupied by wild savages, but intersected by muddy water-courses full of crocodiles and hippopot-

ami, and covered with forests and thick jungle full of lions, rhinoceroses, elephants, wild buffaloes, leopards, and hyenas! This was really enough to have turned any man mad; but "praise and thanks be to God" was the excellent Dr. Krapf's response for this crowning mercy and manifestation of the divine favor; and he was particularly pleased to find that though his gun was broken so as to be useless for firing, yet the barrels of it could be turned into water-bottles by corking their muzzles "with bits of rag cut off my trousers," and that the water tasted delicious "in spite of the gunpowder flavor imparted to it by the barrels."

Mombas is the best port for starting for the snowy mountains of Eastern Africa; but Bagomayo, opposite Zanzibar, is the point of departure for the lakes, and an attempt was made in 1845, to enter that then wholly unknown region, by M. Maizan, a young French naval officer, who had made great preparations for the journey. He only succeeded in penetrating three days' march from the coast, and met with a dreadful fate, being seized by an African chief Mazungera, tied up to a tree and disjoined, despite his groans and cries. Maizan had given no cause for this hideous barbarity, and he appears not even to have had arms about him when he was seized. The event was ascribed chiefly to the jealousy of the Arab traders, who worked upon the ignorance and superstitions of the Africans, and to the fact that the unfortunate Frenchman injudiciously carried articles with him, such as a gilt knob to his tent-pole, which were supposed to be of enormous value. His death was certainly not an encouragement to future travellers; but it was a most useful warning, and so went some way to secure the opening up of the lake regions. Especially it taught the necessity of conciliating the Arabs, and of the traveller always having a revolver handy. Reckless as the savage sometimes is of his own life, he will never attempt to seize a European who has a revolver in hand. African travel is sometimes thoughtlessly spoken of as if it were a very light and safe thing, which almost any one might undertake; but events such as this which befell M. Maizan, point to a very different conclusion. In East

Africa alone, since the death of Maizan, we have had the murder of Dr. Roscher, who made an independent discovery of Lake Nyassa nearly about the same time that Livingstone first visited it, and who was killed on his way back to the coast; the murder of Von der Decken and his companions, who had long been travelling in the country between the coast and the great snowy mountains; the murder of Mr. Thornton, the sportsman; the suicide of Dr. Dillon, Commander Cameron's companion, from the delirium of intolerable disease; the deaths of Dr. Livingstone, and his nephew Mr. Moffat, from disease; the loss of about half-a-dozen members of the University Mission on the river Shiré; and the deaths, from whatever cause, of several Europeans who accompanied Mr. Stanley into Africa. Well might Colonel Chaillé Long speak of Africa's poisoned arrows and its poisoned air, and exclaim, when he started from Cairo as the chief of Colonel Gordon's staff, "Central Africa, with all its seductive fields of allurements to the adventurous, could not but be regarded as a bourne from which but few travellers returned,—a path of glory which led but to the grave," and by an extremely unpleasant route.

While these perilous and only partially successful attempts upon Central Africa were being made from the east coast, one of the greatest of African travellers was slowly advancing from the south, and preparing himself for his great work. In the employment of the London Missionary Society, Livingstone established himself, soon after his leaving England in 1840, in Central-Southern Africa, about the twenty-fifth parallel of south latitude, with general instructions from his Society to pay special attention to the regions lying to the north. These instructions he acted upon fully, both in letter and in spirit. He had none of the brilliant dash or the prodigious knowledge of some other explorers; but though he advanced slowly, he did so with marvellous persistence, ingratiating himself with the natives, and losing no opportunity of acquiring the scientific and other knowledge which is required in an explorative traveller. To the last this was Dr. Livingstone's style of travel; he always moved slowly, allowing his reputation to precede him, familiarising him-

self with native customs, and creeping, as it were, from point to point. Cautiously pursuing this course, he in time achieved grand results; and probably no other African traveller (unless, perhaps, Mungo Park) ever so loved the uncomely and unfortunate people of the dark continent. It stands to their credit that they seem instinctively to have felt and appreciated this affection. No other great African traveller has gone over such an extent of ground with such slender means, with so little defence, and meeting with so little dangerous opposition. When provoked beyond endurance, he reminded himself that "our grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden:" but the only occasions on which he even threatened with his revolver were when, on one of his earlier journeys, a chief called Kanaka attempted to take one of his attendants as a slave; and when, on one of his last journeys, he witnessed a brutal massacre by Arab slave-hunters of unoffending villagers, including women and children. Yet his courage was of the highest order; and Mr. Stanley was led to conclude from his demeanor when they were threatened with an attack, that he had literally no fear.

Commander Cameron has mentioned that when he reached the west coast his health was drunk, "to the honor of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west"—and this is literally true; but long before his day Livingstone had succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from west to east, which was quite as difficult an achievement. Starting from St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, a considerable way north from Benguela, where Cameron came out, Livingstone came out at the mouth of the Zambesi on the east coast, a considerable way farther south than Bagomayo where Cameron went in. We shall afterwards point out where the lines of these two journeys intersect, and compare them with each other; but meanwhile it is well to note that, so far back as the years 1855-56, Livingstone did cross the African continent within the tropic of Capricorn; that at one point of his journey, far in the interior, he approached within a few degrees of the equator; and that his missionary travels and researches, which

were published in 1857, threw a flood of light upon the whole interior of the continent of Africa. It is almost unnecessary to say that we do not refer to this matter in order to detract in the slightest from the great achievement of Commander Cameron; but only in order to point out what the great lines of African exploration have been, and what are really the achievements which will stand the test of time, and obtain such immortal honor as human civilisation has it in its power to bestow.

It may thus be seen, to sum up generally, how our knowledge of Central Africa stood twenty years ago, when the great period of exploration began. The knowledge of the Greeks, the older Arabs, and the Hindus had been lost sight of. The unscientific journeys of the Portuguese traders had attracted no attention, and established no interesting or important facts. Explorations from the west coast had ceased. Barth had penetrated from the north to within twelve degrees of the equator, and established the existence of an immense fertile zone lying beyond the great desert of the Sahara. Explorations up the White Nile had nearly approached the lake region of Central Africa, but had entirely failed to reach it, or even to collect knowledge of its existence. Explorations, attended with great danger and difficulty, had begun on the east coast; and Livingstone had advanced far from the south, gaining much knowledge of the interior of Africa, which at the time was commonly supposed to be occupied by great deserts.

The great era of modern African travel commenced with the discovery of the lake region of Central Africa by Captain Richard Burton and Captain Hanning Speke. They started from the coast of Africa opposite Zanzibar, and discovered the great lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, the latter being more especially the discovery of Captain Speke, who made a solitary excursion to it, while his companion remained at Kazeh in Unyamwebe, collecting information and making preparations for their return journey. It was a great exploration, looking alike at the results gained and the tremendous difficulties in the way. As to the splendor of the results, we have only to remember that the head-waters of both the

Nile and the Congo were discovered on this expedition, for it was on it that Speke first visited Lake Victoria Nyanza; and notwithstanding Mr. Stanley's curious theory, there can be little doubt that Lake Tanganyika is the great head-water of the Congo, though Lake Bangweolo has also some claim to the distinction. We have already briefly indicated how great were the obstacles to entering Africa from the east coast—how speedy and dreadful was the fate of M. Maizan, who first attempted to penetrate the interior from Bagomayo; and, if time allowed, it might be easy to show how enormous was the force of the slave-holding, slave-hunting, commercial, and other interests opposed to any exploration of Africa from this quarter. And yet the most formidable source of opposition afforded the only possible highway from this, then the only feasible, direction into the heart of Africa. The sovereignty of Zanzibar was an offshoot from that of the Imaum of Muscat; and the Arabs of Zanzibar knew about the great lakes, the paths to them, and the means of conveyance. Slave-dealers and slave-hunters as they all were, they were not all wholly corrupt, wholly vile. In the purer Arabs there was something left of the loftier feelings of the deserts of Arabia—of that now almost lost influence which contested with Charles Martel the battle of Tours, and enlightened the thick ecclesiastical gloom of the early middle ages of Europe with some knowledge of the elements of physical science.

At the time we write of there was only one European who could have turned this Arab element to account in breaking through what, at that time, appeared to be the impenetrable shell of Central Africa. This was Captain Richard Burton, who had not only wandered frequently in Sind in native disguise, but had even visited Medineh and Mecca, the sacred cities of Mohammedanism, disguised as a native-born oriental Islamite, and was thoroughly acquainted with the language, character, and customs of the Arabs, besides possessing a quite exceptional capacity for acquiring languages, and, as Mr. Winwood Reade has remarked, an unusual combination of a most powerful brain and body. Commander Cameron—who, even at this day,



had such painful experience of the route to Tanganyika, on which he lost two of his European companions, and nearly perished himself—has said that Burton's 'Lake Regions of Central Africa' is "a work which, for minuteness of detail, must ever stand foremost among books of descriptive geography;" and Mr. Stanley well speaks of him as "the illustrious Burton." Captain Burton has the merit of having seen that Central Africa could be best approached from the east coast, and of accomplishing that, with Speke's aid, in spite of most formidable difficulties.

But the discovery of the lake region of Central Africa was not the only result of Burton's expedition of 1857-59. He has, unquestionably, the glory of having discovered the lake region, in so far as it was a discovery of modern times, and not a mere re-echo of ancient knowledge, and of the unscientific travels of Arab and Portuguese slave-hunters; just as Speke has the glory of being the modern discoverer of the source of the Nile. The Egyptian expeditions, and the efforts of private travellers up the Nile Valley, had entirely failed to reach this lake region, or even to bring word of it. Dr. Livingstone did not discover Lake Nyassa until the end of 1858; and Dr. Roscher, who had proceeded almost directly to it from the east coast, discovered it a little after. The Mombas missionaries got extremely vague accounts of the lake region; but they did not even approach it, being cut off from it, even at their furthest points of exploration (which were not very far in the interior) by great snowy mountains.

Speke's journey in 1858 from Kazeh to Lake Victoria Nyanza, opened up an entirely new district of Africa, and, succeeded as it was by his longer exploration in company with Captain, now Colonel, Grant, finally resolved the problem of the sources of the Nile. On reaching this new lake, it flashed upon him, almost by inspiration, that he had reached the great source of the Nile; but the inspiration was that of a geographer and traveller who understood the country over which he had passed, and saw that he was on a new watershed. The mere journey itself proved that he possessed explorative powers of the highest order, and that, though deficient in some re-

spects, he was able, like Dryden's 'Alexander, to conquer men if not their languages. His powers in these respects were displayed in a still more splendid manner, when, in his great journey of 1860-61-63, in company with Grant, he returned to Lake Victoria Nyanza, travelled round its western shore, saw the White Nile issuing from its northern extremity, learned of the existence of Lake Albert Nyanza under the name of the Luta Nsige, and pursued the valley of the Nile until he triumphantly emerged at Gondokoro, after having passed through a vast extent of new country, and managed to deal with some of the most powerful and dangerous princes to be found in all Africa. Indeed, had Speke not possessed the most extraordinary powers for dealing with savages and managing his attendants, he could never have made that great journey: and though he was far from being good at expressing his reasons for the faith that was in him, he had an immense power of forming right conclusions; and, in this case, these conclusions have all been firmly established by later exploration. Victoria Nyanza is one immense lake, and not a series of small lakes and overflooded swamps, as at one time there was some reason to suspect. Mr. Stanley's extensive voyages upon Victoria Nyanza have set that question at rest, though it is true there are separate small lakes in its immediate vicinity. Victoria Nyanza is the great reservoir, the head-water, of the Nile, though the river from it enters the northern extremity of Lake Albert Nyanza, which Speke first in a manner discovered, and which Baker first visited—and though the small lake Alexandra, which Mr. Stanley claims to have discovered, is a feeder of the great Victoria. There is now no manner of doubt that Lake Victoria Nyanza is an enormous lake, the largest in Africa, and the great source and head-water of the Nile; but, as regards Speke, that is only the verification of a special great discovery, and proof of his truthfulness as a traveller and of his wonderful geographical judgment and instinct. Even had it turned out otherwise, if Tanganyika or Bangweolo had turned out to be the head-water of the Nile, Captain Speke would still have had the great glory of having been the first to pass from East

Africa near the equator to the sources of the Nile, and from thence down its valley into Egypt, or from the southern to the northern hemisphere within the watershed of the Nile. We could not desire all the great African travellers to be exactly like one another, and in order that they should differ, it is necessarily implied that the one should have powers and advantages which the other does not possess—or, to put it otherwise, that the one shall have defects which the other has not. The discoverer of the source of the Nile was very different from his great compeers; he had greater dash and simple direct power than any of them: and no finer proof can be found of the impression which he made in Central Africa, than the fact that every one who has since gone up to Lake Victoria Nyanza—Baker, Linant, Long, and Stanley—has been welcomed by the savage chiefs on the ground of being "Specky's brother."

In his discovery of the source of the Nile, Speke had a most able coadjutor in Captain James Augustus Grant, an Indian officer of genuine and unpretentious character, but singularly well fitted for the work of exploration which devolved upon him. His reputation, in that respect, may not have had full justice done to it by a portion of the public, owing to the generous manner in which he has kept himself in the background, giving Speke all the praise of having discovered the source of the Nile; but his own share in the enterprise was no small one. During a large portion of this arduous journey he was separated from his companion, having to bring up a separate portion of the expedition, being laid up by severe illness, or being sent on in front while Speke made a detour. Even when entirely lame he managed to push on alone, and showed great tact in managing the savage and greedy chiefs with whom he had to deal. His 'Walk across Africa,' in which he has recorded his personal experiences of this great journey, is a most interesting volume, full of information as to the new and strange people whose countries he traversed; and as to the botany and meteorology of these countries it is especially valuable, giving us an intelligible account of the products of Central Africa, and the modes of living of the

people. In that respect he is superior to every other African traveller. In reading his unpretending but most valuable pages, we are enabled really to understand the life of the people whom he describes, the character of their country, and the conditions of their existence.

The great supplement to Captain Speke's discoveries was afforded by Sir Samuel Baker, who, along with his heroic wife, in 1863 moved up the Upper Nile route which Speke had just descended, though not altogether on the same line; passed safely through the territories of several savage chiefs; struck the great lake Luta Nsige, which he named Albert Nyanza; coasted along it for sixty miles, and discovered that the Nile issuing from Victoria Nyanza falls into it close to its northern extremity, and issues out of it towards the north. This was a great gain to African geography, and explained some curious matters which Speke did not see his way to understand, but upon which he was careful to avoid premature theorising. Baker's journey was also very interesting as proving that, under certain protecting conditions, even a European lady might penetrate into the centre of Africa. His succeeding journeys, when he was made a Pasha, and appointed Governor of the Upper Nile province of Egypt, have added little to our geographical knowledge of Africa, though a good deal to our ethnological. They have aided in dispelling some illusions both as to the exalted character of the savage negro and as to the real meaning and effects of the philanthropic efforts of the Egyptian Government to occupy and civilise new provinces. Some discredit and great distrust were brought upon Sir Samuel Baker by his doings as an Egyptian Pasha; but the apparently similar results of Colonel Gordon's Pashaship show that the blame rests not so much directly upon the man as upon the position in which the man places himself.

Meanwhile, Livingstone had not been idle. The account of his travels, published in 1857, had brought him so much repute in England, that in 1858 he returned to the Zambesi as her Majesty's Consul to the Portuguese province there. Ample funds had been placed at his disposal for further exploration, a river-steamboat, and European associates. In this way Livingstone did not distinguish

himself so much as he had done before, and did afterwards, as a solitary traveller. Perhaps he expected too much from his companions, who could hardly be expected to equal him in explorative and African enthusiasm; perhaps they were not well selected for the particular purpose. But in the end of 1858 the veteran traveller, striking to the north of the Zambesi, discovered the minor lake Shirwa, and from that proceeded a few miles farther north to the great lake Nyassa, which had not been visited except by Portuguese traders. As we have mentioned, Dr. Roscher, a German *savant* who had for some time been working away as an explorer in East Africa, made an independent discovery of Nyassa very shortly after this, starting from the coast nearly opposite Zanzibar, thus pursuing a very difficult and dangerous course; but, unfortunately, he was murdered on his return journey, and the narrative of his exploration has been almost entirely lost. Colonel Grant, before starting on his great journey, had the satisfaction of witnessing, and almost directing, the execution of two of Roscher's murderers.

These discoveries of Burton, Speke, Baker, and Livingstone completed, speaking generally, our knowledge of the great African lakes which drain into the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. They had also disclosed the existence of Lake Tanganyika, which, there is every probability, is the head-water of the Congo, which drains into the Atlantic, and is part of a lacustrine region that lies between the water-sheds of the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean, and which, considering where its outlet is, lies wonderfully close to the east coast of Africa. There remained to be accomplished the further examination of this central lake region, which has since been achieved by Dr. Livingstone and Commander Cameron.

The interest thus excited in Africa led to some small explorations on the west coast, interesting enough in themselves, but of no great importance, and throwing little or no light on the interior of the continent. M. Paul du Chaillu examined regions not far from the coast, between the equator and the Congo, which were chiefly remarkable as being the habitat of the gorilla, which was supposed at one time to supply the missing

link between man and the monkey. Captain Burton availed himself of his position as British Consul at Fernando Po, to run over the whole west coast of Africa, touching off its peculiarities, and those of its people, in various books, with his extraordinary knowledge, and in his usual sardonic manner. He explored the Cameroons mountain, went to Abeokuta, was Commissioner to Dahomey, visited the gorilla country, ascended the Congo up to the Yellala Falls, and gathered an immense mass of interesting information in regard to West Africa, but seems to have made no attempt to attack the interior of the continent from that side. Mr. Winwood Reade, also, paid two visits to Western Africa, and presented the English public with many very curious facts and graphic descriptions. Sir Garnet Wolseley's little war, and advance upon Coomassie, also did something to direct attention to that part of the world. The advance, however, in regard to West Africa, was not so much in the way of new exploration as in that of bringing the skill of trained observers and accomplished *littérateurs* to bear on the fauna of the country, including the aboriginal negro. Hitherto it can hardly be said that the centre of Africa has been reached from the portion of the west coast most contiguous to it. There has been no exploration to speak of from that line, so great are the difficulties, and chiefly the climatic difficulties, though it is evident that the most formidable of these latter extend only a short way inland. It is only south of the Congo that we come upon a coast land which does not present almost impenetrable forests and a deadly miasma. Livingstone and the Portuguese who entered, or rather approached, Central Africa from the west coast, had always to avoid the climatic, though not the geographic, tropical region, until they got far inland upon the elevated central plateau.

In pointing out what had now been achieved, we have rather anticipated not so much actual results as the verification of these results. There still remained a reasonable doubt as to whether Tanganyika might not be the head source of the Nile; as to whether, on the contrary, it drained into Lake Nyassa; as to whether it drained anywhere at all; and, in general, as to the whole water-system of

Central Africa. In order to solve these problems and continue his great system (for such it might be called) Dr. Livingstone again entered Africa, and this time alone, in 1866. His funds were rather inadequate for his purpose, and would have been wholly inadequate but for £1000 which were subscribed for him, at the last moment, by the citizens of Bombay, from which place he proceeded to the east coast of Africa. From this—his last and grandest exploration, which extended over nearly seven years—Dr. Livingstone was fated never to return; but it was a splendid achievement, and promises eventually to be of incalculable importance to Africa.

Dr. Livingstone started by a new route for Lake Nyassa, leaving the east coast a little north of the mouth of the Rovuma river, and about the tenth parallel of south latitude; and he desired to have at once struck the north end of Lake Nyassa; but the state of the country, desolated by slave-hunting carried on under the indirect (though, no doubt, as regards the home government, the unconscious) support of Portuguese authority, found him drawn towards the south, and compelled him to turn on his old tracks and go round the south end of Nyassa. This was a great disappointment to him; but it led him into regions where his explorative powers could be turned to better account than if he had at once struck the north end of Nyassa, turned immediately on Tanganyika, and followed out his intense desire of examining the sources of the Nile, which had already been determined sufficiently for all immediate purposes. The result of this detour was that Livingstone struck upon Lake Bangweolo, or Bemba, the river Lualaba, and the great lacustrine region which lies to the west of Tanganyika, and along with that lake constitute the head-waters of the Congo, the great highway into the centre of Africa. We need say little about the further journeyings of this great traveller, of the vast extent of unknown regions which he explored, of the uncertainty which for so long hung over his fate, of his relief by Mr. Stanley when his fortunes were at the lowest, and when, supposing himself to have been forgotten and forsaken by the civilised world, he seems to have quietly made up his mind to sit still and

die in Ujiji. What a wonderful lifting of the clouds, what a wonderful change in the dreary sad-outlook it must have been, when Mr. Stanley burst in upon him with the news that he was still valued, still cared for, and that American enterprise had come to aid and encourage him! On this occasion even the fighting reporter becomes pious, recognises the hand of an overruling Providence, and almost rivals the simple Suabian theology of Dr. Krapf.

A hundred chances might have prevented Mr. Stanley from meeting Dr. Livingstone; he had no idea where Livingstone was until he almost stumbled upon him; he went straight on blindly, merely following (with certain necessary detours) the route, which had been twice traversed before, from the coast to Lake Tanganyika; yet he went direct to his aim like an arrow from its bow, which, however, was only an incidental achievement, and is hardly a warrant for his wandering about Africa for unnumbered years, groping into the creeks of lakes and civilising the negroes by means of explosive shells.

While we can sympathise with Livingstone when he was relieved by Mr. Stanley, and with Stanley when he relieved Livingstone, we cannot but feel regret that the great, calm, unpretending African traveller did not, in his last days, know the full value of his explorations. Livingstone had not even the consolation of Moses of seeing the promised land toward which he had wandered and endured for thirty years. In these his last explorations the idea occupied his mind that he was discovering the ultimate sources of the Nile, the Fountains of Herodotus, and, in general, something new and decisive in regard to the old "Father of floods." It will be in the recollection of all how painful to him was the suspicion that he might be really working at the sources of the Congo, and not at those of "the glorious old Nile;" and the homely way in which he expressed his dislike at the idea of running the risk of becoming "black man's meat" for anything less, geographically speaking, than the sources of the Nile. It was, no doubt, one of those illusions which keep men up to their work, and so was one of those tricks of nature which Schopenhauer has so



severely stigmatised; but it was hardly to be expected in so good and sensible a man. However, there it was; and in the painful state of uncertainty which thus arose Livingstone died, on the southern shore of his own lake, Bangweolo, his last thoughts and prayers being for the dark continent which he so much loved. What a consolation would it have been for him had he perceived that his discovery of the sources of the Congo was really a far more important matter than anything he could have done in regard to the sources of the Nile, and was the commencement of opening up a highway for civilisation into the heart of Africa!

While Livingstone was thus completing his great life-work, another intrepid explorer was working towards the sources of the Congo, and visiting an entirely new region of Africa. Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, the German botanist, supported by the Berlin "Humboldt Institution of Natural Philosophy and Travels," turned his attention to the equatorial districts traversed by the western affluents of the Upper Nile. Werne and others had done something in that direction; but Schweinfurth, in his expedition of 1868-70, advanced far beyond these travellers, and entered upon what, in every sense, was entirely virgin ground. Keeping always to the westward of the Nile, and advancing beyond the watershed of its tributaries to rivers which either join the Congo or drain into Lake Tchad, he got to a parallel of latitude nearly corresponding with the northern end of Lake Albert Nyanza. He was well entitled to call the record of his travels 'The Heart of Africa,' because he really reached the heart of the African continent as no one has done either before or since. In the before unknown kingdom of Monbuttoo, which was his farthest point of exploration, Schweinfurth was to the west of the great lake system of Central Africa, and thus advanced into that vast unknown region which lies directly between it and the west coast. He was fortunate in hitting upon a region and a time when he had the aid of Egyptian traders suiting themselves to the necessities and wants of African chiefs, without everything having been thrown into confusion by the conquering ambition of the Egyptian

Government on the one hand, and its attempt, on the other, to meet the European demand for putting down the slave trade. Something, also, may be granted to Dr. Schweinfurth's reputation as a botanist, which was a particularly harmless one, and was very gratifying to the *guidnuncs* of that portion of Africa who are not less bent than the similar class of men in civilised countries to find a satisfactory explanation of anything which appears to them extraordinary. Dr. Schweinfurth's habit of going into the jungle, examining leaves, and pulling up plants, while his negro attendants took every opportunity of having a sleep, was very naturally explained by the supposition (as he had come from vegetationless regions, of which the negroes had some idea from the few of their number who had seen the sandy deserts of Nubia) that he was an enormous and abnormal "eater of leaves." The Niam-Niam, and the strange Negro-Semitic people of Monbuttoo, could quite sympathise with this weakness. They themselves were cannibals, and were quite conscious that their weakness in that respect was looked upon with a pardonable disgust by the Egyptian traders, by the Nubian soldiers, and by some surrounding tribes accompanying these traders. Even Munza, the aristocratic and really self-contained king of Monbuttoo, who, according to rumor, required a young child every day to supply him with tender food, acknowledged that he kept anthropophagism in the background when he was visited by Dr. Schweinfurth. Colonel Long also mentions that, when he made a later visit to the Niam-Niam, which Schweinfurth passed through on his way to Monbuttoo, his Niam-Niam auxiliaries, after a battle with an opposing tribe, had the delicacy to encamp some distance off in order to carry out their culinary operations. It may thus be understood how Dr. Schweinfurth's supposed weakness for the vegetable kingdom was quite a passport of protection for him. It was an abnormal appetite to be sympathised with; and probably was largely availed of by all his attendants for his protection and for their own.

Though they are cannibals, like the Fans of the west coast, whom they greatly resemble, the Niam-Niam and the peo-

ple of Monbuttoo appear to be out of sight the most civilised and humane of the primitive savage tribes of Africa; and this goes to support the idea that cannibalism, like slavery, is one of the means which lead up to civilisation. It can easily be understood how anthropophagism may give an exceptional advantage to a savage or semi-savage tribe, by increasing the supply of cheap food and by decreasing the number of unproductive people. It is interesting to notice that among the Niam-Niam and Monbuttoos, human fat seems to occupy a place very similar to that which *gänsefett* does in German cookery; and that persons who find themselves getting corpulent in that region become uneasy and alarmed for their own safety, which must be a very powerful incentive to keeping up muscular vigor with consequent health and strength. This is very horrible to contemplate: but modern scientific observation has to do with facts, not fictions; and there are many things much more revolting and much more dreadful involved in the basis and conditions of sentient existence in so far as we are acquainted with it.

Geographically, Dr. Schweinfurth did not determine the most important problem which he had to deal with—namely, whether the rivers he came across drained into the Congo or into Lake Tchad. One of them at least, supposed to be the Welle, was a very large stream. It flowed westward, and, there could be little doubt, took its rise in the Blue Mountains, rising to the west of Baker's lake, Albert Nyanza. In his explorations, Dr. Schweinfurth approached Barth's explorations from the north-west; and though his book is interesting, it is, unfortunately, rather heavy, confused, not very well put together, far too long, and is wanting in that subordination of particulars to generals which even the ordinary German scientific mind is usually so well able to supply.

We may now turn to the explorations in the lake regions which have been lately made from the Nile valley by Colonel Gordon's officers, in the employ of the Khedive of Egypt. In 1874, Col. Chaillé Long, the chief of Gordon's staff, advanced from Gondokoro to Lake Victoria Nyanza, paying a visit to King Mtesa, whom Speke first introduced to

the civilised world. Colonel Long suffered much from climate, as well as from the savage opposition of native tribes, and he writes of the country and of its people in the most condemnatory manner; but he does not seem to have had a sufficient *entourage*, and he too pointedly brings out the moral that Central Africa is a place fitted only for native Egyptian troops. On by far the greater part of his short excursion Dr. Schweinfurth enjoyed perfect health, and Speke and Grant did not find the rainy climate of the lake regions to be at all so bad as it has been represented by Colonel Long. The contributions to geography afforded by the latter traveller are, that he personally determined a very small portion of the Nile's course between the great lakes and Gondokoro—the portion between Urondogani and Mrooli—which neither Speke nor Baker had gone over; and that he discovered, on that line, an insignificant body of water, about twenty miles long, which he has called Lake Ibrahim, which is about north latitude  $1^{\circ} 30'$ , and which, he seems to think, gives him a claim to be considered one of the discoverers of the Nile sources. He claims to have been the first explorer of the whole portion of the Nile between Urondogani and Kamma Falls; but Speke had gone over the part between Mrooli and the Falls. Colonel Long also made an excursion to the west of the Nile into the country of the Niam-Niam; but he has added little to the information which Schweinfurth had given us before in regard to these (for Africa) really refined cannibals. The most extraordinary thing about his expedition is, that in summing up his results he claims as one of them (Central Africa: *Naked Truths of Naked People*, p. 306) that "M'Tsé (Mtesa), King of Uganda, had been visited, and the proud African monarch made a willing subject; and his country, rich in ivory, and populous, created the southern limit of Egypt." But when we turn to his account of his interviews with the king we find nothing whatever to justify such a conclusion, but something quite the contrary. He says nothing whatever of having broached the subject of submission to Egypt to King Mtesa; and the probability is, that had he done so he would have been immediately beheaded. According even

to his own account, the speech he made (in Arabic) to Mtesa (p. 106) was as follows:—"O M'Tsé, great king of Africa, I have come in the name of the great Sultan at Cairo to present you his gracious salutations. The world has heard of a great African king, and my august sovereign, in sending me to him, wishes me thus to express his kindly friendship and interest for one for whom he wishes only continued health and greatness." This is quite incompatible with the assumption of having added this particular king to the list of Egyptian tributaries; and it is absurd to suppose that a powerful and proud African potentate, who had never bowed to a superior, would consent to, or for a moment entertain, such a proposal, made by a half-dead Egyptian officer, accompanied by a couple of soldiers. Yet it is noticeable that for this achievement the Khedive paid Colonel Long the most flattering compliments, and gave him promotion and decorations.

Another expedition to Lake Victoria Nyanza was made in 1875 by M. Ernest Linant, also one of Gordon's officers, who met Mr. Stanley at the court of Mtesa, and brought back letters from that traveller; but he does not seem himself to have obtained any new geographical results, and on his return he was massacred, along with thirty-six soldiers, actually within sight of Colonel Gordon's headquarters, and new capital of the province, at Bedden, only fifteen miles distant from Gondokoro, which does not say much for the progress which had then been made in pacifying the country. After punishing the tribe guilty of this act, Colonel Gordon himself advanced as far as Mrooli, and attacked the chief Keba Rega, who had always shown himself hostile to the Egyptians. The result of this was that—as officially stated by Cherif Pasha, the Egyptian Foreign Minister—a rival of Keba Rega "a été appelé à lui succéder comme représentant du Gouvernement du Khédive." Keba Rega is better known as Kamrasi, who behaved so badly to Speke, and wanted Lady Baker to be left with him; so it is gratifying to learn that he has at last been cast out on the cold world; but this does not justify the assumption that Mtesa is a vassal, and that the whole lake region has been annexed

by a power itself tributary, insolvent, which manages its old territory so ill, and which uses one or two high-class Englishmen, such as Baker and Gordon, as mere warming-pans for itself and its negroid officers. Military posts have also been established by Colonel Gordon (though apparently not personally) at Urondogani, at a spot not far from the Ripon Falls and Lake Victoria Nyanza, and at Makungo, on the shore of Lake Albert Nyanza, near the mouth of the Somerset river. Certainly Colonel Gordon has not been idle; and Cherif Pasha, in his summing up of the results which Gordon has achieved, goes on to make the following remarkable statement: "Ainsi est accomplie l'annexion à l'Egypte de tous les territoires sis autour des grands lacs Victoria et Albert, qui, avec leur affluents et le fleuve Somerset, ouvrent à la navigation un vaste champ d'explorations que Gordon Pasha prépare jusqu'à présent." This is one of the most gigantic annexations on record, even though the most of it as yet has been done only by stroke of pen. If some nations are now afraid to annex the smallest portion of territory, it is evident that some other nations can still do huge conveyances of that kind. Colonel Gordon has left that portion of "Egyptian" territory, and, so far as we are aware, there are no Englishmen now employed by Egypt in and near that African lake region which Englishmen have discovered, and which, it would even seem, Englishmen have conquered. The Romans were advised not to attempt the Ethiopic portion of the Nile valley, and they drew back from the enterprise; but it has been undertaken in our day by "the great Sultan at Cairo."

Signor Gessi, another of Gordon's agents, succeeded last year in achieving a performance of the same kind in regard to Albert Nyanza. He got up to that lake with a small steamer and two iron life-boats, and established a so-called military station at Makungo, as we have already mentioned. On this occasion, according to Colonel Gordon's telegram to the Geographical Society, they hoisted the Egyptian flag "on the banks of Lake Albert, in the presence of the officers, soldiers, and natives; and all the assemblage prayed for long life and continued victory for his Highness the Khedive,

and the princes his sons, and all those regions and their inhabitants came under the rule of the Khedival Government." This style of announcement is quite Scriptural in its brevity, reminding one of the dealings of Israel with the Canaanites; and there is a fine largeness of grasp in the phrase "all those regions and their inhabitants."

Signor Gessi, however, did something for geography in this region which he so summarily annexed. He managed, in his iron life-boats (we do not hear anything about the steamer), to reach the northern end of Albert Nyanza, and determined it to be a lake 190 miles in length, with an average breadth of 50 miles, but was not able to make an entire circuit of the shore. At the south end the water is very shallow, and the lake is succeeded by great forests. On the west there are high mountains and great forests, presenting almost impenetrable obstacles to travellers. On the east a river empties itself into the lake; but its current is so strong that navigation of it would be dangerous. There is not much new information here; but Baker's accounts are confirmed as well as a little added to,—and it is interesting to notice that, as Colonel Gordon remarks, "Speke, from native report, put Lake Albert in nearly the same position, and about the same size, as Gessi found it." The rapid river coming from the east is rather a curious phenomenon, for it cannot be the Somerset Nile which is referred to.

We must not altogether pass over the independent travels, for they can hardly as yet be called fresh explorations, of Mr. Henry Stanley. That gentleman's discovery of Livingstone brought him so much *éclat* with a large portion of the public that he was sent back into Central Africa, supported by the combined funds of a New York and a London newspaper. He was thus enabled to take an English-built boat from Zanzibar to Victoria Nyanza, and he made a detailed survey of that lake, fully supporting Speke's estimate of its magnitude and importance. M. Linant met him at the court of Mtesa, in Uganda, where he was very well received by that king, whom he claims to have half converted to Christianity. Mr. Stanley's own Christianity appears to be of a rather martial order. On his jour-

ney to Lake Victoria, and when navigating that great inland sea, he had many severe conflicts with the natives, killing and wounding great numbers of them by aid of our modern firearms. Even according to his own showing (and he is not likely to be an unfavorable reporter of his own conduct) he exercised quite unnecessary severity in dealing with the people of the country, and has done almost as much as the Egyptians to make the neighborhood of Victoria Nyanza most dangerous for future travellers.

Mr. Stanley, like Colonel Long with Lake Ibrahim, also claims to be a discoverer of the sources of the Nile. He has discovered an "Alexandra Nile," and a small lake on a higher level than the great Victoria Nyanza, which smaller body of water he proposes to call Lake Alexandra, in honor of the Princess of Wales. We know about the Blue Nile and the White Nile, and even the Somerset Nile and the Giraffe Nile may be allowed to pass; but the line must be drawn somewhere, otherwise we shall have as many Niles as there are streams running into the Nyanza lakes. This "Alexandra Nile" was crossed by Speke and Grant when they were journeying round Lake Victoria, and they call it the Kitangule; but it did not seem to strike them as a very important though a noticeable river. Mr. Stanley does not appear even to have reached this new lake; and it is from native information and "the lie of the country" that he sets it down in his rough map, which was received in this country a few weeks ago, as about forty miles long and thirty in breadth. This is far too sensational geography, and the name of the Kitangule river and lake had better be retained, after the example of the first discoverers of the river.

It was expected that, after his examination of the above-mentioned lake, Mr. Stanley, who was at Mtesa's in 1875, would have taken his boat over to the Albert Nyanza and explored that partially unknown lake. This was clearly the most interesting field of exploration before him, and it was even said that he was going to push his perilous way from that latter lake into the unknown regions lying to the west of it, to determine the course of the Congo, and to emerge triumphantly at the west coast. Instead of doing so, however, Mr. Stanley, for



reasons which do not appear, returned to his old friend Lake Tanganyika, which he had already partially navigated in company with Dr. Livingstone, and which is already better known to us than any of the other great African lakes, thanks to the explorations of Burton and Speke, Livingstone and Commander Cameron. Here the bold navigator, from his letters just received, claims to have made another great discovery, and one even more wonderful than that of Lake Alexandra; but we shall deal with that in connection with Commander Cameron's discoveries.

Leaving Mr. Stanley to continue his travels, and just noticing the ascent, in 1871, by the Rev. Mr. New of the Mombas Mission, of the great mountain Kilimandjaro, which had before been reached (though not ascended to the snow-line) by Baron von der Decken, we now come to the last great African exploration—that of Commander Cameron. This great journey has been fully described in Cameron's work, which has just been published, entitled 'Across Africa;' and, alike from the extent, danger, and novelty of the journey and the results achieved, it gives him a place among the greater African explorers, such as Bruce, Park, Barth, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Livingstone.

The circumstances in which Commander Cameron started were peculiar, and must be in the remembrance of many readers. The first Livingstone Search Expedition from England was sent out in 1872 under the command of Lieutenant Dawson, and proved a great disappointment; for, ere it had well started from the east coast of Africa, Mr. Stanley met it with the news that he had already seen and relieved Dr. Livingstone; and owing to some misrepresentation of Livingstone's wishes, or some misconception of them, Lieutenant Dawson withdrew from any attempt to carry out the object of the expedition, and his example was afterwards followed by its succeeding leaders, Lieutenant Henn and Mr. New. This was extremely unfortunate and provoking, because Dr. Livingstone continued to be in need of aid, as his failing health, and his death soon after abundantly proved; and because the expedition had been fitted out in a very thorough manner at great expense.

To repair this *fiasco* a second expedition was despatched from London in the end of 1872, under Lieutenant Cameron of the Royal Navy, who was a novice in inland African travel, but who had acclimatised himself by three years of surveying work on the east coast of Africa, and had acquired a thorough knowledge of the Kisahueli language, which, of all the African dialects, is the most useful to the traveller moving to the centre of the continent from the east coast, and which Livingstone had found of essential service almost wherever he went. Cameron was accompanied from the outset by an old friend, Dr. W. E. Dillon, R.N.; and he was afterwards joined, as volunteers, by Lieutenant Murphy, R.N., and Mr. Robert Moffat, a nephew of Livingstone, who had sold off his inheritance in Natal, and intended to devote all he possessed to the assistance of his great relative.

Starting from Bagomayo, opposite Zanzibar, on the usual route for Lake Tanganyika, this expedition met with even more than the usual difficulties and climatic dangers, and soon was deprived of three out of its four Englishmen. Poor Moffat died of fever close to the coast, almost at the same time as his uncle expired by Lake Bangweolo. The expenses of the route were found to have so greatly increased beyond what they were when Burton and Speke first traversed it, that Cameron could get only twenty natives for a *doti* where Burton got sixty-four. Lieutenant Cameron had the advantage of having with him the experienced "Bombay," a Seedy who had been in responsible positions on all the three preceding expeditions into the lake region from the east coast; but we are sorry to observe that this distinguished traveller had not improved with years and renown. Burton had given him the highest character for honesty, even saying, in his sardonic way, of a distinguished British officer and consul, that "Bombay's honest black face appeared beautiful by comparison." Speke and Grant found him very useful on their great journey, and bestowed on him high praise, though they also pointed out his defects; but Stanley suffered some loss from relying on his trustworthiness, and Cameron found him all but useless, and was much provoked by his indifference and insolence. Something of the same

falling off is often visible in Alpine guides, English butlers, and many other classes of people who are not negroes; nor is it only in Africa that the not unreasonable idea prevails that when a man becomes unfit for the work which has gained his reputation, his experience and past labors should elevate him into an easier position.

On reaching his first great stage in Unyanyembe, about 450 miles from the coast, Lieutenant Cameron was most kindly received by Said ibn Salim, the Governor of the Arab settlement, who had accompanied Burton, and Speke and Grant, on a portion of their journeys, and who, we are glad to learn, "cherished an affectionate memory for his former masters, and was very kind to us for their sakes; not only lending the house, but giving us a supply of milk morning and evening, and constantly sending presents of fowls, eggs, and goats." In this unhealthy place they were detained for several months, owing to the difficulty of obtaining porters, and from the direct route to Ujiji being closed by Mirambo, a native chief, who had formerly been a great friend of the Arab traders, and had shown much generosity in giving them credit when in difficulties, but had been turned into a bitter enemy by their repudiation of their engagements. Commander Cameron writes of this chief as if he were a new phenomenon; but Mr. Stanley had before described the position of Mirambo, and the unsettled state into which he had thrown the country. By aiding the Arabs in fighting Mirambo, Stanley committed a great and uncalled-for mistake. It identified white travellers with Arab crimes. The Arabs, or half-castes, whom he joined for this purpose, deserted him at a critical moment, occasioned the death of some of his people, and nearly caused him to lose his own life.

The sufferings endured by all the members of the expedition in this region show that previous accounts of the effects of its fever were not at all exaggerated; and they had also the misery of being nearly blinded by ophthalmia. When in this wretched condition, a letter arrived from Livingstone's servant, Jacob Wainwright, announcing the Doctor's death, and that he and Chumah and Susi were close at hand with the

dead body. A few days after the body arrived, and it remained to be determined what was to be done with the expedition. Lieutenant Murphy resigned his position, and announced his determination of returning to the east coast, on the ground that the work of the expedition was completed. Dillon was desirous to go on; but he was so ill that he also resolved to return. Cameron at this time was nearly blind with ophthalmia, almost unable to walk from pains in his back; and fever, which was still hanging about him, had reduced him to a skeleton, and to a weight little over seven stone. Nevertheless, in these desperate circumstances, he determined to go on, in order to secure a box of books which Livingstone had left at Ujiji and had referred to anxiously with his dying breath, and also to follow up the great traveller's explorations. It was a heroic determination, and was justified by the splendid result. He had a terrible warning immediately after starting; but even that did not deter him. He had only started when he learned that Dillon had destroyed himself; and he made the next march in an almost unconscious state. Strong must have been the internal impulse which drove him across Africa.

For the next two years Cameron was alone, so far as Europeans were concerned, and for the most part upon entirely new ground. On reaching Tanganyika he set to work to sail round that mysterious lake, and did so round its larger half—that is to say, from Ujiji, on its east coast and on the fifth parallel of south latitude, to the southern end of the lake, and up the west coast to a point not far from opposite Ujiji. Burton and Speke had left that portion of the lake almost unexamined, and Livingstone had gone round the greater portion of it, but chiefly by land, so that Cameron's was really the first survey of the larger part of the lake upon the lake itself.

Of much interesting information which Cameron gathered in regard to Tanganyika, we shall only refer to his discovery of its outlet. This question as to an outlet had caused a great deal of curious surmise. When Burton and Speke visited its northern end they came to the conclusion that the river Lusize was an affluent, but they could not sufficiently determine the point; and afterwards

Burton inclined to the opinion that it was an effluent, and connected Tanganyika with the Nile. That idea was disproved by the examination of the Lusize in 1871; but then Livingstone found that the streams ran into it at the south end also, so that it had no connection with Lake Nyanza. No stream, it was well known, issued from its eastern side, towards the Indian Ocean; and Livingstone sought, entirely without success, to find any effluent on its western side. Hence he inclined to the opinion that there must be a subterranean outlet for this immense lake, connecting it with the Lualaba river and series of lakes, which he believed to be the headquarters of the Nile, but which there is now scarcely a doubt are those of the Congo. It is no wonder Livingstone came to this conclusion about a subterranean outlet; and it is still far from improbable that there may be such an outlet among its limestone rocks, notwithstanding Cameron's discovery and Mr. Stanley's ingenious but absurd supposition that Tanganyika is a lake which has not yet got filled up. Livingstone's objection to the notion that this lake has no outlet is, that if such a body of deep water were relieved only by evaporation, the deposit of saline matter in it would long since have made it a salt lake—there being no other instance in the world of a large, deep, fresh-water lake without an outlet, and there is a great deal of saline matter in the country round it. Lake Tchad, indeed, there is reason to believe, has no outlet, and it is fresh water; but then it is not so much a deep-water lake as an immense shallow lagoon, held within bounds by the surface which it exposes to evaporation, and kept fresh by the absorption of the ground, which is a kind of outlet. In the extremely salt Dead Sea, it is worthy of notice that the amount of river-water poured into it is extremely small. But whether a subterranean outlet exists or not, Livingstone detected the part of the coast where there might be a superterranean exit in Tanganyika. Commander Cameron saw that there was a break in the mountains of the western shore where such an outlet was likely to be, and, from such examination as he was able to bestow upon it, came to the conclusion that the Lukuga river was that outlet. Livingstone had

noticed the same break, and had suggested that the Logumba river, which appears to be the same as Cameron's Lukuga, or at least is close to it, was an outlet; and he also opined that there might be some other outlets farther north on the same coast. Unfortunately, Commander Cameron's examination of the Lukuga was not an altogether conclusive one. This part of the coast was between, and some distance from, the great trade-routes to the west, so that the Arabs knew nothing about it or about the river. A local chief declared that his people often travelled for more than a month along its banks until it fell into the Lualaba; but local chiefs appear to say anything on such points. The African traveller cannot always pursue the exact path he wishes, though he may continue in the direction, and Cameron was prevented from descending (or ascending) this river; but he went four or five miles into it, until progress was rendered impossible by dense masses of *floating* vegetation. There was neither open water nor solid land; but he found in this large river, six hundred yards broad and three fathoms deep, an outward current from the lake of one knot and a half, sufficient to drive his boat well into the edge of the vegetation; and on various points of his journey afterwards, he obtained corroborative evidence that this Lukuga river flows into the Lualaba.

So far everything seems quite clear and satisfactory; but Mr. Stanley suddenly appears at this outlet, laboring under the painful burden that something new and extraordinary must be found to justify his wandering about in Africa for years with unlimited funds. His discovery is, that Lake Tanganyika has not yet been filled up, that it is a young and rising lake, and that Cameron "was both right and wrong,"—the Lukuga is not an outlet of the lake, but it is going to be, when Tanganyika has risen up to the height of its great destiny. We must give Mr. Stanley credit for his ingenuity in this matter, and all the more that it will be exceedingly difficult to prove that he is not right in his wonderful supposition. However satisfactorily it may be proved afterwards that Tanganyika has an outlet in the Lukuga, it will still remain open for Mr. Stanley to assert that it had no such outlet up to the

period of his great discovery; and really there is some reason for being thankful that so ingenious a mind should have been relegated to the (comparatively) uninteresting and innocuous region of African geography. It is alarming to contemplate what might have been the results had it been let loose on the more practically important affairs of European or American politics!

But, to look at the matter scientifically, there are many reasons for supposing that Commander Cameron is right in regard to this subject. We should much more readily trust the observations and judgment of a practical and scientific sailor in regard to whether the Lukuga is an affluent or an effluent, than those of a wandering American reporter. The supposition that Lake Tanganyika has not yet filled up to its level, is wholly incompatible with our knowledge of that lake and of the geology of Central Africa. Had its basin been a creation of post-tertiary times, it might possibly (though by no means probably) be now in process of being filled up to the brim. But Tanganyika dates far back in the geological ages—to a period represented not by hundreds of thousands but by millions, and perhaps hundreds of millions, of years. The rainfall upon it is itself enormous. Besides the rainfall, there are the rivers which run into it, and of these Cameron says (*'Across Africa,'* ii. 304), "I found no less than *ninety-six rivers*, besides torrents and springs, flowing into the portion of the lake which I surveyed." The drainage of an immense rainy area flows into Tanganyika, and the country round it "was like a huge sponge full of water." Commander Cameron further came to the conclusion that this lake was "fed by springs in its bed in addition to the numerous rivers and torrents." Considering these facts, it is extremely difficult to believe that Tanganyika is a lake in process of being filled up. The enormous rainfall and flow of streams into it could hardly be arrested to any extent by evaporation under skies so often cloudy, and would serve to fill up the basin in a few centuries. It is hardly credible that such excellent geologists as Livingstone and Burton could have examined the shores of Tanganyika without perceiving traces of its chasm having

been recently formed if such had been the case. Sir Samuel Baker says (*'Albert Nyanza,'* ii. 317) that Central Africa is composed of granitic and sandstone rocks, which do not appear to have been submerged, or to have undergone any volcanic or aqueous changes, and have been affected only by time "working through countless ages, . . . no geological change having occurred in ages long anterior to man." One of the greatest of geologists, Sir Roderick Murchison, said, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society of the 23d May 1864—

"In former addresses I suggested that the interior mass and central portions of Africa, constituting a great plateau, occupied by lakes and marshes, from which the waters escaped by cracks or depressions in the subtending older rocks, had been in that position during an enormously long period. I have recently been enabled, through the apposite discovery of Dr. Kirk, the companion of Livingstone, not only to fortify my conjecture of 1852, but greatly to extend the inferences concerning the long period of time during which the central parts of Africa have remained in their present condition."

One of the chief grounds for this conclusion is the absence of all eruptive rocks which could have been thrown up since the tertiary rocks began to form.

Had Mr. Stanley taken these considerations into account, or had he possessed more knowledge of science, he would probably have never brought forward his fanciful hypothesis. What seems to have misled him was the fact that the volume of water in Tanganyika has been increasing of late years. This had been observed by both Livingstone and Cameron; but they had too much knowledge and judgment to jump to the conclusion that Tanganyika was a lake not yet filled up. The inhabitants on its shores date this increase from after the visits of white men, and ascribe it to these visits. There is also evidence that Tanganyika has been before at a much higher level. In brief, its level alters considerably, and the cause is not far to seek. Subterranean passages (sometimes blocked up by falling pieces of rock) may have something to do with it; but another cause is much more apparent. The vast masses of floating vegetation which there are in this, as in the other Central African lakes, are quite sufficient to choke up the out-



lets either periodically or for long irregular seasons.\* Unable, from various circumstances, to trace down the Lukuga river, Commander Cameron moved westward from Tanganyika to Nyangwe, on the Lualaba river, the farthest point which Livingstone had reached in his last great explorations. His desire was to float down this river to the Congo as it is already known to us, and so emerge on the west coast of Africa, but scarcity of means and local difficulties prevented him from carrying out this design. The disappointment was exceedingly great to our traveller; and it is so to his readers also; because, before him, and almost inviting his footsteps, lay the immense unknown regions lying between Nyangwe and the western sea, including the mysterious Lake Sankorra and the great valley of the Congo. There was no help for it; but the interest of the journey which Cameron might have achieved, had circumstances been more favorable, detracts from the interest of that which it remained for him to achieve, and where he had to descend so far to the south as to cross the previous lines of exploration.

Nyangwe had been visited before by Livingstone; and from thence Cameron had to strike almost directly south to Lake Kassali, between the 8th and 9th parallels of south latitude. All this was entirely new ground; but, having after this to strike still further south, though now also in a westerly direction, he crossed the line of exploration of Dr. Lacerda in 1798, and of Livingstone's early journey across Africa. Lacerda went up from the east coast as far as Kabebe, a place about S. lat. 8°, and long. 23°, and lying between Cameron's route and the great valley of the Congo and the Lake Sankorra.

Livingstone, again, in his journeys of 1855-56, crossed Cameron's route at Katema about 12° 30' S. lat., and 21° long., and went as far north as Kabango, about nine degrees south of the equator. We also notice that in 1796 Pereira

reached a point on the twelfth degree of south latitude, and the twenty-fourth of east longitude. Hence, as an explanation, Cameron's journey is not so new as some might think; but still, from Nyangwe it was over almost entirely new ground, though crossed at points by Livingstone's and Lacerda's routes. His laborious determination of positions by astronomical observations has been of immense service to our knowledge of Africa. He has also determined the heights along his route, so as to be able to present in his map a most interesting section of the country, displaying at a glance the elevations from sea to sea. He has exposed the villainies of the slave-trade, still carried on by negroid Portuguese; and he managed so well with the natives as to open, not shut, the way for future travellers. And though the literary excellences of his narrative are not of a very striking character, yet they are charming in their way, the details being very clearly presented, and there being throughout an unobtrusive tinge of humor and almost poetic feeling.

We have now indicated the great explorations which have penetrated and lit up the darkness of the African continent. A very fair general idea has been obtained of what that continent is, of what it is capable of being made, and of the people by whom it is occupied at present. The most important facts which all this discovery has brought to light are the existence in Central Africa of great lakes and great navigable rivers, and innumerable smaller rivers, many of which are also navigable—the existence of a fertile soil and of an elevated region, with, in many parts, a temperate climate. These facts obviously point out the existence of a vast region in Central Africa where, by means of the introduction and judicious employment of the members of the more civilised races of the world, there may be a new field for the development of humanity. As to the people of these regions, much is to be hoped for. It is quite clear, from the accounts of all the great travellers, that the more we get away from the miasmatic swamps of the coast-lands, and from the absolutely ruinous effects of slave-hunting—whether Arab, Portuguese, or Egyptian—the more do we find a half-savage, but also half-civilised, people, with many fine and at-

\* Colonel Long says of Lake Ibrahim, "The almost tranquil lake is only relieved of its heavy pressure of water when the vegetable matter decays, is annually loosened, and bearing upon its bosom the *Pistia stratiotes*, and detached islands of papyrus, rushes down and past Karuma Falls into the Lake Albert, and thence to the north."

tractive qualities. The truth seems to lie between Dr. Livingstone's extreme affection for them, and Colonel Long's horror of their naked deformities. It seems clear that in the African (speaking generally) there are qualities of much promise. He has a larger, more exuberant *physique* than any other of the savage or semi-civilised races. His inconsequence and fancifulness are those of the undeveloped human being, and are not stereotyped in his nature as in that of the ordinary Hindu. If we take his stage of development into account, we find a remarkable amount of common-sense. In this respect he approaches the Chinaman; but he has more affection and sentiment. He has not that hardness of nature which gives such a metallic sound to the Chinese voice, and that square-skulled immobility which prevents the Chinaman, even under the most favorable circumstances, from amalgamating with other races, or departing from the lines of his own stereotyped civilisation. There is good hope that the African may improve vastly under more favorable circumstances than those in which, hitherto, he has been imbedded.

The history of that dark continent, so far as known to us, presents an awful retrospect, and one all the more dreadful when we take into account the kindly and affectionate qualities of so many of its primitive people to which Mungo Park, Livingstone, Grant, Schweinfurth, and Cameron have borne witness. It is inexpressibly sad to think of the unnumbered ages through which these poor dark savages have continued, scarcely advancing beyond the elements of art and science and even of language: from within, destroying and devouring one another, willingly offering their throats to the knives of sorcerers, or paving the deep grave-pit of some bloody monarch with the living trembling bodies of a hundred of his young wives: from without, hunted down and destroyed or captured by aid of the weapons of civilisation, until every man's hand is turned against his brother, and terror reigns

over vast regions. The bounty of Nature has provided for them such abundance that they continue to exist despite all the cruel conditions of that existence. But they are arrested at a position, not so much between heaven and earth, as between earth and hell. There is an old touch, a tertiary or pre-tertiary touch about them, affiliating them with the ancient hippopotamus and the crocodile; but there is also a touch of a sensitiveness and of an affection as keen as any to which the more civilised races have attained. This has exposed them to a torture which the crocodile and the hippopotamus do not know; but it has been insufficient to elevate them to a platform of order and happiness. Surely here is a case where the introduction of European civilisation would be most justifiable, and might well repay the cost. But if that is to be done at all, it should be done effectually,—not as in India, to the great loss of the agents of civilisation, and in the fostering of a weak native conceit, in itself incapable of developing or even retaining the benefits which have been conferred upon the country,—not as in America, to the extermination of the aborigines. In the interests of England, the African continent might be made really to correct the balance of the Old World, and enable us to keep in front of such expanding nations as Germany and Russia. Then, perhaps, it might be given us, in the evening of our days, to wander meditatively on the shore of Tanganyika, that mighty Ulleswater of Africa, or of Lake Nyassa, its softer Windermere. It does not seem at all likely at present that England will undertake such a work, but Germany has of late displayed some distinct symptoms of being inclined to do so. But however that may be, it is to Englishmen belongs the glory of having first penetrated into the centre of tropical Africa, and of having achieved there a series of grand individual explorations which has no parallel in the history of the human race.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## GENIUS AND VANITY.

THE critic who aims at the highest triumph of his art, the revelation to the world of unrecognised genius, must often feel a disagreeable qualm. May he not be puffing a charlatan, instead of heralding the advent of a great man? The doubt is still more perplexing when the genius to be proclaimed is his own, and the responsibility correspondingly greater. And hence arises a problem which has often occurred to me when reading about two eminent men of the last generation.

Wordsworth and Haydon were friends. Each sympathised with the aims of the other. Wordsworth wished to reform poetry as Haydon wished to reform painting. Each of them endeavored to breathe a loftier spirit into the devotees of his favorite art. Each of them persevered heroically in spite of the most depressing reception. The enthusiasm which animated Haydon was not less elevated above the ends of a commonplace selfishness than that which animated Wordsworth. If the painter was undeniably vain, the poet pushed vanity to the verge of the sublime. One, however, failed where the other succeeded. Poor Haydon's life-long exertions were not, one may hope, entirely thrown away; but his most cherished ambition came to naught. He produced no work which might entitle the English school to rank amongst the great schools of the world. Wordsworth, on the contrary, breathed new life even into the rich and vigorous growth of English poetry; he set his mark upon a generation; and enjoyed, before he died, the profound homage of the best and purest minds of the succeeding generation.

Haydon, then, made a fatal mistake, whereas Wordsworth's daring was justified by the result. That is clearly a reason for pity in the one case and congratulation in the other. But is it a reason—as it is certainly a common pretext—for pronouncing a different moral judgment upon the two men? Is success to be the sole test of virtue in this as in so many other cases? When a hero burns his ships, scorns the counsels of cool common sense, plucks the flower safety from the nettle danger, and ends by winning an empire in defiance of all calculation,

we are ready with our hosannahs. But, if he fails, should we therefore stone him? If Columbus had met with a little more adverse weather, his courage would not have prevented the failure of his enterprise. Had our Arctic voyagers chanced upon a better route, they might have reached the pole without expending more devotion. The hero is the man who dares to run a risk; who is not deterred, because an element of the radically unknowable enters into his calculations. If he knew more than others he would be a wiser, but not a better, man than his fellows. He would be playing the great game with loaded dice. His insight, not his daring, would deserve our wonder. But he who risks life and fame upon an uncertainty deserves equal credit, for his intrinsic merit is the same, whether the cards turn up for him or against him. Our life is little but a wandering in a trackless desert. We throw out exploring parties in every direction. Ten die of starvation and misery; one hits upon the right path. Too often we praise the man already rewarded by fortune, and attribute his good luck to some mysterious power of intuitive judgment. But, if we were just, we should bestow equal praise and more sympathy upon the luckless ones whose steps led them to the barren places, and whose failures, it may be, served as warning beacons to their more favored successors.

Why not apply this rule to the pioneers of intellectual or artistic progress? Hundreds of men have wasted lives of energetic endeavor in following delusive paths in that great labyrinth of human knowledge, where the clue is so hard to find, and where at every stage so many paths hold out equal promise. We, enlightened by slow experience, or by wider knowledge, can see that these wanderings were predestined to failure. But why not honor equally the high faith which scorned meaner aims, and was unchilled by the indifference of the vulgar? Is devotion to knowledge so common a quality that we can afford to despise it unless it bears fruit in appreciable results? We often laugh at the poor would-be philosophers who waste years in trying

to discover perpetual motion, or to square the circle. They are, we may be sure, grossly ignorant, and, in all likelihood, intolerably arrogant. They must be ignorant of other men's work, or blind to the vast improbability that they should be right, and all the great intellects of the world hopelessly wrong. Yet, even in this case, pity as much as scorn may be due to the ignorance; and the arrogance itself is but the ugly side or the exaggerated development of the quality which, more than any other, is necessary for intellectual progress. We have never a sufficient supply of originality and intellectual daring. We always need more men able to cast aside the traditional spectacles, to see for themselves and once more test the dogmas which our indolence tempts us to accept with too easy a faith. Such courage is good, even when misguided. Find men who will dare, and all is possible. Let obedience to authority be installed as the first intellectual virtue, and knowledge will be petrified into Chinese finality. And, if even such eccentricity deserves that contempt should be tempered with mercy, may we not rightfully honor many others who have thrown away their lives, like poor Casaubon in *Middlemarch*, in labors fruitless because accidentally misdirected? It is a great misfortune, but it is not a vice, to be an anachronism.

But what are we to say to that great army of martyrs, amongst whom poor Haydon is to be reckoned—the epic poets, the rivals of Shakspeare, the would-be eclipsers of Raphael or Phidias—the men whose efforts to sing or to paint have supplied the world with mountains of waste-paper, and spoilt acres of good canvas? One of the most pathetic of Balzac's minor stories describes the fate of a poor painter, who had labored for years at a picture destined to create a new era in art. All his hopes in life, his love and his ambition, were involved in its success. No one had been admitted to the room in which he labored with unremitted devotion. At last, the day came when the favored person stood before the curtain which concealed the masterpiece. The painter drew it aside, slowly and solemnly, and revealed a meaningless confusion of chaotic coloring. The artist's mind was of course unhinged; but his melancholy story is a

symbol of the fate of many men still out side Bedlam. Any one who has seen the darker side of the literary and artistic worlds can match Balzac's hero with numerous instances of similar self-delusion. The pictures are not often mere random blotches of color; the poems frequently obey the laws of grammar, and even of metre; but, for all good purposes, the artist might as well have thrown his brush at the canvas, or the author taken his words at random from the dictionary. And what should be our feeling? Contempt or pity or admiration for the devotion, combined with compassion for the error? Should we honor, say, a Chatterton who is a martyr to his ambition, because the poems unrecognised during his life-time turned out really to have something in them (though, after all, not very much!) and despise the numerous Chattertons who have hopelessly failed, because there was nothing in them at all? The moral quality was the same. The difference was that one man judged his powers rightly, whilst the hundreds judge of their powers wrongly. But this is an error to which almost every man is liable. Our squarers of the circle are silly, because they can appeal to a court which is practically infallible. A hundred professors of mathematics are ready not only to tell them that they are wrong, but to explain to them how and why they are wrong. But the poet can appeal to no such court. If he is not appreciated, it may be that he is in advance, not in rear, of his time. A century hence, his work may be winning recognition, and his descendants be ridiculing the blindness of their ancestors. Why, then, should he not persevere, and trust his work to time? Do we not, in any case, owe to him the tribute of admiration for a devotion, of which it is premature to pronounce that it was directed to a mistaken object?

The easiest answer is that a false estimate of our own merits is in fact immoral. Vanity is weakness which we can all condemn unreservedly, because we all feel that we are free from it ourselves, and recognise its existence throughout the rest of the species. The appointed chastisement of vanity is ridicule. Therefore we are right in laughing at the man who thinks himself to be



a Milton when he is merely a Satan Montgomery. The victim may reply that we are begging the question, and that what we call his vanity will hereafter be called consciousness of genius. And, in truth, the dilemma is in one sense insoluble. Critics are fallible; cliques are fallible. The outside public is so fallible, as to be generally wrong; no literary court is infallible except that to which the best minds of all ages are admitted as judges, and in which many of our most dogmatic utterances would look foolish enough. Yet we must take our chance. Judges must sentence prisoners, though now and then they may condemn an innocent person. Critics must laugh at charlatans, though they may now and then mistake a man of genius for a fool. But there is a more fundamental difficulty. Granting that a man's confidence in his own powers really implies vanity, are we therefore justified in condemning him? Is vanity a vice at all? Is it not in any case a vice so universal that none of us have a right to cast the first stone? Nay, if we lay aside the conventional attitude of mind, in which our little cut-and-dried maxims pass for legitimate currency, ought we not rather to call vanity a virtue, or at lowest a desirable quality? Listen to the ordinary moralising of the pulpit and the moral essayist, and we, of course, must condemn vanity, as on the same showing we condemn many of the most essential qualities by which the world is carried on. There is a sense—nobody denies it—in which these commonplaces have a sound, if a rather obvious, meaning. But all maxims that have been much used by preachers—lay or clerical—become so strained and perverted in the process that, like worn-out muskets, they are apt to produce very random shooting. Who that has looked at the world for himself can deny that vanity may be reckoned amongst the most enviable of possessions? It deserves, even more than the original object of the panegyric, the praise which Sancho bestowed upon sleep. Vanity does indeed wrap a man up like a cloak. It bestows its blessings freely upon the poet striving against general misappreciation; it enables the poor loser in the great battle of life to make himself happy with some trifling success; it softens the

bitter pangs of disappointment and gives fresh strength for new struggles; it prevents resentment and facilitates the intercourse of society; it can make any man contented with his lot and lets the poor drudge in the kitchen think without envy of the statesman in the parlor. Who would not be tempted to frequent irritation if he could enjoy that gift for which the poet so foolishly prayed, the gift of seeing himself as others saw him, and recognise his infinitesimal importance in the eyes of his fellows? It is because of the tender illusions of vanity that a man can accept the petty sphere of his own activity for the wider circle of the world, and shut out the annihilating image of the vast forces beyond. It is the safeguard against a depressing fatalism. Vanity has as many virtues as the vaunted panaceas of medical quackery; and were it not for that softening oil, the wheels of life would grate harsh music too discordant for mortal ears.

Yet in singing the praises of vanity we become aware of a certain vagueness of outline about this Protean goddess. She can take many shapes; and changes so rapidly and completely that we are unable to fix any definite portrait upon our canvas. Sometimes there is a scowl upon her features, and sometimes a complacent smile. She can pass herself off in the likeness of her conventional opposite, humility, or ape the gestures of pride, or be undistinguishable from mere sullen egotism. All our definitions of the passions have this provoking vagueness, because, in truth, we do not know what are the ultimate elements of character. We cannot find chemical formulæ for human nature, or say how many atoms of spiritual oxygen or hydrogen must be combined to form a definite product. Our efforts at analysis break down at every instant. Every new light thrown by new circumstances brings out previously unsuspected aspects of bewildering complexity. Every new character seems to require a new category for its description. There seem to be as many species of men as there are individuals. Our complacent little formulæ may guide our conduct with tolerable accuracy; but, when we confront theory with the infinite variety of facts, we recognise the futility of any claim to scientific accuracy. We class men as good or

bad, humble or vain; and when looking at exceptional cases, or dealing only with large classes and average results, our words have a kind of meaning. The saint and the sinner, St. John and Judas Iscariot, may be distinguished easily enough. But between the extremes we may interpose any number of terms, varying so strangely, in so many directions, and combining so many apparent contradictions, that our lines of demarcation become hopelessly blurred and confused. Our compartments may be most logically subdivided, but no real being will quite fit into any one of them. The inferior classes multiply on our lands; they cross, blend, overlap and confuse each other till we admit them to be useless. We can seldom apply a rule to a dozen cases without finding twelve exceptions. The qualifications to our statements become so numerous that the statements are practically worthless. The poet can create characters; the man of science cannot define them or assign their composition.

Thus the condemnation of vanity collapses when we try to answer the plain question, what is vanity? Try to define accurately the various cognate terms, vanity, conceit, pride, egotism, and their numerous allies, to mark out accurately their points of resemblance and contrast, and then test your conclusions by appropriate examples. Take a few cases at random. Here is Miss Martineau, for example, who says in her autobiography that all the distinguished men of her time were vain—and she does not add that the limits of time or sex are a necessary part of the assertion. But was she not vain herself? No, for she formed a singularly modest and sound estimate of her own abilities. But again, yes, for she certainly seems to have considered that to one person at least Miss Martineau was incomparably the most interesting person in the universe, that coming generations would be profoundly interested in the analysis of her character and the genesis of her works; and also that the merits of her contemporaries might be accurately gauged by the extent to which they did or did not sympathise with Harriet Martineau. Is not egotism of this kind mere vanity disguised by a superficial air of impartiality? Take the vanity, again, which is revealed so curiously

in the recently published letters of Balzac. Here it becomes a force which leads a man to reckon himself amongst the four greatest heroes of his age and goes far to make him what he supposes himself to be. It develops a kind of monomania leading to utter absorption in his own affairs, in his literary ambition, and, above all, in calculations as to the number of francs into which his genius can be coined. Was it a strength or a weakness? Contrast it with the vanity—for many people will call it vanity—of his contemporary Doudan. Doudan's letters reveal to us a man of that admirable fineness of intellect so conspicuous in the best French writers, which may be defined as the sublimated essence of common sense. But his exquisite sensibility was pushed to such a point as to destroy his fertility, and but for his letters his name would have been known to his fellows only through a passing allusion of Ste.-Beuve. Shall we say that Balzac's vanity led him to produce the *Comédie Humaine*, and Doudan's humility made him produce—nothing? Then vanity is so far a good and humility a bad thing. Or shall we say that this excessive sensibility is but vanity disguised?—that a man who trembles before criticism thinks too much of his own importance? The theory is a common one and enables us verbally to condemn vanity in all forms; but it implicitly admits, too, that vanity may produce diametrically opposite results and at times co-operate hand-in-hand with humility.

Infuse vanity into such a man as Goldsmith, and it adds a child-like charm to his character; it gives a tinge of delightful humor to his writing, and enables his friends to love him the more heartily because they have a right also to pay themselves by a little kindly contempt. Make a Byron vain, and half his magnificent force of mind will be wasted by silly efforts to attract the notice of his contemporaries by attacking their best feelings and affecting (a superfluous task!) vices which he does not possess. The vanity of a Wordsworth enables him to treat with profound disdain the sneers of Edinburgh reviewers, and the dull indifference of the mass of readers; but it encourages him also to become a literary sloven, to spoil noble thought by groveling language, and to subside into supine

obstructiveness. Conversely, the vanity of a Pope makes him suffer unspeakable tortures from the stings of critics compared to whom Jeffrey was a giant, condescend to the meanest artifices to catch the applause of his contemporaries, and hunger and thirst for the food which Wordsworth rejected with contempt. But it also enables him to become within his own limits the most exquisite of artists in words; to increase in skill as he increased in years; and to coin phrases for a distant posterity even out of the most trifling ebullition of passing spite. The vanity of a Milton excites something approaching to awe. The vanity of a Congreve excites our rightful contempt. Vanity seems to be at once the source of the greatest weaknesses, and of the greatest achievements. To write a history of vanity would be to write the history of the greatest men of our race; for soldiers and statesmen have been as vain as poets and artists. Chatham was vain; Wolfe was vain; Nelson was childishly vain; and the great Napoleon was as vain as the vainest. Must not our condemnation of the quality undergo some modification before we can lay it down as an absolute principle?

If, to set aside some ambiguities, we declare that man to be vain, who, for whatever reason, overestimates his own merit or importance in the world, we shall naturally infer that vanity is so far bad as it implies an error. A man is the better for knowing the truth, in this as in all other cases. But we may still ask whether the error is of such a nature as to deserve moral disapproval. We do not blame a man because he gives the wrong answer to one of those problems which have tasked the ingenuity of countless thinkers of the highest ability. The difficulty of discovering the truth about one individual, especially about our own individuality, is as great as the difficulty of discovering the truth about a general problem of philosophy and theology. The moralist who, in this latter case, admits that sincerity is no guarantee against error, orders men to be candid, but cannot order them to arrive at right conclusions. A mistake in judgment is not wicked, precisely because mistakes are the necessary consequence of candid examination by our imperfect reason. Sincerity, not infallibility, is our moral

duty. Similarly, it is right to judge of ourselves as fairly as we can; but the difficulties which beset the task of at once seating ourselves on the bench and taking our place at the bar are so great, that the least prejudiced of self-critics will often blunder. The sanguine observer will differ from the melancholy; the man of quick sympathies will be more apt to be affected for good or evil by his neighbor's judgment, than the man whose affections may be stronger though less mobile; the excitable man will be led into one extreme or the other more easily than the phlegmatic; a vivid imagination predisposes us to accept a set of tests different from that which would commend themselves to the severe logician; and, moreover, a man's judgment of his own character will vary from day to day, like his judgment of all other matters, according to the state of his liver or his banker's balance. All these—and many other—difficulties are so inevitable, that we must look with compassion upon a wrong estimate so long as it is not palpably due to some irrelevant cause. Only when a man is vain for some bad reason—because he has a longer purse or a more uncommon disease than his neighbors—and cases of far more eccentric judgment are not uncommon—he is admitting evidence which he clearly ought to have excluded. The errors of the judge in this case imply not only fallibility but corruption; he has taken a bribe from some of his passions, and he deserves some of the indignation due to such unworthy leanings.

I am, you say, capable of being a great poet; my talents shall not be lost to the world; I will brave poverty, anxiety, contempt; my fellow creatures may repent their indifference, and render a tardy homage over my grave or to my declining years. Brave words! but words as easy to the fool, the knave, and the charlatan as to the neglected martyr of the race. Is your first judgment beyond all suspicion—not only of error but of sincerity? Are you not biassed by some baser motive, when you pronounce yourself to be one of the elect? If you really hold that your wretched dribble of mechanical metre is equal to the mighty harmony of a Milton, you must be wanting in ear for the music of verse; if you take your tinsel-decked platitudes for the

passionate utterance of a great intellect, stirred to its depth by the sadness of the world's tragedies, you are probably deficient in philosophical insight; if you cannot see the difference between your conception of the world as a gigantic pot-house, or a magnified stock-exchange, and that which represents in their full force the purifying and ennobling passions, it is probable that there is a gap or two in your morality. Making all allowances for the difficulty of self-judgment, there remains a strong presumption that the man who takes a daub—even a daub of his own manufacture—for a true masterpiece, is deficient in the power of sharing, as well as in the power of uttering, the loftiest thoughts. You cannot put colors on canvas because you cannot see them in nature. Your artistic standard is low because you are incapable of the high emotions which it is the true function of the best art to express, and the full utterance of which is the one true test of artistic excellence. You appeal to vulgar tastes because you are wanting in innate refinement. It is due to other bad qualities if you take size for sublimity, contortion for force, intricacy for subtlety; if brutality appears to you to be strength of feeling, and sensuality to be masculine vigor. If you succeed, you are a charlatan; and if you fail, your failure is deserved. Your vanity is the index, not of the inevitable illusion of self-contemplation, but of a mean, or narrow, or degraded nature.

Such a verdict would be inevitable, if the power of representing, were always proportioned to the power of feeling, emotions; if productivity and receptivity were but opposite forms of the same power. Notoriously this is not the case. Silence may sometimes indicate a defect of the organs of speech, not an absence of thought. Many a man enjoys nature heartily, who cannot put together two lines of description; and yet he may fancy himself to be eloquent, because he naturally infers that the clumsy phrases which express his own sentiment must express the sentiments of others. Molière's old woman is a typical case. Thousands can enjoy for one who can create, or even assign intelligible reasons for his judgment. Unluckily, many such old women fancy that their appreciation of their Molière entitles them to

write comedies. The weakness is an amiable one. We ought to pity those poor dumb poets who have music in their souls, and strive in vain to embody it in artistic shape. So long as they do not insist upon our reading their verses, we will tolerate and even love them. Sincere devotion to art is perhaps most touching in those to whom art never makes any return of praise and success. But it is the more necessary to distinguish clearly between these victims of an innocent delusion and those whose delusion implies incapacity, not only to produce but to enjoy. One class worships at the true shrine, though its offerings are poor; the other grovels before an ugly idol, because it is dead to the true instinct of veneration, and admires the reflection of its own base passions.

How shall we tell whether the vanity of an artist be of the noxious or innocent kind? The most applicable test is perhaps to be found in the nature of the alleged motive. When a man says or insinuates that his primary object is the good of the world, we may reasonably set him down as a humbug. The transparency of the pretext is too obvious; and the implied belief that his final success is really a result in which the world at large can be seriously interested, indicates a vanity too gigantic to be quite innocent. In truth, there are two and only two excuses which can be accepted as a sufficient justification for adding to the masses of existing literature. One is that you want money; the other that you cannot help it. Johnson went so far as to say that any man must be a fool who wrote for anything but money. The statement is a little too sweeping; but we must admit—when it is genuine—the plea of necessity. Writing, at all events, is an honest trade provided that the author does not lie or flatter base passions. It is rather difficult for a professional author to comply with that proviso; but, so long as he supplies good wholesome food, sells his wares for what they are worth, and pretends to no higher motive, he is an innocent and even useful member of society. He may rank with other honest tradesmen, and is at least as well employed in selling his literary talents to publishers as a lawyer in selling his rhetorical powers to attorneys.



The best work, indeed, is probably ascribable to loftier motives. It has been accomplished not under pressure of want, but because an active mind, dominated by new thoughts, or set on fire by an imaginative impulse, is constrained to utter itself in some way to the world. It must speak or burst; action of some kind is an imperative necessity; and it is a question of circumstance and character whether the impulse spends itself in producing philosophy, or poetry, or art, or practical activity. The spontaneity characteristic of such work is the quality which determines whether a poem is to live or to die; it is the discriminating mark between the manufactured article and the genuine organic growth. The test, of course, covers that other variety of literature—including much of the very highest—in which the writing is considered not as an end, but a means; where the polished style and strict order are the symptoms of an intense desire to accomplish some ulterior object—to strike down a pestilent fallacy, to encourage the supporters of a good cause, to disseminate ideas which may lift mankind to a higher social order. In such cases a man may be excused if he is eager for some testimony of success. The degree of attention which he excites is the measure of the work which he has done. He looks for praise as the artillery officer looks for the cloud of dust which shows that his shot has struck home at the right point of the hostile lines. Unluckily, there are many people who seem to be content so long as they can make the dust fly without reference to the means adopted or to the purpose contemplated.

This is, in fact, the motive which is excluded by our suggested tests. The affected desire to do good to the world means really a desire that the world may sing our praises. The love of praise as praise, the simple appetite for incense, as thick and stupefying as may be, is the really bad symptom, as it is the bane of our modern literature. This is the true mark of the charlatan, and the natural fruit of that kind of vanity which deserves all the contempt that can be poured upon it. No stings can be too severe which help to kill down the noxious swarm of parasites which find their natural food in the fulsome stream of

adulation. For, unluckily for us, there was never a time when this weakness was so prevalent, because there never was a time when the power of advertising, and therefore of winning notoriety without attaining excellence, was so enormous. The evil tends to corrupt the highest and most sensitive natures. A man can scarcely keep his head, when the voice of real sympathy is drowned by the chorus of insincere jubilation. By an anachronism—which has too many parallels—we are still employed in denouncing an excess which has long been supplanted by its contrary. We abuse the severe critics who quench youthful genius. The true evil is different. The really mischievous persons are those appreciative and generous critics who force all eminent writers to live, whether they wish it or not, in an atmosphere so thick with the fumes of incense as to be enervating to the strongest constitutions. A clique is notoriously bad; with our customary twaddle about generous criticism, we are going far to make the whole literary world into one gigantic clique. Youthful genius is no longer crushed—it is puffed into imbecility. We long for some of the bracing air of the old slashing criticism, which, if it caused much useless pain, did at least promote the growth of tough fibres instead of fatty degeneration of tissue.

But, leaving this aside, let us assume that a man's vanity is harmless and his ambition pure. He really thinks that he can bestow upon his fellow men gifts of truth and beauty. He fancies, to put the case distinctly, that he can produce a new *Hamlet*. He sees that he must choose between his bread-and-butter and his literary ambition. Which course deserves our approval? Shall we praise him for daring greatly or for listening to the voice of respectability? If we prefer the more venturesome course, we must, of course, admire the Haydons, and many men without Haydon's talent, who have been martyrs to their courage. If not, we prefer Philistia to Bohemia, and sympathise with the numerous parents who have condemned Pegasus to harness. There are, it is to be observed, two distinct problems. First, we may ask whether it is better to pay your bills or to produce a *Hamlet*? Secondly, as nobody can be certain that his work is

really a *Hamlet*, we must ask whether it is better to pay or to take the chance of producing what may possibly turn out to be a *Hamlet*!

Most people will answer the first question with little hesitation. Better, they will say, that Shakspeare's butchers, bakers, and landlady should have gone unpaid, though want of payment had meant starvation; better that the debt should have gone on accumulating at compound interest from that day to the present, than that *Hamlet* should have been burked. What would be the loss of a few tradesmen compared to the loss of one of the few imperishable monuments of human genius? The two things are not comparable. A man who could pronounce against *Hamlet* would be capable of breaking up Westminster Abbey to mend the Thames Embankment. But is this so very clear? Are we perfectly certain that our valuation is just? Assuming that *Hamlet* deserves all the praises it has received from Shakspeare's most lavish idolaters, I confess that I should still have certain twinges of doubt. What, after all, is the worth of any creation of human genius? What is the proportion between the value of a work of art and the artist's ordinary discharge of his daily duties? What—for that seems to be the real question—is the value to the world of its greatest men? What is the value of a Shakspeare, as measured against the value of an honest grocer?

We cannot adjust the proportion to a nicety, nor even with approximate accuracy. The right point would doubtless lie somewhere between the extravagance of the hero-worshipper and the deprecatory view of that kind of spiritual democracy which holds that the individual is nothing and the multitude everything. But it is equally clear that the average opinion has been hitherto deflected from the true line by the enthusiast far more than by the cynic. The more we know, the more clearly we realise the vastness of the debt which even the greatest owe to their obscure contemporaries. Every advance of criticism diminishes the share of glory due to the great man, and increases the merit of his co-operators. History sees everywhere, not the work of a solitary legislator, but processes implying the slow growth of many genera-

tions. The scattered stars of the firmament are but bright points in vast nebulae revealed by closer observation. In art, the importance of the social medium, relatively to the single performer, assumes ever greater proportions. But what is this but to diminish the extravagant value attributed to single performances? Their intrinsic excellence may not be lessened, but we must lower our estimate of their importance as self-originated and creative forces. *Hamlet* may be incomparably superior to *The Maid's Tragedy* or the *Duchess of Malfi*; but we must admit that Shakspeare was but a co-operator with Fletcher and Webster. The general character of the period would not have been greatly altered had Shakspeare died of the measles; though it would have left behind it a less superlative relic. The disregard of the second-rate performers has fallen in with the tendency to adulate success. What passes for criticism of great men has become a mere competition in extravagance. Each man tries to raise a loftier cloud of incense, and grovel more profoundly in the dust. He wins a cheap praise of generosity and generality by tacitly depressing the mass, in order to give a more imposing air to the pinnacle on which he erects his solitary hero.

Without speaking, however, of those monstrous accumulations of hyperbolic panegyrics, which form the monuments of our great men, we should rather alter our view of the importance than of the excellence of the supreme poets and thinkers. Let them tower above their fellows as much as you please. Say, if you will, that the powers implied by the greatest achievements are different in kind, as well as degree, from those possessed by their humbler brethren. Still it will remain true, first that the greatest of men is but the organ through which thoughts and feelings common to thousands and millions of his fellows find their fullest expression. He is not an isolated phenomenon dropped into the world from without, but the finest of flowers, which appears when the soil and the atmosphere are fully prepared for his development. Cut the flower down and it could not be replaced; but its disappearance would have but a minor influence upon the conditions to which it

was due. The same conceptions of the world and of man's place in it would mould the thoughts of the time, though they would be less sharply impressed and less obvious to their successors. And, in the next place, a man's influence upon his own contemporaries is that which is incomparably the most important. We are what we are because Shakspeare's contemporaries were what they were; and doubtless Shakspeare's influence in forming them must count for something. But we are not what we are because we read Shakspeare's plays. Of course, we derive a good deal of pleasure from them. They influence our literature—very often for evil—and they supply us with innumerable quotations and imaginative symbols. But their effect upon the race is almost a vanishing quantity. For, first, not one man in a hundred reads them; secondly, of those who read, few understand; and, finally, of those who understand, few can count the influence of any particular author as amongst the forces which have really moulded their lives. Do half a dozen men in a generation really trace any great spiritual change to the power of any one writer—especially of a distant period? This is indeed a point upon which we wilfully deceive ourselves, and doubtless the implied assertion may at first sight be denied. But let any man examine frankly what are the forces which have really moulded his nature. He has been profoundly affected by his family, by his school, by his profession; by the religious faith in which he has been educated; by the moral standard accepted around him; and sometimes by the artistic tastes and intellectual biasses which are prevalent in his day. But how many men can say frankly, after real self-examination, that their characters have been altered or their views of life materially modified by reading any author, whatever his fame, who died even a century ago? So far as he affected the development of the thoughts and history of his race, he has, of course, affected the development of all subsequent time. But I speak of the direct influence—of the difference between our character as it actually is, and that which it would have been if we had not read a particular book of a past century. A

few literary persons will, of course, attribute great weight to such readings, and literary people generally speak as if they were the whole world. They are really, I fancy, a superficial ornament, counting almost for zero in the great forces which really move mankind. But, of course, this is a sentiment not to be indulged even in private.

If, however, there be any share of truth in these statements, they naturally limit our estimate of the value even of the greatest works. Every man has an influence, powerful in proportion to his character, upon his own circle. That will be exerted, whether he wishes it or not, and whether he puts his thoughts in print or expresses them in life. His influence as a writer reaches and affects—often very deeply—a wide circle of congenial minds, who are prepared to receive his teaching. Beyond that circle, again, he has a vague influence upon people who may hear his name and think it becoming to have some opinion about him. But this last influence, if it deserves the name, is one which no wise man should desire, and which has but a small and uncertain effect. Why should I care whether a number of ignorant people clatter about my name or not, when of me, as I really am, they are radically incapable of knowing anything whatever? Yet the knowledge which an indifferent contemporary has of a Shakspeare is probably as vivid and as influential as the knowledge of any but the very finest critics in the later generations, when the writer's language is already growing dim, and his thoughts are embodied in unfamiliar images. Even of great men it may be true that their influence either upon their children, their friends, or their dependents is far more important than that which they exercise by direct communication with distant ages. The most powerful voice becomes faint as it spreads into ever-widening spheres. It then becomes but the ghost of a real utterance—a faint murmur of half-forgotten meaning, loud enough to be heard in the study, but not to guide men amidst the rough shocks of vivid present experience. My relations to my butcher and baker belong to the inner sphere, where my influence is still potent; and my dealings with them may

be more effectual than my dealings with posterity, though bearing upon smaller matters.

But you cannot be certain that you are a Shakspeare, or even distantly akin to Shakspeare. The difficulty of judging ourselves, which makes error venial, makes dogmatism madness. Nobody has a right to say positively that he has drawn the one prize out of the many million blanks. The English writers of past centuries, whose books are still alive for any but professed students, may be counted on the fingers. Granting that you have talents and even genius, the probability that you will be added to the sacred band, instead of perishing with the unknown rank and file, is almost infinitesimal. The lad who runs away to sea, in hopes of becoming an admiral or a Captain Cook, is scarcely making a less judicious venture. Genius is rare enough, and it is the rare exception when even genius bears its perfect fruit. The Shakspeare is not merely the man of greater power than his neighbors, but that particular man of great powers who appeared when the times were ripe and circumstances propitious. To stake your happiness on the chance that you are an exceptional being under exceptional circumstances is, to say the least, daring to the verge of rashness. But, if I do not, the world will lose its chance of another great poet! Make yourself easy; the world will get on perfectly well. Nobody is so great in politics, but that society could struggle along its path of development without him; nor so great in song, but that somehow the emotions of the world will find some channel of utterance. Death—to our ignorance at least—is like a dark power stalking through the world, striking left and right at random, crushing the happy and leaving the miserable, and destroying the genius as well as the fool. But his blow never strikes an individual with whom we could not dispense. Thought will continue to push along every line of development. The disappearance of one inquirer only transfers to another the discoveries which are held to confer immortality; the social problem is being worked out by unconsciously co-operating millions, and they will find a leader to replace the old one; if one man is removed, posterity will have to inscribe the

name of the immortal Jones in its pantheon instead of honoring the immortal Smith; the problem may be solved a day later or a day sooner, and there may be some differences in the terms of the answer; but the answer will be found, and must be the same in essence. The great man puts the clock on; he does not determine the direction of its movement. And it is equally true that when thoughts are fermenting in the mind of age, and new aspects of nature become conspicuous, and new emotional phases diminish utterance, people will be found to provide the imaginative symbols fitted for the embodiment; and the man who does, at last will be regarded as the creator instead of the product. At any rate, it is quite needless for any man to fret himself about the fate of the universe. There are within this realm five hundred, probably five thousand, as good as he, and those will do best who leave the world and their fame to take their chance, and aim only at doing the work which lies next to hand.

Leave the universe alone. When a regard for the interests of things in general is not hypocritical, it is the very madness of arrogance. Here, as in so many cases, it is the law, though it is an apparent paradox, that a man contributes to an end most effectually by putting any direct reference to the end out of his mind. Here, indeed, is a plainer, if not more powerful, consideration. Is not the supposed act of heroism a folly in any case? It requires courage to neglect one's bread-and-butter in order to win glory; but what if the neglect of bread-and-butter be the shortest way to wreck your genius as well as your prospects? Good work, as a rule, is only done by people who have paid their bills. Why was Shakspeare so far ahead of all contemporary dramatists? Because Shakspeare had the good sense to make money, and was therefore able to command the market, and write his later works without undue pressure. Others could only write in a tavern, or to get out of a creditor's clutches. Shakspeare's mind was at ease by the consciousness of his comfortable investments at Stratford. *Hamlet* was written because Shakspeare was solvent. Pope was able to polish his verses because he judiciously made himself independent by



his *Homer*. Wordsworth, like Haydon, wished to shake the world; but, unlike Haydon, he recognized and acted upon the truth that the first condition of such power is personal independence. Live for art, if you will; but first be sure that you have not to live by your art, otherwise the only harvest that you can reap will be that of the first reckless ebullitions, when the responsibility of life does not weigh upon the buoyancy of youth. Some good work has come out of Bohemia; but any one who sojourns permanently in that seductive region is sure to lose his vigor as well as his money, and produces in the end mere scraps and outlines and rough indications of what he might have done. When we are asked to consider how much may have been crushed in poets condemned to writing ledgers, we can only reply by pointing out how much has certainly been lost by poets who have run to seed in spunging-houses. From the days of Marlowe to those of the unhappy Edgar Poe, we have innumerable warnings that genius runs to waste when it does not condescend to be respectable.

We have fallen upon a very common-place and humble moral. It is none the worse for that, and certainly not the less often overlooked. The truth which it is really important to enforce more than ever is the simple one, that all really good and permanent work is the expression, not of a single mood of passionate excitement or prurient desire for enjoy-

ment, but of a mind fully developed, strengthened by conflict with the world, and enriched by reflection and experience. The first condition of such a development is independence of spirit, which is seldom obtainable without independence of pocket. The first, though not the loftiest, duty of man is to pay his way; though it must, of course, be added, that limitation of wants, rather than increase of means, is the legitimate mode of securing that object. If, like Wordsworth, you think that you can be a great man by living upon bread and water, you are certainly right in not aiming at the vulgar prizes of money and preferment. But a career is honorable even if it fails; and we may safely honor the man who limits himself to a modest livelihood in order to devote himself to great work. The evil is that most men want to have both advantages; to live splendidly, and yet to stake their means of living upon literary fame; to gain the praise of the world as well as the praise of posterity; and, in short, to set about a campaign which can only be justified by success without counting the cost beforehand. That is why so many men of genius run to seed, and so many men of no genius fancy that they are acting nobly when they neglect their ordinary duties in search for glory, and fancy that the greatness of their ambition is an apology for the imperfection of their work.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

---

TO VICTOR HUGO.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Victor in Poesy, Victor in Romance,  
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,  
French of the French, and Lord of human tears;  
Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance  
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,  
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;  
Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years  
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!  
Who dost not love our England—so they say;  
I know not—England, France, all man to be  
Will make one people ere man's race be run:  
And I, desiring that diviner day,  
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy  
To younger England in the boy my son.

*The Nineteenth Century.*

## LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.\*

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

AMONG the earliest efforts of the modern sacerdotal party in the Church of England was an attempt to re-establish the memory of the martyr of Canterbury. The sacerdotal party, so far as their objects were acknowledged, aspired only to liberate the Church from bondage to the State. The choice of Becket as an object of adoration was a tacit confession of their real ambition. The theory of Becket was not that the Church had a right to self-administration, but that the Church was the supreme administrator in this world, and perhaps in the next; that the secular sword as well as the spiritual had been delivered to Peter; and that the civil power existed only as the delegate of Peter's successors. If it be true that the clergy are possessed in any real sense of supernatural powers; if the 'keys,' as they are called, have been actually granted to them; if through them, as the ordinary and appointed channel, the will of God is alone made known to mankind—then Becket was right, and the High Churchmen are right, and kings and cabinets ought to be superseded at once by commissions of bishops. If, on the other hand, the clergy are but like other orders of priesthoods in other ages and countries—mere human beings set apart for peculiar functions, and tempted by the nature of those functions into fantastic notions of their own consequence—then these recurring conflicts between Church and State resolve themselves into phenomena of social evolution, the common sense of mankind exerting itself to control a groundless assumption. To the student of human nature the story of such conflicts is always interesting—comedy and tragedy winding one into the other. They have furnished occasion for remarkable exhibitions of human character. And while Churchmen are raising up Becket as a brazen serpent, on which the world is to look to be

healed of its incredulities, the incredulous world may look with advantage at him from its own point of view, and, if unconvinced that he was a saint, may still find instruction in a study of his actions and his fate.

We take advantage, then, of the publication of new materials and the republication of old materials in an accessible form to draw a sketch of Becket\* as he appears to ourselves; and we must commence with an attempt to reproduce the mental condition of the times in which he lived. Human nature is said to be always the same. It is no less true that human nature is continuously changing. Motives which in one age are languid and even unintelligible have been in another alive and all-powerful. To comprehend these differences, to take them up into his imagination, to keep them present before him as the key to what he reads, is the chief difficulty and the chief duty of the student of history.

Characteristic incidents, particular things which men representative of their age indisputably did, convey a clearer idea than any general description. Let the reader attend to a few transactions which occurred either in Becket's lifetime or immediately subsequent to it, in which the principal actors were persons known to himself.

We select as the first a scene at Chignon in the year 1183. Henry Plantagenet, eldest son of Henry the Second, Prince of Wales as we should now call him, called then 'the young king,' for he was crowned in his father's lifetime, at that spot and in that year brought his disordered existence to an end. His career had been wild and criminal. He had rebelled against his father again and again; again and again he had been forgiven. In a fit of remorse he had taken the cross, and intended to go to Jerusalem. He forgot Jerusalem in the next temptation. He joined himself to Lewis of France, broke once more into his last and worst revolt, and carried fire and sword into Normandy. He had hoped to bring the nobles to his side; he succeeded only in burning towns and

\* *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.* Edited by James Craigie Robertson, Canon of Canterbury. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. 1876.

churches, stripping shrines, and bringing general hatred on himself. Finding, we are told, that he could not injure his father as much as he had hoped to do, he chafed himself into a fever, and the fever killed him. Feeling death to be near, he sent a message to his father begging to see him. The old Henry, after past experience, dared not venture. The prince (I translate literally from a contemporary chronicler)—

then called his bishops and religious men to his side. He confessed his sins first in private, then openly to all who were present. He was absolved. He gave his cross to a friend to carry to the Holy Sepulchre. Then, throwing off his soft clothing, he put on a shirt of hair, tied a rope about his neck, and said to the bishops—

'By this rope I deliver over myself, a guilty and unworthy sinner, to you the ministers of God. Through your intercession and of his own ineffable mercy, I beseech our Lord Jesus Christ, who forgave the thief upon the cross, to have pity on my unhappy soul.'

A bed of ashes had been prepared on the floor.

'Drag me,' he went on, 'by this rope out of this bed, and lay me on the ashes.'

The bishops did so. They placed at his head and at his feet two large square stones, and so he died.

There is one aspect of the twelfth century—the darkest crimes and the most real superstition side by side coexisting in the same character.

Turn from Chinon to Oxford, and go back seventeen years. Men who had so little pity on themselves were as pitiless to others. We quote from Stowe. The story is authenticated by contemporary chroniclers.

1166. There came into England thirty Germans, as well men as women, who called themselves Publicans. Their head and ruler, named Gerardus, was somewhat learned; the residue very rude. They denied matrimony and the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, with other articles. They being apprehended, the king caused a council to be called at Oxford, where the said Gerard answered for all his fellows, who being pressed with Scripture answered concerning their faith as they had been taught, and would not dispute thereof. After they could by no means be brought from their errors, the bishop gave sentence against them, and the king commanded that they should be marked with a hot iron in the forehead and whipped, and that no man should succour them with house-room or otherwise. They took their punishment gladly, their captain going before them singing, 'Blessed are ye when men hate you.' They were marked both in the forehead and

the chin. Thus being whipped and thrust out in winter, they died with cold, no man relieving them.

To the bishops of Normandy Henry Plantagenet handed the rope to drag him to his death-bed of ashes. Under sentence from the bishops of England these German heretics were left to a fate more piteous than the stake. The privilege and authority of bishops and clergy was Becket's plea for convulsing Europe. What were the bishops and clergy like themselves? We will look at the bishops assembled at the Council of Westminster in the year 1176. Cardinal Hugezun had come as legate from Rome. The council was attended by the two archbishops, each accompanied by his suffragans, the abbots, priors, and clergy of his province. Before business began there arose *dira lis et contentio*, a dreadful strife and contention between these high personages as to which archbishop should sit on the cardinal's right hand. Richard of Canterbury said the right was with him. Roger of York said the right was with him. Words turned to blows. The monks of Canterbury, zealous for their master, rushed upon the Archbishop of York, flung him down, kicked him, and danced upon him till he was almost dead. The cardinal wrung his hands, and charged the Archbishop of Canterbury with having set them on. The Archbishop of York made his way, bruised and bleeding, to the king. Both parties in the first heat appealed to the pope. Canterbury on second thoughts repented, went privately to the cardinal, and bribed him into silence. The appeal was withdrawn, the affair dropped, and the council went on with its work.

So much for the bishops. We may add that Becket's friend John of Salisbury accuses the Archbishop of York, on common notoriety, of having committed the most infamous of crimes, and of having murdered the partners of his guilt to conceal it.\*

As to the inferior clergy, it might be enough to quote the language used about them at the conference at Montmiraux in 1169, where their general character was said to be atrocious, a great number

\* John of Salisbury to the Archbishop of Sens, 1171. The Archbishop of York is spoken of under the name of Caiaphas.

of them being church-robbers, adulterers, highwaymen, thieves, ravishers of virgins, incendiaries, and murderers.\* For special illustration we take a visitation of St. Augustine's Abbey at Canterbury in the year 1173, undertaken by the pope's order. The visitors reported not only that the abbot was corrupt, extravagant, and tyrannical, but that he had more children than the patriarchs, in one village as many as ten or twelve bastards. '*Velut equus hinnit in fœminas,*' they said, '*adeo impudens ut libidinem nisi quam publicaverit voluptuosam esse non reputet. Matres et earundem filias incestat pariter. Fornicationis abusum comparat necessitati.*' This precious abbot was the host and entertainer of the four knights when they came to Canterbury.

From separate pictures we pass to a sketch of the condition of the Church of England written by a monk of Christ Church, Canterbury, a contemporary of Becket, when the impression of the martyrdom was fresh, and miracles were worked by his relics every day under the writer's eyes. The monk's name was Nigellus. He was precentor of the cathedral. His opinion of the wonders of which he was the witness may be inferred from the shrug of the shoulders with which, after describing the disorders of the times, he says that they were but natural, for the age of miracles was past. In reading him we feel that we are looking on the old England through an extremely keen pair of eyes. We discern too, perhaps, that he was a clever fellow, constitutionally a satirist, and disappointed of promotion, and we make the necessary allowances. Two of his works survive, one in verse, the other in serious prose.

The poem, which is called *Speculum Stultorum* ('The Looking-Glass of Fools') contains the adventures of a monk who leaves his cloister to better his fortunes. The monk is introduced under the symbolic disguise of an ass. His ambition is to grow a longer tail, and he wan-

ders unsuccessfully over Europe, meeting as many misfortunes as Don Quixote, in pursuit of his object. Finally he arrives at Paris, where he resolves to remain and study, that at all events he may write after his name *magister artium*. The seven years' course being finished, he speculates on his future career. He decides on the whole that he will be a bishop, and pictures to himself the delight of his mother when she sees him in his pontificals. Sadly, however, he soon remembers that bishops were not made of such stuff as learned members of the universities. Bishops were born in barons' castles, and named as children to the sees which they were to occupy. 'Little Bobby' and 'Little Willy' were carried to Rome in their nurses' arms before they could speak or walk, to have the keys of heaven committed to them. So young were they sometimes that a wit said once that it could not be told whether the bishop elect was a boy or a girl. An abbey might suit better, he thought, and he ran over the various attractions of the different orders. All of them were more or less loose rogues, some worse, some better. On the whole the monk-ass concluded that he would found a new order, the rules of which should be compounded of the indulgences allowed to each of the rest. The pope would consent if approached with the proper temptations; and he was picturing to himself the delightful life which he was thenceforth to lead, when his master found him and cudgelled him back to the stable.

More instructive, if less amusing, is the prose treatise *Contra Curiales et Officiales clericos* ('Against Clerical Courtiers and Officials'), dedicated to De Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Cœur de Lion's chancellor, who was left in charge of the realm when Richard went to Palestine. De Longchamp's rule was brief and stormy. It lasted long enough, however, to induce Nigellus to appeal to him for a reform of the Church, and to draw a picture of it which admirers of the ages of faith may profitably study.

At whatever period we get a clear view of the Church of England, it was always in terrible need of reform. In the twelfth century it has been held to have been at its best. Let us look then at the actual condition of it.

\* '*Quum tamen clerici immundissimi et atrocissimi sunt, utpote qui ex magnâ parte sacrilegi, adulteri, prædones, fures, raptores virginum, incendiarii et homicidæ sunt.*'—John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, 1169.



According to Nigellus, the Church benefices in England, almost without exception, were either sold by the patrons to the highest bidders, or were given by them to their near relations. The presentees entered into possession more generally even than the bishops when children.

Infants in cradles (says Nigellus) are made archdeacons, that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings praise may be perfected. The child is still at the breast and he is a priest of the Church. He can bind and loose before he can speak, and has the keys of heaven before he has the use of his understanding. At an age when an apple is more to him than a dozen churches, he is set to dispense the sacraments, and the only anxiety about him is the fear that he may die. He is sent to no school. He is idle and is never whipped. He goes to Paris to be polished, where he learns 'the essentials of a gentleman's education,' dice and dominos *et cætera quæ sequuntur*. He returns to England to hawk and hunt, and would that this were the worst! but he has the forehead of a harlot, and knows not to be ashamed. To such persons as these a bishop without scruple commits the charge of souls—to men who are given over to the flesh, who rise in the morning to eat, and sit down at evening to drink, who spend on loose women the offerings of the faithful, who do things which make their people blush to speak of them, while they themselves look for the Jordan to flow into their mouths, and expect each day to hear a voice say to them, 'Friend, go up higher.'

Those who had no money to buy their way with, and no friends to help them, were obliged to study something. Having done with Paris they would go on to Bologna, and come back knowing medicine and law and speaking pure French and Italian. Clever fellows, so furnished, contrived to rise by pushing themselves into the service of bishop or baron, to whom 'they were as eyes to the blind and as feet to the lame.' They managed the great man's business; they took care of his health. They went to Rome with his appeals, undertook negotiations for him in foreign courts, and were repaid in time by prebends and rectories. Others, in spite of laws of celibacy, married a patron's daughter, and got a benefice along with her. It was illegal, but the bishops winked at it. Others made interest at Rome with the cardinals, and by them were recommended home. Others contrived to be of use to the king. Once on the road to preferment the ascent was easy. The

lucky ones, not content with a church or two, would have a benefice in every diocese in England, and would lie, cheat, 'forget God, and not remember man.' Their first gains were spent in bribes to purchase more, and nothing could satisfy them. Fifteen or twenty rectories were not enough without a stall in each cathedral. Next must come a deanery, and then an archdeaconry, and then 'peradventure God will yet add unto me something more.'

The 'something more' was of course a bishopric, and Nigellus proceeds to describe the methods by which such of these high offices were reached as had not been already assigned to favorites. The prelates expectant hung about the court, making presents, giving dinners, or offering their services for difficult foreign embassies. Their friends meanwhile were on the watch for sees likely to be vacant, and inquiring into their values. The age and health of the present occupants were diligently watched; the state of their teeth, their eyes, their stomachs, and reported disorders. If the accounts were conflicting, the aspirant would go himself to the spot under pretence of a pilgrimage. If the wretched bishop was found inconveniently vigorous, rumors were spread that he was shamming youth, that he was as old as Nestor, and was in his dotage; if he was infirm, it was said that men ought not to remain in positions of which they could not discharge the duties; they should go into a cloister. The king and the primate should see to it.

If intrigue failed, another road was tried. The man of the world became a saint. He retired to one or other of his churches. He was weary of the earth and its vanities, and desired to spend his remaining days in meditating upon heaven. The court dress was laid aside. The wolf clothed himself in a sheepskin, and the talk was only of prayers and ostentatious charities. Beggars were fed in the streets, the naked were covered, the sick were visited, the dead were buried. The rosy face grew pale, the plump cheeks became thin, and the admiring public exclaimed, 'Who was like unto this man to keep the law of the Most High?' Finally some religious order was entered in such a manner that it should be heard of everywhere. Vows

were taken with an affectation of special austerities. The worthy person (who cannot see and hear him?) would then bewail the desolations of the Church, speak in a low sad voice, sigh, walk slowly, and droop his eyelids; kings were charged with tyranny, and priests with incontinency, and all this that it might be spoken of in high places, that, when a see was vacant at last, it might be said to him, 'Friend, go up higher; "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."' "

'Such,' said Nigellus, 'are the steps in our days by which men go up into the house of the Lord.' By one or other of these courses success was at last attained; the recommendation of the Crown was secured, and the nomination was sent to the chapter. But the *congé d'élire* was not yet peremptory. The forms of liberty still retained some shadow of life in them, and fresh efforts were required to obtain the consent of the electors. The religious orders were the persons used on these occasions to produce the required effect; and flights of Templars, Cistercians, Carthusians, hurried to the cathedral city to persuade the canons that the pastor whom they had never seen or never heard of, except by rumor, had more virtues than existed together in any other human being. Nigellus humorously describes the language in which these spiritual jackals portrayed their patron's merits.

He is a John the Baptist for sanctity, a Cato for wisdom, a Tully for eloquence, a Moses for meekness, a Phinees for zeal, an Abraham for faith. Elect him only, and he is all that you can desire. You ask what he has done to recommend him. Granted that he has done nothing, God can raise sons to Abraham out of the stones. He is a boy, you say, and too young for such an office—Daniel was a boy when he saved Susannah from the elders. He is of low birth—you are choosing a successor to a fisherman, not an heir to Cæsar. He is a dwarf—Jeremiah was not large. He is illiterate—Peter and Andrew were not philosophers when they were called to be apostles. He can speak no English—Augustine could speak no English, yet Augustine converted Britain. He is married and has a wife—the apostles ordered such to be promoted. He has divorced his wife—Christ separated St. John from his bride. He is immoral—so was St. Boniface. He is a fool—God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. He is a coward—St. Joseph was a coward. He is a glutton and a wine-bibber—so Christ was said to be. He is a sluggard—St. Peter could not remain for an

hour awake. He is a striker—Peter struck Malchus. He is quarrelsome—Paul quarrelled with Barnabas. He is disobedient to his superiors—Paul withstood Peter. He is a man of blood—Moses killed the Egyptian. He is blind—so was Paul before he was converted. He is dumb—Zacharias was dumb. He is all faults, and possesses not a single virtue—God will make his grace so much more to abound in him.

Such eloquence and such advocates were generally irresistible. If, as sometimes happened, the Crown had named a person exceptionally infamous, or if the chapter was exceptionally obdurate, other measures lay behind. Government officers would come down and talk of enemies to the commonwealth. A bishop of an adjoining see would hint at excommunication. The canons were worked on separately, bribed, coaxed, or threatened. The younger of them were promised the places of the seniors. The seniors were promised fresh offices for themselves, and promotion for their relations. If there were two candidates and two parties, both sides bribed, and the longest purse gained the day. Finally the field was won. Decent members of the chapter sighed over the disgrace, but reflected that miracles could not be looked for.\* The see could not remain vacant till a saint could be found to fill it. They gave their voices as desired. The choice was declared, the bells rang, the organ pealed, and the choir chanted *Te Deum*.

The one touch necessary to complete the farce was then added:—

The bishop elect, all in tears for joy, exclaims, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man. Depart from me, for I am unworthy. I cannot bear the burden which you lay upon me. Alas for my calamity! Let me alone, my beloved brethren—let me alone in my humble state. You know not what you do.' . . . He falls back and affects to swoon. He is borne to the archbishop to be consecrated. Other bishops are summoned to assist, and all is finished.†

The scene now changed. The object was gained, the mask was dropped, and the bishop, having reached the goal of

\* 'Non sunt hæc miraculorum tempora.'

† Now and then it happened that bishops refused to attend on these occasions, when the person to be consecrated was notoriously infamous. Nigellus says that one bishop at least declined to assist at the consecration of Roger, Archbishop of York.

his ambition, could afford to show himself in his true colors.

He has bound himself (goes on Nigellus) to be a teacher of his flock. How can he teach those whom he sees but once a year, and not a hundredth part of whom he even sees at all? If anyone in the diocese wants the bishop, he is told the bishop is at court on affairs of state. He hears a hasty mass once a day, *non sine tedio* (not without being bored). The rest of his time he gives to business or pleasure, and is not bored. The rich get justice from him; the poor get no justice. If his metropolitan interferes with him, he appeals to Rome, and Rome protects him if he is willing to pay for it. At Rome the abbot buys his freedom from the control of the bishop; the bishop buys his freedom from the control of the archbishop. The bishop dresses as the knights dress. When his cap is on you cannot distinguish him at council from a peer. The layman swears, the bishop swears, and the bishop swears the hardest. The layman hunts, the bishop hunts. The layman hawks, the bishop hawks. Bishop and layman sit side by side at council and Treasury boards. Bishop and layman ride side by side into battle.\* What will not bishops do? Was ever crime more atrocious than that which was lately committed in the church at Coventry?† When did pagan ever deal with Christian as the bishop did with the monks? I, Nigellus, saw with my own eyes, after the monks were ejected, harlots openly introduced into the cloister and chapter house to lie all night there, as in a brothel, with their paramours.‡ Such are the works of bishops in these days of ours. This is what they do, or permit to be done; and so cheap has grown the dignity of the ecclesiastical order that you will easier find a cow-herd well educated than a presbyter, and an industrious duck than a literate parson.

\* Even in the discharge of their special functions the spiritual character was scarcely more apparent. When they went on visitation, and children were brought to them to be confirmed, they gave a general blessing and did not so much as alight from their horses. Becket was the only prelate who observed common decency on these occasions. 'Non enim erat ei ut plerisque, immo ut fere omnibus episcopis moris est, ministerium confirmationis equo insidendo peragere, sed ob sacramenti venerationem equo desilire et stando pueris manum imponere.' (*Materials for the History of Thomas Becket*, vol. ii. p. 164.)

† In the year 1191, Hugh, Bishop of Coventry, violently expelled the monks from the cathedral there, and instituted canons in their places.

‡ 'Testis mihi Deus est quod dolens et tristis admodum refero quod in ecclesiâ Coventrensi oculis propriis aspexi. In clauetro et capitulo vidi ego et alii nonnulli ejectis monachis meretrices publice introductas et totâ nocte cum lenonibus decubare sicut in lupanari.'

So far Nigellus. We are not to suppose that the state of the Church had changed unfavorably in the twenty years which followed Becket's martyrdom, or we should have to conclude that the spiritual enthusiasm which the martyrdom undoubtedly excited had injured, and not improved, public morality.

The prelates and clergy with whom Henry the Second contended, if different at all from those of the next generation, must have been rather worse than better, and we cease to be surprised at the language in which the king spoke of them at Montmiraux.

Speaking generally, at the time when Becket declared war against the State, the Church, from the Vatican to the smallest archdeaconry, was saturated with venality. The bishops were mere men of the world. The Church benefices were publicly bought and sold, given away as a provision to children, or held in indefinite numbers by ambitious men who cared only for wealth and power. The mass of the common clergy were ignorant, dissolute, and lawless, unable to be legally married, and living with concubines in contempt or evasion of their own rules. In character and conduct the laity were superior to the clergy. They had wives, and were therefore less profligate. They made no pretensions to mysterious power and responsibilities, and therefore they were not hypocrites. They were violent, they were vicious, yet they had the kind of belief in the truth of religion which bound the rope about young Henry's neck and dragged him from his bed to die upon the ashes, which sent them in tens of thousands to perish on the Syrian sands to recover the sepulchre of Christ from the infidel. The life beyond the grave was as assured to them as the life upon earth. In the sacraments and in the priest's absolution lay the one hope of escaping eternal destruction. And while they could feel no respect for the clergy as men, they feared their powers and revered their office. Both of laity and clergy the religion was a superstition, but in the laity the superstition was combined with reverence, and implied a real belief in the divine authority which it symbolised. The clergy, the supposed depositaries of the supernatural qualities assigned to them, found it probably more difficult to believe in

themselves, and the unreality revenged itself upon their natures.

Bearing in mind these qualities in the two orders, we proceed to the history of Becket.

Thomas Becket was born in London in the year 1118.\* His father, Gilbert Becket, was a citizen in moderate circumstances.† His name denotes Saxon extraction. Few Normans as yet were to be found in the English towns condescending to trade. Of his mother nothing authentic is known,‡ except that she was a religious woman who brought up her children in the fear of God. Many anecdotes are related of his early years, but the atmosphere of legend in which his history was so early enveloped renders them all suspicious. His parents, at any rate, both died when he was still very young, leaving him, ill provided for, to the care of his father's friends. One of them, a man of wealth, Richard de l'Aigle, took charge of the tall, handsome, clever lad. He was sent to school at Merton Abbey, in Surrey, and afterwards to Oxford. In his vacations he was thrown among young men of rank and fortune, hunting and hawking with them, cultivating his mind with the ease of conscious ability, and doubtless not inattentive to the events which were going on around him. In his nursery he must have heard of the sinking of the White Ship in the Channel with Henry the First's three children, Prince William, his brother Richard, and their sister. When he was seven years old, he may have listened to the jests of the citizens at his father's table over the misadventure in London of the cardinal legate, John of Crema. The legate had come to England to preside at a council and pass laws to part the clergy from their wives. While the council was going forward, his Eminence was himself detected in *re meretricia*, to general astonishment and scandal. In the same year the Emperor Henry died.

\* Or 1119. The exact date is uncertain.

† 'Nec omnino infimi' are Becket's words as to the rank of his parents.

‡ The story that she was a Saracen is a late legend. Becket was afterwards taunted with the lowness of his birth. The absence of any allusion to a fact so curious if it was true, either in the taunt or in Becket's reply to it, may be taken as conclusive.

His widow, the English Matilda, came home, and was married again soon after to Geoffrey of Anjou. In 1134 the English barons swore fealty to her and her young son, afterwards King Henry the Second. The year following her father died. Her cousin, Stephen of Blois, broke his oath and seized the crown, and general distraction and civil war followed, while from beyond the seas the Levant ships, as they came up the river, brought news of bloody battles in Syria and slaughter of Christians and infidels. To live in stirring times is the best education of a youth of intellect. After spending three years in a house of business in the City, Becket contrived to recommend himself to Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop saw his talents, sent him to Paris, and thence to Bologna to study law, and employed him afterwards in the most confidential negotiations. The description by Nigellus of the generation of a bishop might have been copied line for line from Becket's history. The question of the day was the succession to the crown. Was Stephen's son, Eustace, the heir? Or was Matilda's son, Henry of Anjou? Theobald was for Henry, so far as he dared to show himself. Becket was sent secretly to Rome to move the pope. The struggle ended with a compromise. Stephen was to reign for his life. Henry was peaceably to follow him. The arrangement might have been cut again by the sword. But Eustace immediately afterwards died. In the same year Stephen followed him, and Henry the Second became king of England. With all these intricate negotiations the future martyr was intimately connected, and by his remarkable talents especially recommended himself to the new king. No one called afterwards to an important position had better opportunities of acquainting himself with the spirit of the age, or the characters of the principal actors in it.\* If his services were valu-

\* Very strange things were continually happening. In 1154 the Archbishop of York was poisoned in the Eucharist by some of his clergy. 'Eodem anno Wilhelmus Eboracensis archiepiscopus, prodicione clericorum suorum post perceptionem Eucharistie infra ablutiones liquore lethali infectus, extinctus est.' (Hoveden, vol. i. p. 213.) Becket could not fail to have heard of this piece of villany and to have made his own reflections upon it.



able, his reward was magnificent. He was not a priest, but, again precisely as Nigellus describes, he was loaded with lucrative Church benefices. He was Provost of Beverley, he was Archdeacon of Canterbury, he was rector of an unknown number of parishes, and had stalis in several cathedrals. It is noticeable that afterwards, in the heat of the battle in which he earned his saintship, he was so far from looking back with regret on this accumulation of preferments that he paraded them as an evidence of his early consequence.\* A greater rise lay immediately before him. Henry the Second was twenty-two years old at his accession. At this time he was the most powerful prince in Western Europe. He was Duke of Normandy and Count of Anjou. His wife Eleanor, the divorced queen of Lewis of France, had brought with her Aquitaine and Poitou. The reigning pope, Adrian the Fourth, was an Englishman, and, to the grief and perplexity of later generations of Irishmen, gave the new king permission to add the Island of the Saints to his already vast dominions. Over Scotland the English monarchs asserted a semi-feudal sovereignty, to which Stephen, at the battle of the Standard, had given a semblance of reality. Few English princes have commenced their career with fairer prospects than the second Henry.

The state of England itself demanded his first attention. The usurpation of Stephen had left behind it a legacy of disorder. The authority of the Crown had been shaken. The barons, secure behind the walls of their castles, limited their obedience by their inclinations. The Church, an *imperium in imperio*, however corrupt in practice, was aggressive as an institution, and was encroaching on the State with organised system. The principles asserted by Gregory the Seventh had been establishing themselves gradually for the past century, and in

theory were no longer questioned. The power of the Crown, it was freely admitted, was derived from God. As little was it to be doubted that the clergy were the ministers of God in a nearer and higher sense than a layman could pretend to be, holding as they did the power of the keys, and able to punish disobedience by final exclusion from heaven. The principle was simple. The application only was intricate. The clergy, though divine as an order, were as frail in their individual aspect as common mortals, as ambitious, as worldly, as licentious, as unprincipled, as violent, as wicked, as much needing the restraint of law and the policeman as their secular brethren, perhaps needing it more. How was the law to be brought to bear on a class of persons who claimed to be superior to law? King Henry's piety was above suspicion, but he was at all points a sovereign, especially impatient of anarchy. The conduct of too many ecclesiastics, regular and secular alike, was entirely intolerable, and a natural impatience was spreading through the country, with which the king perhaps showed early symptoms of sympathising. Archbishop Theobald, at any rate, was uneasy at the part which he might take, and thought that he needed some one at his side to guide him in salutary courses. At Theobald's instance, in the second year of Henry's reign, Becket became Chancellor of England, being then thirty-seven years old.

In his new dignity he seemed at first likely to disappoint the archbishop's expectations of him. Some of his biographers, indeed, claim as his perpetual merit that he opposed the *bestias curia*, or court wild beasts, as churchmen called the anticlerical party. John of Salisbury, on the other hand, describes him as a magnificent trifler, a scorner of law and the clergy, and given to scurrilous jesting at laymen's parties.\* At any rate, except in the arbitrariness of his character, he showed no features of the Becket of Catholic tradition.

Omnipotent as Wolsey after him, he

\* Foliot, Bishop of London, told him that he owed his rise in life to the king. Becket replied: 'Ad tempus quo me rex ministerio suo præstitit, archidiaconatus Cantuariensis, præpositura Beverlaci, plurimæ, ecclesiæ, præbendæ nonnullæ, alia etiam non pauca quæ nominis mei erant possessio tunc temporis, adeo tenuem ut dicis, quantum ad ea quæ mundi sunt, contradicunt me fuisse.'

\* 'Dum magnificus erat nugator, in curiâ, dum legis videbatur contemptor et cleri, dum scurriles cum potentioribus sectabatur ineptias, magnus habebatur, clarus erat et acceptus omnibus.'—John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, 1166.

was no less magnificent in his outward bearing. His dress was gorgeous, his retinue of knights as splendid as the king's. His hospitalities were boundless. His expenditure was enormous. How the means for it were supplied is uncertain. The revenue was wholly in his hands. The king was often on the continent, and at such times the chancellor governed everything. He retained his Church benefices—the archdeaconry of Canterbury certainly, and probably the rest. Vast sums fell irregularly into Chancery from wardships and vacant sees and abbeys. All these Becket received, and never accounted for the whole of them. Whatever might be the explanation, the wealthiest peer in England did not maintain a more costly household, or appear in public with a more princely surrounding.

Of his administration his adoring and admiring biographer, the monk Grim, who was present at his martyrdom, draws a more than unfavorable picture, and even charges him with cruelty and ferocity. 'The persons that he slew,' says Grim, 'the persons that he robbed of their property, no one can enumerate. Attended by a large company of knights, he would assail whole communities, destroy cities and towns, villages and farms, and, without remorse or pity, would give them to devouring flames.' \*

Such words give a new aspect to the demand afterwards made that he should answer for his proceedings as chancellor, and lend a new meaning to his unwillingness to reply. At this period the only virtue which Grim allows him to have preserved unsullied was his chastity.

In foreign politics he was meanwhile as much engaged as ever. The anomalous relations of the king with Lewis the Seventh, whose vassal he was for his continental dominions, while he was his superior in power, were breaking continually into quarrels, and sometimes into war. The anxiety of Henry, however, was always to keep the peace, if possi-

ble. In 1157 Becket was sent to Paris to negotiate an alliance between the Princess Margaret, Lewis's daughter, and Henry's eldest son. The prince was then seven years old, the little lady was three. Three years later they were actually married, two cardinals, Henry of Pisa and William of Pavia, coming as legates from the pope to be present on the august occasion. France and England had been at that time drawn together by a special danger which threatened Christendom. In 1159 Pope Adrian died. Alexander the Third was chosen to succeed him with the usual formalities, but the election was challenged by Frederic Barbarossa, who set up an antipope. The Catholic Church was split in two. Frederic invaded Italy, Alexander was driven out of Rome and took shelter in France at Sens. Henry and Lewis gave him their united support, and forgot their own quarrels in the common cause. Henry, it was universally admitted, was heartily in earnest for Pope Alexander. The pope, on his part, professed a willingness and an anxiety to be of corresponding service to Henry. The king considered the moment a favorable one for taking in hand the reform of the clergy, not as against the Holy See, but with the Holy See in active co-operation with him. On this side he anticipated no difficulty if he could find a proper instrument at home, and that instrument he considered himself to possess in his chancellor. Where the problem was to reconcile the rights of the clergy with the law of the land, it would be convenient, even essential, that the chancellorship and the primacy should be combined in the same person. Barbarossa was finding the value of such a combination in Germany, where, with the Archbishop of Cologne for a chancellor of the Empire, he was carrying out an ecclesiastical revolution.

It is not conceivable that on a subject of such vast importance the king should have never taken the trouble to ascertain Becket's views. The condition of the clergy was a pressing and practical perplexity. Becket was his confidential minister, the one person whose advice he most sought in any difficulty, and on whose judgment he most relied. Becket, in all probability, must have led the king

\* 'Quantis autem necem, quantis rerum omnium proscriptionem intulerit, quis enumeret? Validâ namque stipatus militum manu civitates aggressus est. Delevit urbes et oppida; villas et prædia absque miserationis intuitu voraci consumpsit incendio.'—*Materials for the History of Thomas Becket*, vol. ii. pp. 364-5.

to believe that he agreed with him. There can be no doubt whatever that he must have allowed the king to form his plans without having advised him against them, and without having cautioned him that from himself there was to be looked for nothing but opposition. The king, in fact, expected no opposition. So far as he had known Becket hitherto, he had known him as a statesman and a man of the world. If Becket had ever in this capacity expressed views unfavorable to the king's intentions, he would not have failed to remind him of it in their subsequent controversy. That he was unable to appeal for such a purpose to the king's recollection must be taken as a proof that he never did express unfavorable views. If we are not to suppose that he was deliberately insincere, we may believe that he changed his opinion in consequence of the German schism. But even so an honorable man would have given his master warning of the alteration, and it is certain that he did not. He did, we are told, feel some scruples. The ecclesiastical conscience had not wholly destroyed the human conscience, and the king had been a generous master to him. But his difficulties were set aside by the casuistries of a Roman legate. Archbishop Theobald died when the two cardinals were in Normandy for the marriage of Prince Henry and the Princess Margaret. There was a year of delay before the

choice was finally made. Becket asked the advice of Cardinal Henry of Pisa. Cardinal Henry told him that it was for the interest of the Church that he should accept the archbishopric, and that he need not communicate convictions which would interfere with his appointment. They probably both felt that, if Becket declined, the king would find some other prelate who would be more pliant in his hands. Thus at last the decision was arrived at. The Empress Matilda warned her son against Becket's dangerous character, but the warning was in vain. The king pressed the archbishopric on Becket, and Becket accepted it. The Chief Justice Richard de Luci went over with three bishops to Canterbury in the spring of 1162 to gain the consent of the chapter; the chapter yielded not without reluctance. The clergy of the province gave their acquiescence at a council held afterwards at Westminster, but with astonishment, misgiving, and secret complaints. Becket at this time was not even a priest, and was known only to the world as an unscrupulous and tyrannical minister. The consent was given, however. The thing was done. On the 2nd of June (1162) Becket received his priest's orders from the Bishop of Rochester. On the 3rd he was consecrated in his own cathedral.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

(To be continued.)

---

PERA.

PERA is the "Frank," or, as some would say, the Christian suburb of Constantinople. The name is derived from a Greek word signifying "beyond," as it is beyond and opposite to the city of Constantine, now more especially known as Stamboul. Pera is built on the steep slopes of a little promontory which separates the Golden Horn from the Bosphorus, and, extending also for a considerable distance along the sharp ridge of the hill, it commands on all sides exquisite views of the surrounding country. The winter residences, called here the "palaces," of the Christian embassies, are situated on or near the main thoroughfare, the "Grande Rue," or High Street, and the suburb contains many handsome and

luxurious houses belonging to Greek, Armenian, and foreign families, besides shops of all nationalities well stocked with merchandise imported from the West.

Pera, with the business quarter of Galata at the foot of the hill, is the most polyglot town in Europe: here each of the different foreign communities lives its own life, administers its own justice, works its own postal system, circulates its native coin, maintains its national churches, has houses, furniture, and servants, as if still living in the father-land, and although beyond the limit of the diplomatic circle, there is little social intercourse amongst the groups by which the nationalities of Europe are represented;

the shops stand in goodly rank and file along the narrow "Grande Rue," which is almost the only line of street between Galata and the upper portion of the "Frank" town, and it is undeniable that there exist here greater facilities for procuring articles of foreign (i.e., un-English) manufacture than in any of the great capitals of civilization. English, French, Italian, German, Swiss, and Greek display the goods for which their respective countries are most renowned, while three wonderful bazaars seem to offer to the public a little of everything that can benefit the human race. Then there are the churches and chapels of all denominations, which have their entrance on or near the principal street; and, while the air resounds with the bells calling Christian people to their places of worship, it is hard indeed to believe in the Moslem "fanaticism" which is such a favorite rallying cry of the Opposition orators of the day, who, had they a true knowledge of the people about whom they discourse so freely and so ignorantly, might realise, with considerable astonishment, the fact that in no country of Europe, England and France excepted, is religious liberty for Christians of all denominations so freely and completely given as in Turkey, the Sultan or the government giving the ground for most of the churches and charitable buildings, admitting, entirely free of custom-house dues, all goods imported for the use of the Christian missions, and protecting, and as far as possible keeping order amongst so-called religious processions, that too often afford, by their violent and indecorous behavior, a humiliating contrast to the sober and quiet demeanor of their Turkish guards.

It is not, however, the Pera of the diplomatic or controversial world that interests us at present, but the polyglot city, its street merchants and street cries in many languages, and the trivial incidents of its daily life, which give so peculiar a character to the aspect of the place.

Almost the whole of the itinerant commerce of Constantinople is carried on by peasants from the provinces and the tributary states, who come up to the capital to seek their fortunes, remaining for various periods ranging from several months to as many years, according to the distance and difficulties of transit

from their native villages, where they have left their wives and families. They revisit their homes from time to time, then return to their labors, until, having amassed a sufficient sum on which to retire, they settle down in the "Memleket" (the native place), to cultivate the ground, and end their days amongst their own people.

These street merchants and laborers are estimated at between 60,000 and 70,000, of whom a small proportion only are genuine Turks, the greater number being Armenians; the last, a sober, honest, and industrious body of men, are the "hammals," or street porters, who are also employed as the guardians of banks, counting-houses, and shops, besides which they take service willingly as household drudges in their leisure hours. Other Armenians are the "sakas," or water-carriers, and in both capacities they are members of an organized society, under the direction of a chief of their own appointing. It is amongst these "hammals" that the descendants of the ancient kings of Armenia may principally be traced, and the name of many a humble individual staggering under his load, or counting the coppers gained by his hard day's toil, is high-sounding enough to suit the most exalted destiny: Tighranes and Artashenz (Artaxerxes), it may be, carry between them the port-manteau, or sedan-chair which is their joint property; Tiridates, Balthazar, and Arisdaghez are bringing water to your cistern, while Mithridates stands by with a leathern hump upon his shoulders, ready for the first load that may offer.

The Albanians are also numerous; they are the sellers of "Mohalibé," "Khalwah" (sesame seed and honey), "salep," and of a sort of fermented acid drink, much favored by the Turks. The "bakals" (grocers) and the makers of stove pipes and of iron work in general, come from Kaiseria (Caesarea in Asia Minor), while Maitos opposite the Dardanelles and other places in Roumelia send us carpenters, and Yanina and Salonica, masons.

The wood-cutters are mostly Turks, from the neighborhood of Trebizond and the interior of Anatolia, and it is also the Turks who manufacture and sell the sweetmeats so attractive to the public of all ages. Greeks and Bulgarians arrive



from the barren slopes of the Pindus mountains to pass a season in selling fruits and vegetables, and many engage as milkmen, and as journeyman gardeners, carrying about plants and flowers, out of which they make a lucrative trade.

The Persians are the principal donkey-drivers of the capital; they and their patient little beasts form an important element in the moving panorama of the street scenes, as, in default of sufficient roads and proper vehicles, it is the fate of the little donkeys to stumble along, encased in monstrous planks, or bearing their heavy panniers loaded with brick and stone. The Kurds work as hammals of an inferior degree; they are much employed about the quays and custom-house in unloading vessels, and are supposed in a general way to be devoted to coal, while the Montenegrins and Croats flourish spade and pickaxe, in companies and under the orders of a chieftain, to whom they pay feudal obedience.

There is in Pera an unpretending stone house on the sharp slope of the hill looking towards the Sea of Marmora, and under the shadow of the rough height, which is crowned by a government school; it stands away from the neighboring street, but an irregular pathway, a kind of short cut towards the upper end of Pera, passes before the door. People remark that it is a very "quiet" corner; it is in fact so quiet, so out of the way, that all the noises which strive in vain to obtain a hearing in the crowded and bustling "Grande Rue," take refuge here, and unaided imagination would fail to realize the cries, the shouts, the barks, the growls, the laughter and the lamentation, which find expansion and relief in this our "very quiet corner"—to gain some idea of the polyglot sounds, the fantastic and picturesque groups, the comedy of life in short, that passes across the stage of this little open-air theatre between sunrise and sunset. Let us take a day—at hazard—and note the different scenes, which the revolving hours bring forward.

It is spring time, about six o'clock in the morning; already in the grey dawn, the first faint murmurs of awakening town life have breathed in the mournful sounding cry of the Bulgarian milkmen,

coming slowly in from the surrounding villages with great cans, jogging along on horses or mules; they are the pioneers of the almost countless street sellers of the city. The voice of the "sout-dji" dies in the distance, as a flock of Maltese goats run jingling by on its way to some pasturage on the outskirts of Pera; then a bright merry call wakes up the neighborhood—"Frangiolà!" "frangiolà!" "frangioladji—i!" It is the itinerant vendor of rolls, who has his customers among the small houses round about. The quarter rubs its eyes, gives itself a shake, and is wide awake and on the move, for by this time men and beasts of burden, street sellers and building materials, begin their customary progress around the hill of Galata Serai.

In Pera, everything can be procured at the street door, from the most necessary elements of daily food, to the most needless articles of fashion; these last, perhaps, rather out of date and behind the times, but none the less highly appreciated by the simple neighbors of our "quiet corner." There are sounds of active bargaining going on below. On the door-step, a large basket, decked all round its border with bunches of poppies and elder-flower, takes up the entire space; it is a charming little bit of the fresh country, very tastefully arranged with beds of bright green foliage—but the contents of the basket, although equally suggestive of fields and gardens, lacks the charm and the grace of the floral bordering; it is—snails! fine, fat, juicy snails, briskly alive! They overflow their boundaries, and some are making a stately progress, with horns erect, over the stone entrance-step, they are picked up by the Greek servant, upon which they retire promptly into their native seclusion. But this modesty will not save them, for they must form part of a Greek Lenten dish, much esteemed by that ancient people, almost as much so, indeed, as the cuttle-fish, which they eat in great quantities during the same season; and the worthy man who intends a treat of the last-named delicacy for the family supper, does not shrink from carrying home the loathsome creature, suspended by a string, with all its livid-looking tentacles flapping, as he walks along, reflecting on the rich flavor of the "ink" sauce with which it is to be

dressed. The bag of dark-colored fluid which is found in the body of the cuttle-fish, and called by the natives "ink," is the sepia well-known to the artistic and commercial world.

What is that old man calling for sale? "Lambs!" says he in Turkish, "little lambs!" "home-raised, tender, milk-drinking lambs!" The basket on his back displays only green stuff; green balls of some sort ornament the rim. They are artichokes, young artichokes, cut probably in the market gardens, which fill a great part of the moat beneath the ancient walls of Constantinople, and the merit of being home-grown, which is insisted upon by all the vendors of spring produce, may be explained by the fact that the greater proportion of the early fruit and vegetables is supplied from Proussa, Smyrna, the Greek Islands, and even from Egypt, where they come in much earlier than in this cooler climate, but being gathered too soon and badly packed, they arrive faded and flavorless, very inferior, indeed, in quality to those that are truly "home-grown." What is there in the undeveloped artichoke, to evoke poetic fancies? In Paris they are offered by the mysterious cry of "*la tendresse et la verdurette!*"—here they are "sucking lambs!" We cannot pause to solve the question, for the man has wandered away with his little green "lambs," and it is again a gardener who follows him down the path; he holds beneath his arm a large bundle of green weeds, telling the public that "Birds do not alight upon it!" "Birds do not alight upon it!" So be it! but how does this ornithological fact interest us? The honest man is offering some wild asparagus, and the descriptive name of the plant is the Turkish suggestion of the feathery lightness of the green sprays.

After poesy comes the prosaic fact of a hideous burden, borne by a miserable and much enduring horse, whose load is hidden by a ghastly blood-stained cloth; it is the itinerant butcher's stall, with a stock of goat's flesh and Caramanian mutton of inferior quality; sloping planks on either side form both the shop front and the block, on which the uninviting viands are cut up. There are butchers' shops in Pera which furnish the tables of the better classes with excellent

meat, the beef coming principally from Odessa, but the wandering meatman is the purveyor of humble households, who patronize also the trade of another individual somewhat in the same line of business, the "djighirdji," or dealer in liver and lights. He comes forward balancing a long pole duly garnished with dangling hearts and pallid lungs. The street dogs sympathize keenly with the national taste, and a pack of the yellow dusty creatures follow the fascinating garland licking their lips in eager anticipation, but not, as yet, daring to advance to the assault: perhaps the man will stop at that piece of open ground, and share the treat amongst them, as animals are frequently fed in this way through the bequest of pious Musulmans; but no, he is moving onward. The stir in the canine kingdom has aroused Marco, the patriarch of the tribe, a tawny brute, whose rough old body shews the scars of many a hard encounter,—they call him the "king of the quarter," and few in dogdom venture to resist his will; he rises and shakes himself, then moves forward with a sublime indifference to learn the cause of the commotion. "Ah, ah! those dangling bits look good!" he mounts a little hillock for nearer inspection, and a drop of blood falls on his nose. It is too much! He forgets himself and the dignity of his position, springs upwards and tears away a large sheep's heart, upon which, in one wild moment of combined attack, the whole of the long pole is stripped. The man turns gently round; his merchandise has vanished, and, without a word, he calmly retraces his steps: it is his "kismet!"

In the meantime our dogs enjoy their feast, gazed at with hungry envy by the members of a neighboring tribe gathered near their boundary-line, for the invisible frontier which separates the various states of the wild-dog kingdom is as clearly defined and as strictly guarded as if laid down by commissioners and international law. Many a tough and hard-fought battle takes place at the entrance of a street within a stone's throw; it is the recognized limit of another band or family, and woe to the grown-up dog who, tempted by the allurements of the rubbish thrown out in readiness for the morning dust-cart, shall venture to creep quietly towards an enticing bone: the

clamor which instantly echoes through the neighborhood warns the intruder; he retreats within the limit of his own domain, then turns to defy the enemy, strongly supported by his tribe, and bleeding, limping forms retire after a few minutes of fierce and desperate encounter. A young puppy, if very small and ignorant, is permitted to stray across the boundaries unscathed; he is sniffed at then with supreme contempt, ignored, but a grown dog is expected to know and to obey the unflinching laws and regulations of dogdom.

"Tam! tam! tam!" the sound of a native drum comes from the narrow alley beside the house; the dogs burst into a chorus of defiance in howls and cries and smothered growls; the noise is deafening; our little Maltese throws itself against the window with a shriek of impotent fury: no need for inquiry; we know that a wandering bear has paused on its weary round, to rest and exhibit in the "quiet corner." Yes! there he is, held at the end of a long chain by his owner, an Asiatic peasant. The two have travelled from the gorges and forests of Mount Ida in Bithynia, and it is hard to say which of the combatants presents the wildest appearance when they begin to struggle together for the gratification of an admiring circle of idlers, principally composed of Greek maid-servants, whose heads are dressed in tumbled muslin, trailing down the back over a cascade of uncombed hair, while their feet are shod in heelless slippers. Some "bacalâkis" also have joined the group, grocers' boys on their way to collect orders: they pause to share in the excitement, and to watch for the glorious opportunity for a sly pinch or a wrench of the tail of the furry monster as he lumbers heavily about; but the little crowd dissolves as if by magic when the poor peasant holds out his shabby tambourine for halfpence. What a study for a painter, this bronzed visage of the Asiatic mountaineer, with his dark eyes glowing through a forest of ebony locks escaping from a tattered turban; his teeth gleam like pearls in a copper setting as he catches a lump of bread, which he faithfully shares with the hairy comrade who sits beside him, panting, weary, and very limp.

An elderly Turk next appears upon

the scene; he carries on his head a large tray with a raised back, and, under one arm a three-legged wooden stand, which he presently sets up with the tray upon it: this is a "schekerdji," or "sweet-stuff" man, and the bright many-colored display consists of sugared-almonds, lemon-drops, rahatlakoum, sweet mastic, preserved apricots, and every variety of native-made bon-bon, all tastefully arranged, and preserved from flies, by means of a large pliable whisk that waves like a plume of feathers at the head of the board.

Another collection of sweet temptations much carried about, is of the "stick-jaw" description: the black, brown, red, white, and yellow substances are disposed on a flat metal dish divided into compartments radiating from the centre, where there is a revolving stick which the appreciative twirl round, and the dealer, with an iron skewer that serves for all, scoops out a halfpenny or a farthing lick from the sweet at which the point may stop. But these dealers are generally Persians: our Osmanli is of a superior order, and he gravely waits the approach of customers; they quickly gather round, amongst them two little Turkish girls under the charge of an old man in a cotton dressing gown and large white turban. The little maidens are on their way to the day school of the quarter, for their gold-embroidered school bags are slung over their shoulders, but they stop soberly at sight of the "scheker," and enter upon a serious bargain on the subject of candy, exacting with much show of experience, the largest lumps obtainable for ten parâs; they are, however, slightly distracted during the negotiations by the rival charms of the "mohalibé" which an Albanian is dispensing at a neighboring house door. "Mohalibé" is a sort of cold jelly composed of ground rice and milk; it is served in saucers powdered with sugar and sprinkled with rose-water: in the proper season a lump of clotted cream, called caïmak, is added. There is nothing prettier and more tempting than the mohalibé trays, when the white jelly is covered with a clean wet cloth and surrounded with gaily-colored and gilded saucers, while a richer display of ornamental porcelain rises in tiers at the back. Then there are the slim metal arrow-

shaped spoons, and the oriental-looking flask of rose-water with its slender neck. The costume of the "mohalibédji" completes the picture; he wears the broad Albanian fez with a ponderous dark blue tassel, and a large striped cloth is bound round him like an apron.

While the little girls are consuming their sweets, the turbaned guardian, like a true old Turk, fond of an easy life, and especially gentle and indulgent towards children, has patiently subsided on to his heels, and is sipping black coffee, provided by a wandering "cafedji" who has set up a little brazier of lighted charcoal on the open ground in hopes of custom from a band of workmen employed in levelling a part of it. Not far off a barber is in full work, all the laborers seeming suddenly impressed with the necessity of having their heads shaved, much to the inconvenience of the numerous passers-by, as the barber is operating on the edge of the pathway. But no one thinks of police supervision or street order in this out of the way "quiet corner," so every one does just as he likes, and the hungry are consuming masses of greasy pillow, green lettuces and raw onions all round and about.

"Ya! moubârek!" ("Oh ye merciful!") cries a voice in rather a supplicating tone, "nine lemons remain to me! Only nine lemons!" The owner of the voice has sold the greater part of his stock-in-trade, and invokes the pity of the public to clear out his basket. "My soul! my lamb!"—to an idler who is gazing vacantly upon him—"only nine lemons!" Does he dispose of his fruit? We cannot say, for the streets are by this time full of life and movement, and the place of the lemon merchant is now occupied by a Bulgarian carrying a large crate filled with live poultry. The poor birds mingle their lamentations with the piteous cries of a bunch of fowls which he holds in his right hand, tied together by the claws, and head downwards, and with the screams of terror from a fine goose, in an equally painful situation on the left. "Callo la—thi!" calls out the Greek oil-man, with a prolonged and unctuous intonation. "Callo Ksithi!" cries, in a sharp incisive tone, another individual, who drags behind him a little donkey, laden with small barrels of vinegar. "O—djak—dji—i!" This last an-

nouncement, majestic and impressive, proceeds from a being of gigantic height, black from head to foot, who bears as a sceptre, a vast bundle of dishevelled brooms; his aspect is formidable, but he is only the chimney-sweep of the quarter, a mild and perfectly harmless creature.

Presently there labor along the pathway two heavy sacks of charcoal; some one is beneath them, as is proved by the stifled call of "Kumûr var!" ("There is charcoal"), the two-legged beast of burden stating the fact, without strength or energy left to press it further on the public notice.

Twelve o'clock, one of the hours of Musulman prayer. The call of the "Muezzin" is heard from every minaret of the hillside and of the valley beyond, which is a Turkish quarter of the town, and some amongst the laborers respond to the call, leaving work to rub their hands and feet with earth in default of water, according to the injunctions of the Koran. There is a little hillock covered with fresh blades of grass and tangled wild flowers; it stands back from the pathway, and a poor workman chooses the spot in order to perform there his "namaz" without interruption; he has no prayer carpet; he simply turns towards Mecca and begins his devotions. Every change of attitude in the Musulman prayer has a special meaning, being accompanied by pious phrases and ejaculations; it may therefore be interesting to note his movements, although the murmured words are, of course, quite inaudible. He stands at first upright, with his arms hanging down, his bare feet a little apart; next, the hands are raised, open, on each side of the face, the thumbs touching the lobe of the ear; this is the introduction. The worshipper begins the prayers by placing his hands together, the right uppermost; then bows low from the waist, his hands slightly spread upon his knees; then raises himself for a moment and afterwards kneels down, and, with his hands on the ground before him, touches it with his nose and forehead; without rising, he then sinks backwards—this bowing is performed twice—after which he rises in one movement (the feet still remaining on the same spot), and stands again, the right hand clasping the left, and all the previous at-



titudes are repeated four or five times. At one period of the devotions, the worshipper sitting back turns his head first over the right shoulder, then the left, with murmured salutations, supposed to be addressed to the good and evil angels of his destiny; finally, he stands, holding his hands before his face as if reading, then gently strokes face and beard, and the "namaz" is completed; the poor man slips on his worn old shoes, and sitting down begins tranquilly to eat his dinner, a large lump of coarse dry bread.

While watching the flowery hillock with its humble devotee, we have been for some time aware of a heavy tramping sound, audible above the noises of the street; an irregular procession of Armenian water-carriers is slowly making its way upwards, recalling a subject which in the summer season weighs heavily on the minds of the inhabitants of Pera; a problem as difficult of solution as the dreaded "Eastern question"—it is the question of the water supply. These Armenians are the authorized "sakas;" they climb the stairs, each bearing slung across the shoulders a sort of leathern box, narrowing towards one end, from which a flap of leather, when raised, lets out between two and three gallons of yellow turbid water; in the dry season even this can hardly be obtained, although the price charged is very high. As each summer comes round the terrible insufficiency of the supply to the needs of the overgrown suburb, is the leading topic of the moment; projects and plans without number are brought forward, talked over and abandoned, leaving us at length, as before, to the tyranny of the "sakas," the bitter enemies of the Kurds and Persians, who strive to meet the wants and to gain a scanty pittance by the aid of their water-jars and little barrels, filled drop by drop at the half-dry fountains. The independent housekeeper, defying the "sakas," will assert the right to purchase of the Kurds or of any who may offer water for sale, and the bare-legged Armenians leave you with a haughty disdain; but the irregular supply failing, perhaps, you entreat them to return. No, the fountain of the quarter is shut, they say, they can attend to regular customers only. There are indications of a change in the weather, and the cistern beneath the house will

be partly filled; but at the first symptoms of such relief from the pitying rain, the irresistible string of the leather "courbas" once more appears on the scene; deaf to all prohibition, they carry the kitchen by assault; they fill, they inundate everything, and leave no room for collecting a poor little pint of the precious element without expense.

The Jews take here, as everywhere, a prominent part in all street commerce: here is one of the "Yahoudys" (men of Judea) bending under a heavy bale; while he waves the "aretime" or rod for measuring his unbleached calico, which he calls vigorously, as he goes, "Américanico," his comrade passes lightly along with boxes filled with what the French call "mercerie," or, it may be, a glass tray filled with tawdry trinkets, suspended in front of him. Next there is a Maltese dealer in straw hats and sponges; he has an impudent jaunty look, and wears his hat very much on one side, while the two men who follow shortly afterwards form the most striking contrast that can be imagined: two turbaned natives of Morocco, grave and quiet; they have no need to proclaim the contents of their bundles; it is well known to consist of fezzes and brilliant stuffs for scarves and waistbands, and that the bags thrown over the shoulder of that slim Persian, who comes next across our little scene, are full of gaily painted boxes, which can be bought at a very low price, but are rarely to be found without scratch or damage, owing to the long and difficult land journey through which they have been jolted.

Scraping, groaning, shrieking sounds, the agonized cries of unoiled wheels, endeavoring to drag forward a lumbering buffalo-cart; it is the removal of a neighboring Armenian family that is flitting early to the Islands or to Belgrade. The "araba" upholds a veritable mountain of mattresses and cushions, together with enormous sacks made of camel's hair, into which all the smaller articles are collected. The heap is crowned by a few straw chairs, and an invalid table or two. The start is at length accomplished, but, after a few yards, the ground rises a little, and the buffaloes, in spite of the utmost exertion of their dogged strength, stop short, amidst a tempest of blows and cries; spectators gather round,

most of them with the benevolent offer of advice; one or two put shoulder to the wheel, and again the araba is under weigh, surging ominously from side to side.

Sharp cries now pierce the murmurs of the streets, a woman's shrieks; they ring through the neighborhood. These cease, and the low sound of a religious chant swells up gradually from the narrow lane; it becomes sharp and nasal as the procession, turning into the roadway, proceeds in the direction of the Greek church: it is a funeral, and, according to the custom of this communion, the poor body, alive perhaps the day before, is carried, dressed as for a festival and the face uncovered. It is a sad, and often a revolting spectacle, these corpses, scarcely cold, decked out in gaudy colors, shod and gloved, and bedizened with artificial flowers; the little children look like waxen angels, but the disfigured countenances of those who have succumbed to long and painful illness should be, at least, veiled; this is only done in cases of smallpox and other alarming epidemics. Not long since, the well-known funeral cries were heard: a woman, a near neighbor, was being borne from her cottage for interment, she was clothed in the dress which she had been seen to wear on the previous day in perfect health, but instead of the pale hue of death, a glow was on her features, her forehead even was flushed. The miserable creature had been strangled the evening before by her only son. They buried her, and some sort of inquiry was made by the police; but it was conducted with such astounding apathy and negligence, that the murderer was able to return to the desecrated home to seek his property and then depart. "It can't be helped," observes a Greek servant, shrugging his shoulders; "it is all finished now."

The shadows are by this time beginning to lengthen, and the unconscious actors of our imaginary stage have greatly altered in style and character; the street merchants have almost disappeared; the beautiful flock of silky Maltese goats, brought back from their morning's round, are feeding on the rough hillocks, under the care of the goatherd, who is stretched fast asleep upon his back amongst the grasses. Perote ladies

drag their dresses through the dust, as they proceed, armed with the seductions of their Parisian toilettes, and followed by a servant, to accomplish their daily task of visits; and as the first grey tints of evening gather over the picture, a straggling, but scarcely interrupted stream of men winds slowly up the hill—the merchants and their clerks from the counting-houses and stores of Galata, returning to their homes in the higher and more healthy neighborhoods; many of these ride, and the bare-footed, panting "suredji," or horse-boy, can scarcely keep pace with his steed though he hold on with all his might by the horse's tail.

The report of a cannon announces the close of the day—twelve o'clock, Turkish time—and at the same moment throughout the city thousands of watches are consulted and regulated; after which every one dines, and Pera becomes silent, with the exception of the main street, along which a restless throng of pedestrians, carriages and sedan-chairs, press towards the theatres or to the balls and receptions of the various embassies. In the quiet quarters of the town, excepting an occasional furious outbreak amongst the dogs, few sounds disturb the stillness of the evening hours. There is one cry, however, which beginning late, echoes at intervals, and with various degrees of strength and distinctness, far on into the night; in winter it is "salep" which, in a plaintive tone, is offered to the public; during the summer it is "caimakli dondourma—a" ("Penny cream ices!"), and looking out you see a lantern, like a wandering meteor, flickering through the gloom, and settling here and there upon a door-step.

And there is yet again one other signal which too often breaks upon the solemn hush of night; the dreaded boom of the fire-gun, quickly followed by strokes of an iron-shod staff upon the pavement: you listen with suspended breath to the cry of the "beckdji," "Yangheun va-ar!" ("There is a fire!"), then the name of the locality and of the "mahalle" or quarter. It may be, "Stambouldah Sultan Mehemedeh"—meaning the district of the mosque of Sultan Mehemed in Stamboul, or it may be "Escudardah," "Hissardah," or "Bebekdeh," or any of the villages fringing the Bosphorus or the Golden Horn.

You feel that the fiery enemy is far off ; but, if the hoarse voice of the night watchman announces "Beyogloundah," meaning Pera (called in Turkish "Beyoglou" or the son of the Bey), then it behoves you to rise to ascertain that the fire may not be sweeping onwards to engulf your own cluster of houses. Within a year or two the organization of a fire brigade under the Hungarian Count Szechényi has done much to check the spread of this terrible scourge, which in 1870 destroyed in a few hours nearly the half of Pera. On that fearful night, a change in the direction of the wind might have converted into a mass of glowing embers, the whole of this busy, populous Christian suburb of Constantinople, but the lower half of the town overhanging the quarters of Galata and Toptaneh was spared. The gale, continuing steadily from the same point, and increasing in force as acres of burning houses strengthened the fiery blast, bore full upon the British Embassy as if impelled from a gigantic blow-pipe ; no human exertion could have saved the building, and the stream of death and ruin rushed down the crowded hillside, till stopped by the waters of the Golden Horn. In this ghastly furnace, in which whole companies of the brave but ill-organized "touloumbadjis," or native firemen, perished, no fire brigade could have worked with success ; but on the edges of the burning stream the "touloumbadjis" exerted themselves effectually ; not, however, without previously driving terrible bargains with the distracted owners of house and property : nearly £1,000 was paid down in gold to save a large wooden building standing near a corner of the High Street, of little value in itself, but which by its position forms the apex of a vast triangle of crowded dwellings covering the slope towards Galata, which must have been entirely destroyed, if that one building had caught the flames. It was in consequence of this great fire of 1870, and of the alarm afterwards felt at every recurrence of the fire signal, that the new

brigade service was at length established, many of the former touloumbadjis being enrolled in it. When reduced to discipline and order, their courage and energy are found most valuable in quelling the flames, instead of being very frequently exerted as hitherto in breaking one another's heads : it often happened, under the old *régime*, that two rival companies of half-naked firemen, rushing wildly through the streets, yelling and shouting and carrying all before them, would meet at some cross road, and setting down their little painted pumps engage in a free fight, utterly oblivious of the conflagration to which they were both bound.

With the exception of this great disaster there occurs happily, on the occasion of fires, very little loss of human life. Most of the native houses built of wood are low, having one or at the most two stories ; the furniture consisting almost entirely of mattresses, carpets and bedding, is made up into bundles on the first alarm and turned out of the windows ; due care being taken for the reception of the property ; but, in more than one instance during the terror and confusion of the Pera fire, distracted householders, endeavoring to follow the native system, forgot this rather necessary precaution, and goods were showered down in haste, to vanish amongst an admiring and appreciative crowd beneath.

Throughout the history of Constantinople, destructive fires have occurred so frequently that most parts of the city are said to have been renewed every ten years : the new houses are run up upon the ashes of the former building, and it is for this reason that, comparatively speaking, so few remains of great antiquity are brought to light ; they lie buried fifteen or twenty feet below the present level of the ground, and it is only when excavating for the foundations of some structure of great importance, or in the cutting of a railway, that the workmen come upon the masonry and sculpture of Greek and Roman times.—*Temple Bar.*

## IS THE MOON DEAD?

THE idea generally prevailing, among astronomers, respecting the moon's condition is that she is a dead planet, an orb which circles around the sun like her companion planet the earth, but is not, like the earth, the abode of living creatures of any sort. Formerly, indeed, other views were entertained. It was thought that the dark regions were seas, the bright regions continents—a view embodied by Kepler in the saying, 'Do maculas esse maria, do lucidas esse terras.' But the telescope soon satisfied astronomers that there are no seas upon the moon. It has been noted that in two well-known passages of the *Paradise Lost*, in which Milton touches on the work of Galileo with the telescope, he speaks of lands, mountains, rivers, and regions, but not of oceans or seas, upon the moon. Thus, in describing the sin of Satan, he compares it to

The moon, whose orb,  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesolè,  
On in Val d'Arno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.

While again, in the fifth book, Raphael views the earth

As when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
Imagined lands and regions in the moon.

We may well believe that had Galileo, in his interviews \* with Milton, described appearances which (with his telescopic power) resembled seas or oceans, the poet would not have used so vague a word as 'regions' in the third line of the last quoted passage, where the word 'oceans' would so obviously have suggested itself. From the very beginning of the telescopic observation of our satellite, it became clear that no seas or oceans exist upon her surface. And as telescopic power has increased, and the minute details of the moon's surface have been more searchingly scrutinised, it has been seen that there are no smaller water regions, no lakes, or rivers, not even any ponds, or rivulets, or brooks.

But indeed, while the close telescopic scrutiny of the moon was thus showing that there are no water surfaces there, it was becoming also clear that no water

could remain there under the sun's rays; that is, on the parts of the moon which are illuminated. For it was found that the moon has an atmosphere so rare that water would boil away at a very low temperature indeed. How rare the lunar atmosphere is we do not certainly know; but a number of phenomena show that it must be very rare indeed. Some of these have been already considered, along with other lunar phenomena, in an article which appeared in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for August, 1873; \* and for this reason (especially as that article has since been republished) we do not here enter into this portion of the evidence, our object being to discuss here certain relations which were not dealt with in that earlier paper.

But now that astronomers have almost by unanimous consent, accepted the doctrine of the development of our system, which involves the belief that the whole mass of each member of the system was formerly gaseous with intensity of heat, they can no longer doubt that the moon once had seas and an atmosphere of considerable density. The moon, has, in fact, passed through the same changes as our own earth, though not necessarily in the same exact way. She was once vaporous, as was our earth, though not at the same time nor for so long a time. She was once glowing with intensity of heat, though this stage also must have continued for a much shorter time than the corresponding stage of our earth's history. Must we not conclude that after passing through that stage the moon was for a time a habitable world as our earth is now? The great masses of vapor and of cloud which had girt our moon's whole globe, even as in the youth of our earth her seas enwrapped her in cloud form, must at length have taken their place as seas upon her surface. The atmosphere which had supported those waters must at first have been dense by comparison with the present lunar atmosphere, perhaps even by comparison with the present atmosphere of our earth. Then the glowing surface of the moon gradually

\* See Milton's *Areopagitica*.

\* See ECLECTIC for October, 1873.



cooled, until at length the moon must have been a fit abode for life. But whether, when thus swept and garnished into fitness for habitation, the moon actually became an inhabited world, is a question which will be variously answered according to our views respecting the economy of nature in this respect. Those who hold that nature makes nothing in vain, will need only to ask whether the support of life is the one sole purpose which a planet can subserve; if that should appear probable, they would at once decide that the moon must during its habitable stage have been inhabited. Others who, looking around at the workings of nature as known to us, perceive, or think they perceive, that there is much which resembles waste in nature, will be less confident on this point. They may reason that as of many seeds which fall upon the ground, scarce one subserves the one purpose for which seeds can be supposed to have been primarily intended, as many younglings among animals perish untimely, as even many races and types fail of their apparent primary purpose, so our moon, and possibly many such worlds, may never have subserved and never come to subserve that one chief purpose for which the orbs peopling space can be supposed to have been formed, if purpose indeed reigns throughout the universe.

But we are not here concerned to inquire carefully whether the moon ever was inhabited; we care only to show the probability, the all but certainty, that the moon during one stage of her existence was a habitable body, leaving the questions whether she ever actually had inhabitants, and what (if she had) their nature may have been, to the imagination of the reader. Most certainly there is little reason for believing that on *this* point men will ever have any real information for their guidance.

Combining together several considerations—viz., first that the moon must have been fashioned as a planet many millions of years before the earth, that her original heat must have been greatly less than that of the earth (corresponding to a reduction of many millions of years in the time required for cooling down to the habitable condition), that each stage of the moon's cooling must have lasted less by many millions of years than the cor-

responding stage for the earth's cooling, and that lunar gravity being so much less than terrestrial gravity the moon's vulcanian vitality must have lasted for a much shorter time than the earth's—we perceive that the moon must have passed that stage of her history which corresponded to that through which our earth is now passing, many many millions of years ago. It would probably be no exaggeration whatever of the truth to say that more than a thousand millions of years have passed since the moon was a habitable world. But we may quite confidently assert that fully a hundred millions of years have passed since that era of her history. And as the changes which she has undergone since then have occurred at a much more rapid rate than those by which the earth is now passing on and will continue to pass on, for ages yet to come, towards planetary decrepitude, we may assert with equal confidence that the moon in passing through a stage of planetary existence which the earth will not reach for many hundreds of millions of years yet to come. The moon, thus regarded, presents to us a most interesting subject of study, because she illustrates, in general respects if not perhaps in details, the condition which our earth will attain in the remote future.

Let us then examine the principal features of the moon,—those which may be regarded as characteristic, which at any rate distinguish her from the earth—and consider how far it is probable that our earth will one day present similar features. We can also inquire how far the moon's present condition may be regarded as that of a dead world, in this sense that she can neither now be, nor (under any conceivable circumstances) hereafter become, once again a habitable world as formerly she presumably was.

There is one very remarkable feature of the moon's motions which is commonly not explained as we are about to explain it, but in a way which would correspond better with the general views indicated in this article, than the interpretation which seems to us preferable. We refer to the circumstance that the moon's rotation on her axis takes place in precisely the same time as her revolution around the earth. This is, in reality, a very strange feature, though it is often

dismissed as if there were nothing very remarkable about it. In whatever way the arrangement was brought about, it is absolutely certain that the earth had her share in the work; and again, no matter what explanation or set of explanations we accept, we find most interesting evidence suggested as to the moon's past condition.

According to one account, the moon was originally set spinning at a rate closely corresponding to her present rotation rate, and the earth, having by her attractive power somewhat elongated the moon towards herself, acted on this not perfectly round body in such sort as gradually to coerce its motion of rotation into exact agreement with its motion of revolution. It is known that this would necessarily happen if the original approach to agreement between these motions had been sufficiently close. If we adopted this view, we should find ourselves in presence of the somewhat remarkable fact that the small moon was in the beginning set rotating so slowly that its day lasted as long as a lunar month. Such a rotation, as the results of some process of systematic evolution, could be readily accepted; but that this motion, which presents no recognizable advantages, and many most manifest inconveniences (for creatures living in the moon), should have been specially communicated to the moon by the creative hand, would not be an acceptable theory, even if we were not forced by overwhelming evidence to throw special creative acts very much farther back (to say the least) than the formation of our moon, or of any part of the solar system.

Another explanation which has been offered runs as follows. When the moon had oceans, the earth must have acted on those oceans in the same way as the moon now acts on the oceans of our earth. In one respect the earth must have acted more energetically, in another less. Being very much (eighty-one times) more massive than the moon, the earth necessarily exerts much more force on the moon's substance than the moon exerts on hers.\* On the other

hand, the relative *difference* between the pull on the nearest and remotest parts of the globe is less in the case of the earth drawing the waters of the moon (in old times) than in the case of the moon drawing the waters of the earth; for the moon is a much smaller globe than the earth; and this difference is the really effective force in the production of tides. Also it is probable that the moon never had a relatively large ocean-surface, as will presently be shown, and small seas (probably disconnected) could not be swept by a great tide-wave. Still we may suppose that there was once a tidal wave, greater or less, sweeping athwart the lunar seas much in the manner of our own tidal wave. Now, our tidal wave is beyond doubt slowly checking the earth's motion of rotation, for the wave travels so as to meet the motion of rotation, which therefore to some slight degree it opposes. This will go on, until at length the rotation has been so reduced that the tidal wave no longer affects it; or, in other words, until the earth's period of rotation corresponds with the period of the tidal wave, viz., with the lunar month. Hundreds of millions of years will pass before that happens; but then we have seen that the moon *may* fairly be regarded as illustrating the earth's condition hundreds of millions of years hence. Accordingly, there is nothing absolutely incredible in the theory that during the remote ages when the moon had seas the tidal wave which traversed them, continually retarding the moon's motion of rotation, gradually coerced it into absolute agreement with her motion of revolution around the earth. Still it must be admitted that the theory is not very easily to be accepted as it stands. The seas of the moon were probably less in relative extent, even when at their largest, than those of Mars now are, and such seas could have no tidal waves which even in thousands of millions of years could reduce the

---

erts on another solely, but a mutual force. But what mathematicians call the moving force exerted by the earth on the moon is eighty-one times greater than the corresponding force exerted by the moon on the earth; for the mutual attraction between these bodies has in the former case to move the moon, whereas in the latter it has to move the much larger mass of the earth.

\* In one sense the moon pulls the earth just as strongly as the earth pulls the moon, for gravity is not a force which one body ex-

moon's rate of rotation in any considerable degree; and, as we shall presently see, the duration of the era when the moon had seas can hardly have been measured by periods so vast. On the whole, while we may admit the probability that at some very distant time in the past the earth may have exerted influences on lunar seas resembling those which the moon now exerts on our seas, it does not appear to us probable that the peculiar feature we are now considering can be attributed either wholly or in very large degree to the retarding influence of tidal waves upon the moon.

One other theory remains which seems to have more in its favor than either of those hitherto considered. Before the moon became a separate planet her frame, then vaporous, must have been enwrapped in the vaporous frame of the earth. While this continued the moon was necessarily compelled to move as a portion of the earth's outer envelope, and therefore, of course, turned upon her axis in the same time that that exterior portion of the earth revolved. So soon as the contraction of the earth's vaporous frame left the moon outside, she was free *if she could* to change her rate of rotation; that is to say, the earth's enwrapping vapor-masses no longer prevented the moon from changing her rotation rate. And there were two causes at work, either of which, if in action alone, would have markedly changed the moon's rate of turning on her axis. *One* was the gradual contraction of the moon's frame in cooling. This would have made her turn more quickly on her axis. *The other* was the continually gathering in of meteoric matter from without, which was a process taking place probably far more rapidly than now, seeing that the meteoric systems now remaining are the merest residue of a residue compared with those existing hundreds of millions of years ago. This process would tend to make the moon turn more slowly upon her axis. However, the former process would probably operate far more effectively, and thus the moon would on the whole have acquired a more rapid rate of rotation, and the coincidence between rotation and revolution existing when she first had separate existence would have disappeared. But there was all the

time a force at work to check the tendency to change in this respect. The earth was there, exerting that very force which we have already described in considering another theory—a force competent, we may infer, to check the tendency to a slow increase in the moon's rate of rotation, and to preserve that relation which existed when the moon was first formed. We say that the competence of this force may be inferred—meaning that the observed coincidence between the moon's rate of turning round upon her axis, and her rate of revolution around the earth, shows that the force was sufficient for that purpose. A similar force exerted by the sun upon the earth since she was first separately formed has not proved competent, as we know, to make the earth turn on her axis in the same time exactly that she travels round the sun; that is, in a year. Nor have any of the planets been forced to behave in this way. But we can readily understand that a great difference should exist between the formation of a planet which, having an enormously high temperature when first formed, would have an enormous amount of contraction to undergo; and the formation of a subordinate orb like the moon, which, though no doubt intensely hot when first thrown off\* by the contracting earth, cannot have been nearly so hot as a planet at the corresponding stage of its existence. On the whole, there are (so it seems to us) good reasons for believing that that peculiar law of the moon's motion which causes the same lunar hemisphere to be constantly turned earthwards had its origin during the birth itself of our satellite. We may, indeed, find in that peculiarity one of the strongest arguments in favor of the theory that our solar system reached its present condition by a process of development, since on no other theory can a satisfactory solution be obtained of the most striking peculiarity of the moon's motions.

But the inhabitants of earth are more directly interested—not for their own sake, but for the sake of their remote descendants—in the subject of the moon's

\* We here use the words "throw off" as equivalent to "left behind." The theory that the moon was thrown off by the earth, or the earth by the sun, is altogether inconsistent with mechanical possibilities.

present airless and waterless condition, regarded as the result of systematic processes of change. If we can ascertain what those processes may have been, and if we should find that similar processes are taking place, however slowly, on the earth, then the moon's present condition has in a sense the same sort of interest for us that a man in the full vigor of life might be supposed to find in the study of the condition of aged persons, if through some strange chance he had never had an opportunity of observing earlier the effects of old age upon the human frame. The inhabitant of earth who contemplates the moon's present wretched condition, may be disposed—like Lydia Van den Bosch when she saw Madame Bernstein's shaky hands and hobbling gait—to hope we "shan't be like her when we're old, anyhow;" but the probabilities are in favor of a young world following in the same path which those now old have followed, and so reaching the same condition. If the moon is really a much older world than the earth—and we have seen that in all probability she is—then she presents to us a picture of the condition which our earth will hereafter attain.

We had occasion in the article on the Moon, referred to above, to notice the theory advanced by Frankland in this country respecting the way in which the lunar air and seas have been caused to disappear; but we did not then enter into any very careful discussion of that theory, our purpose leading us to consider other matters. But in this place the theory must occupy a larger share of our attention. In passing, we may remark that the originator of the theory was Seeman, the German geologist; but it was independently advanced by Frankland in England, Stanislas Meunier in France, and Sterry Hunt in America.

In the first place, it is to be noted that no other theory seems available. Of three others which have been advanced, only one, Hansen's, according to which the seas and atmosphere of the moon have been drawn by lunar gravity to the farther or unseen hemisphere of the moon, needs serious refutation. (The other two are Whiston's theory, that a comet carried off the lunar seas and air; and the theory—whose author is unknown to us—that the lunar seas, and later

the lunar atmosphere, have been frozen through the intensity of cold to which, in the long lunar nights, the moon is exposed.) But this theory is no longer entertained by astronomers, simply because it has been shown that the peculiarity of the moon's shape which had suggested the theory has been found, first, to have no real existence; and, secondly, to be incapable, if it existed, of exercising the supposed effect.\*

The theory independently advanced by the four students of science named above is simply this, that seas formerly existing on the surface of the moon have been gradually withdrawn into the moon's interior, and that a similar process, but chemical rather than mechanical, has led to the withdrawal of the greater portion

\* The idea was that the moon, though nearly spherical, is somewhat egg-shaped, the smaller end of the egg-shaped figure being directed towards our earth. Now, while it is perfectly clear that on this supposition the greater part of the moon's visible half would be of the nature of a gigantic elevation above the mean level, and would therefore be denuded (or might be denuded) of its seas and the denser parts of the air formerly covering it, yet it is equally clear that all round the base of this monstrous lunar elevation the seas would be gathered together, and the air would be at its densest. But it is precisely round the base of this part of the moon, or, in other words, round the border of the visible lunar hemisphere, that we should have the best chance of perceiving the effects of air and seas, if any really existed; and it is because of the absolute absence of all evidence of the kind that astronomers regard the moon as having no seas and very little air. It is worthy of notice that Hansen's theory was anticipated by the author of that clever little pamphlet called *The Lunar Hoax*, who places the human inhabitants (the Bat-men) in the regions near the edge of the lunar disc, on the strength of some such views as Hansen advanced a quarter of a century later. Recently the *Chicago Times* published several columns of lunar-hoax matter, purporting to be an account of observations made in France with a new and exceedingly powerful reflecting telescope. The observations made with this instrument showed a number of lunar folks, whose movements rendered it manifest that they were prisoners undergoing some kind of penal servitude, the visible lunar hemisphere being a sort of Botany Bay or Cayenne for lunar offenders, while the other hemisphere is a comfortable place of abode for good moon people. But what an unhappy state of things is here suggested! Conceive a world, one half of whose surface is required as an abode for its malefactors!



of the air which formerly enveloped the moon's frame.

It may be well, first, to inquire whether the moon is likely to have had originally an atmosphere of considerable density and oceans of considerable extent. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the materials of the moon's mass (including air and water) were originally proportioned as to quantity very much like those of our earth's mass, it is easily seen that the quantity of air above each square mile of the moon's service, at the time when the moon had reached the stage of planetary development through which our earth is now passing, must have been very much less than the quantity of air now existing above each square mile of the earth's surface. For, the moon's mass being about an eighty-first part of the earth's, the mass of the lunar air must have been about an eighty-first part of the mass of our present atmosphere. But the moon's surface bears a much greater proportion to the earth's, being about a thirteenth. Whence it follows that, on the assumptions we have made, the quantity of air above each square mile of the moon's surface would be only about one sixth part of the quantity above each square mile of the earth's surface. And this air being drawn downwards only by lunar gravity, which has but about a sixth part of the energy of our terrestrial gravity, would be less compressed in the same degree on this account. One sixth of the quantity of air being thus compressed with one sixth the amount of force, it is clear that the density of the lunar air in that stage of the moon's existence would only be about one thirty-sixth of the density of our air. Similar reasoning applies to the water, except as to the compression under lunar gravity. The average quantity of water to each square mile of the moon's surface would be but about one sixth part of the quantity there is for each square mile of the earth's surface. The relative extent of the lunar oceans would not be less in precisely the same degree, however. For, speaking generally, the bed of the ocean slopes downwards from the shore-line in such a way that more than half, or a third, or a fourth, or so on, would have to be removed to diminish the surface by a half, a third, or a fourth, or so on, respective-

ly. We may illustrate our meaning here by considering the relation between the quantity of water in a wine-glass (supposed to be cone-shaped) and the surface of the water. Suppose the wine-glass full at first, and the circular surface of the water to be three square inches, then if five sixths of the water are thrown out, so that only one sixth remains, the surface will not be reduced to one sixth its former extent—that is, to one half of a square inch—but will be about nine tenths of a square inch. It is clear that in the case of an ocean having a bottom very steeply sloping near the shore-line, and nearly level elsewhere, a large proportion of the water might be drawn off, and the ocean-surface still remain almost as great as before. We may assume as a mean and sufficiently probable hypothesis that the lunar oceans had a relative surface equal to between one half and one third of the present relative surface of the terrestrial oceans. That is to say, our oceans covering about 72 hundredths of the entire surface of the earth, we may assume that the lunar oceans covered between 36 and 24 hundredths of the entire surface of the moon. It will be seen presently that some importance attaches to this question of the probable surface of the seas on the moon, a portion of the evidence for the theory we are examining depending on this relation.

Let us next consider in what way the withdrawal of the lunar oceans into the moon's interior probably took place. On this point, Frankland's presentation of the theory is undoubtedly defective. In fact, it has been the weakness of the theory in this respect, as presented in England, which has in all probability prevented it from receiving the attention here which it fairly deserves. "The cooling of the moon's mass must," said Frankland, "in accordance with all analogy, have been attended with contraction, which can scarcely be conceived as occurring without the development of a cavernous structure in the interior. Much of the cavernous structure would doubtless communicate, by means of fissures, with the surface, and thus there would be provided an internal receptacle for the ocean, from the depths of which even the burning sun of the long lunar day would be totally unable to dislodge

more than traces of its vapor." And he proceeds thus to analyse the amount of space which would be rendered available for the retreat of the lunar oceans. "Assuming the solid mass of the moon to contract on cooling at the same rate as granite, its refrigeration through only  $180^{\circ}$  of the Fahrenheit thermometer (the difference between the boiling and the freezing points) would create cellular space equal to nearly  $14\frac{1}{2}$  millions of cubic miles, which would be more than sufficient to engulf the whole of the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same proportion to the mass of the moon as our own oceans bear to that of the earth."

But in reality no such cavernous structure could possibly be developed in the interior of a planet like the moon. Frankland's mistake here, is similar to that made by Brewster and others, who have suggested that possibly the small mean density of the outer planets might be due to the existence of great void spaces in the interior of those bodies. So soon, however, as we make the roughest calculation of the pressures existing in the interior of even a small planet like the moon, we perceive that there could be no cavities. The most solid materials—steel, adamant, platinum—become plastic under pressures far less than those brought into action by the attractive energy of a planet's mass upon all parts of its interior, except those not far from the surface. Be it noticed that it is not, as some seem to suppose who have written on this subject, the force of gravity at different depths which has to be considered. That diminishes as the centre of the planet is approached. What we have really to consider is the pressure produced by the weight of the superincumbent mass above any given level, and this of course becomes greater and greater as the depth below the surface increases. If the rigidity of the solid substances forming the solid crust of a planet were such that any amount of pressure could be borne without impairing it, then of course the various layers of the crust would form a series of arches, stronger and stronger with approach to the centre, because of the increased compression, and therefore the increased density of their substance. There is no *a priori* reason, perhaps, why

this should not be so. Compression, for example, *might* increase the rigidity or force-resisting power of the materials of the earth's substance in such sort that mines might be dug to any depth, and horizontal tunnelling carried out from the lowest parts of any mine. But experiment shows that the fact is otherwise. Under great pressures the most solid substances become plastic. Steel behaved like a liquid in Tresca's experiments, affording the most conclusive evidence that at a depth of ten or twelve miles no steel walls, however massive, could defend a cavernous space from the surrounding pressures, which would simply crush in the steel until it formed one solid mass without interstices—at least with no interstices which could be seen if the steel were afterwards brought up from that depth to be cut open and examined. It will be readily understood that at the depth of ten or twelve miles there can be no caverns into which the water of the oceans could be bodily withdrawn. Extending similar considerations to the moon, we perceive that there can be no caverns in the moon's interior at a greater depth than sixty or seventy, or at the utmost 100 miles. Now 100 miles is less than the twentieth part of the moon's diameter, and the entire mass of the moon exceeds the mass of the outermost layer (to a depth of 100 miles) in about the proportion of four to one. So that even on the assumption that all the external parts of the moon, to the depth of 100 miles, contracted in such a way as to leave cavernous spaces in the manner conceived by Frankland, there would not be nearly enough space for the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same proportion to the moon's mass which our ocean bears to the mass of the earth.

But, though cavernous spaces would not form throughout the interior of a planet, room would yet be found, even to the degree conceived by Frankland, for the waters of the planet. The greatest possible pressure to which the most solid rock can be exposed would not fill the capillary spaces which exist throughout the material of the rock, while the pressure on the water at great depths would force it into even minuter than capillary spaces. This has been conclusively shown during experiments entered upon

for another purpose—viz., to determine the compressibility of water. For when in 1661 Florentine academicians tried to compress water which had been enclosed within a globular shell of gold, they found that the water under great pressure forced its way through the pores of the gold, and stood on the outside of the globe like dew; and since that time the experiment has been repeated with globes of other metals, a similar result being obtained.

It follows from these considerations that, as a planet cools, more and more space is formed for the retreat of the planet's seas; and that in all probability in the extreme old age of a planet, when its whole frame to the very centre has been sufficiently cooled, space enough is thus formed to hold all the water which had once adorned the planet's surface.

If we consider the whole history of the moon's cooling, partly as indicated by her actual aspect, partly by the evidence given by the aspect of other planets, and partly as justly inferrible from the laws of physics, we shall find abundant reason for believing that *her* seas at any rate might thus have been withdrawn. During the earlier stages of a planet's history, considered in the essay entitled "When the Seas were Young" (CORNHILL for August and October last),\* the seas are floating in the form of cloud and vapor above the planet's surface. In the next stage, when the crust is still hot, but not too hot for the waters to rest upon it, the process of cooling must take place more rapidly in the crust of the planet than in the planet's interior. All this time, then, the crust would be contracting upon the nucleus—a process which would leave no cavernous spaces between the crust and the nucleus for the waters to retreat to. From time to time the contracting crust would give way, exactly as a non-contracting crust would give way under the pressure of an expanding nucleus. The scene of such a catastrophe would be marked thereafter by a great crater at the place where the crust first gave way, and a series of radiating streaks marking the places where the crust was split open all around that spot. The signs of events such as these in the moon's earlier

history are very manifest. There is the great lunar crater Tycho, which is clearly visible to the naked eye, near the lower part of the disc of the moon; and from this as a centre radiations extend in all directions, some of which run right across the visible lunar hemisphere, and probably extend right round the moon. These also can be seen with the naked eye; and they are so well marked in photographs of the moon that some supposed the earlier photographs by Draper and Rutherford in America, and by De la Rue in this country, were in reality only photographs of a peeled orange, the crater Tycho representing one end of the core, and the radiations corresponding to divisions between the sections of the orange. Besides this most remarkable case, there are six others, centres of radiating streaks on the moon's visible hemisphere, and doubtless others upon the unseen hemisphere. We have here clear evidence of the tremendous nature of the forces which were at work throughout the moon's frame in the earlier stages of her history, the disturbance in particular by which the radiations from Tycho were made having apparently wracked the whole frame of the moon. Directly, indeed, these considerations do not affect the theory we are considering, because no large portion of the lunar seas can by any possibility have retreated beneath the surface during this stage of her existence. But as showing the enormous store of heat which existed at that time (by far the larger part of which must have remained unexhausted when the next stage began) the consideration of these amazing evidences of disturbance has an important though indirect bearing on our subject.

After the crust had parted with the greater portion of the heat which it had possessed when first formed, it would cool and therefore would contract but slowly. The nucleus, on the other hand, which had before contracted more slowly than the crust, would now contract more rapidly, leaving spaces between itself and the crust. And then two things would happen. One would be the manifestation of vulcanian energy in consequence of the heat generated by the crust as it crushed its way downwards upon the retreating nucleus. The other would be the influx of water wherever it

\* ECLECTIC for October and December, 1876.  
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXVI., No. 2

found access to the cavernous spaces between the crust and the nucleus. It is probable that before this vulcanian era of the moon's history was completed a considerable portion of the lunar waters had taken its place permanently beneath the crust. It should be noticed that this era corresponds with a part of the earth's existence which is as yet far from being completed, even if it can be regarded as much more than begun. It is far from unlikely that the era during which a planet's crust is thus kept in constant activity by the retreating motion of the nucleus synchronises with the period during which life exists on the planet's surface. During all this period, which may have lasted tens of millions of years, not only were portions of the waters of the moon gradually taking up their place in cavernous spaces between the crust and the retreating nucleus, but another process must have been at work to exhaust the lunar seas. When water falls upon a large land-surface in the form of rain, so that the surface is thoroughly drenched, a portion probably disappears permanently from the water-circulation of the globe. Of course, the greater portion is conveyed into the sea in the form of running-water. Then, again, the drying of the surface means that the water which had moistened it is taken into the air again in the form of aqueous vapor. And this eventually assumes the form of visible cloud, and after sundry changes (during which it may many times in turn appear as cloud or disappear as vapor) it falls again in rain, and *may* be either restored in this way directly to the sea from which it came, or so fall on land-surface as to run into some stream communicating by brook, rivulet, river, and estuary with the ocean. And some portion of the water which falls on land-surfaces, passing below the surface, feeds internal streams, and eventually appears again in the form of spring-water. But it cannot be doubted that a portion of the water which falls on dry land soaks its way downwards, very slowly, perhaps, but steadily and continuously, thus removing itself from sight, and *pro tanto* diminishing the planet's surface-waters.

How much of the water would be removed by these causes, before the last stage of all began (at least the last change of a planet's existence as a body under-

going change) is not easily determined. Probably a quarter or a third of the water forming the original oceans of a planet might be withdrawn in one or other of these ways, leaving the rest to be removed during the refrigeration of the nucleus itself—a process requiring many millions, possibly hundreds of millions, of years for its completion.

In whatever way the withdrawal of the lunar seas was accomplished, it is certain that every particle of water has disappeared from the surface of the moon; and as there are clear signs of the former existence of extensive lunar seas, apart from the strong *à priori* considerations showing that the moon must once have had water on her surface, we have little choice but to admit that the waters of the moon have been withdrawn by such gradual processes as have been described above, and consequently that the era of the moon's existence as a habitable world is really removed from the present epoch by the enormous time-intervals required for the completion of those processes. In fact, we can see clearly pictured on the moon's face the evidence which shows that she has passed through all the stages of planetary life, from the time when her whole frame was glowing with intensity of heat, down to the period when she had reached the condition which our earth in the remote future must attain—that of a cold dead orb, neither living itself (regarding physical changes as corresponding with vitality) nor capable of being the abode of living creatures. Extending the range of our survey, we find in the giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn, the evidence of an earlier stage than any of which the moon's present aspect affords direct evidence. The sun presents a yet earlier stage, while the gaseous nebulae or masses of luminous star-vapor scattered through the immensity of space illustrate the earliest of all stages of cosmical existence of which we have any direct evidence. On the other hand we see in Mars, with his small ocean-surface and rare atmosphere, the picture of a stage intermediate between that through which the earth is now passing, and the decrepit or death-like condition of the moon. Mercury, if we could examine his condition more satisfactorily than is the case, would probably illustrate a stage somewhat nearer to the moon's



present condition. Venus, on the other hand, so far as can be judged, though a somewhat smaller planet than the earth, is in a somewhat earlier stage of planetary existence.

Although the moon may be regarded as to all intents and purposes dead, it must not be supposed that no changes whatever take place upon her surface. On the contrary, some of the peculiarities of the moon's condition must tend to cause even more rapid changes of certain orders than take place in the case of our own earth. Thus the great length of the lunar day, and the moon's waterless condition and rare atmosphere, must help to cause a comparatively rapid crumbling of the moon's surface. During the long and intensely hot lunar day the rock substance of the moon's surface must expand considerably, for it is raised to a degree of heat exceeding that of boiling water. During the long lunar night the surface is exposed to a degree of refrigeration far exceeding that of the bitterest winter in the Arctic regions, and must contract correspondingly. This alternate expansion and contraction must gradually crumble away all the loftiest and steepest portions of the moon's surface, and will doubtless, in the long run—that is, some few hundreds of millions of years hence—destroy all the most marked irregularities of the moon's surface.

The cases of change which have been recognised by telescopists who have carefully studied the moon's surface, may all, without exception, be referred to this process of gradual but steady disintegration. The most remarkable case hitherto known, for example, the disappearance of the lunar crater Linné, is far better explained in this way than as the result of volcanic outburst. This case has recently been described as follows, by the present writer:—In the lunar Sea of Serenity there was once a deep crater, nearly seven miles across, a very distinct and obvious feature, even with the small telescope (less than four inches in aperture) used by Beer and Mädler in forming their celebrated chart. But, ten years ago, the astronomer Schmidt, a selenographer of selenographers (who has in fact given the best energies of his life to moon-gazing), found this crater missing. When he announced the fact to the scien-

tific world, other astronomers, armed with very powerful instruments, looked for the crater which had been so clearly seen with Mädler's small telescope; but though they found a crater, it was nothing like the crater described by Mädler. The present crater is scarcely two miles in diameter, and only just visible with powerful telescopes; all around it there is a shallow depression, occupying a region about as large as the whole crater had been before. It seems impossible to doubt that a great change has taken place here, and the question arises whether the change has been produced by volcanic activity or otherwise. Sir John Herschel pronounced somewhat confidently in favor of the former hypothesis. 'The most plausible conjecture,' said he, 'as to the cause of this disappearance, seems to be the filling up of the crater from beneath, by an effusion of viscous lava, which, overflowing the rim on all sides, may have so flowed down the outer slope as to efface its ruggedness, and convert it into a gradual declivity casting no stray shadows.' 'But how tremendous the volcanic energy,' we note in the passage referred to, 'required to fill with lava a crater nearly seven miles in diameter, and more than half a mile deep! The volcanic hypothesis seems on this account utterly incredible, for if such energy resided in the moon's interior we should find her whole surface continually changing. Far more probable seems the idea that the wall of this crater has simply fallen in, scattering its fragments over what had once been the floor of the crater. The forces at work on the moon are quite competent to throw down steep crater-walls like those which seem formerly to have girt about this deep cavity.'\*

That the kind of vitality evidenced by such changes as these still exists in the moon's frame, is not merely probable but certain. Other changes, however, which were once supposed to have been observed, must be dismissed as having had no real existence. The effects of various kinds of illusion have to be taken into account in considering such phenomena. Thus the theory that the process of monthly change, due perhaps to vegeta-

\* The present writer, in the *Spectator* for June 24, 1876.

tion, affects the floor of the large lunar crater Plato (called by Hevelius the greater Black Lake), is now rejected, because the supposed change has been shown to be a mere effect of contrast. The apparent change is of this nature:—As the sun first begins to rise above the floor of the crater—or, in other words, as the light of the filling moon gradually flows over the crater—the floor appears bright, getting brighter and brighter as the sun rises higher and higher, up to a certain point. But afterwards the floor darkens, becoming darkest towards lunar mid-day. Lastly, as the lunar afternoon progresses, the floor of Plato gets gradually lighter again. The mid-day darkening was attributed to some process of vegetation or else to chemical changes. It has no real existence, however, but is due simply to the effect of contrast with the great brightness of the crater-wall all around, which is formed of some very white substance, and looks peculiarly bright and lustrous at the time of lunar mid-day, so that contrasted with it the floor looks peculiarly dark. On the other hand, during the morning and evening hours, the black shadow of the crater-wall is thrown across the floor, which by contrast looks brighter than it really is. This explanation has indeed been denied very confidently by some who formerly advocated the theory that lunar vegetation causes the darkening of the floor; but there can be no doubt of its justice, for no one (not prejudiced in favor of a theory) who has tested the matter experimentally, eliminating the effects of contrast, has failed to find that there is no real darkening of the floor of Plato.

It seems as certain as any matter not admitting of actual demonstration can be that the moon is, to all intents and purposes, dead. Her frame is indeed still undergoing processes of material change, but these afford no more evidence of real planetary life than the changes affecting a dead body are signs of still lingering vitality. Again, it seems certain that the processes through which the moon has passed in her progress towards planetary death, must be passed through in turn by all the members of the solar system, and finally by the sun himself. Every one of these orbs is constantly radiating its heat into space, not

indeed to be actually lost, but still in such sort as to reduce all to the same dead level of temperature, whereas vitality depends on differences of temperature. Every orb in space, then, is tending steadily onwards towards cosmical death. And, so far as our power of understanding or even of conceiving the universe is concerned, it seems as though this tendency of every individual body in the universe towards death involved the tendency towards death of the universe itself. It may indeed be said that since the universe is of necessity infinite, whereas we are finite, we cannot reason in this way from what we can understand, or conceive, to conclusions respecting the universe, which we cannot even conceive, far less understand. Still it must be admitted that, so far as our reasoning powers can be relied upon at all, the inference, from what we know, appears a just one, that the life of the universe will have practically departed when the largest and therefore longest-lived of all the orbs peopling space has passed on to the stage of cosmical death. So far as we know, there is but one way of escape from this seemingly demonstrated, but in reality incredible, conclusion. May it not be that as men have erred in former times in regarding the earth as the centre of the universe, as they have erred in regarding this period of time through which the earth is now passing as though it were central in all time, so possibly they may have erred in regarding the universe we live in, and can alone comprehend, as though it were the only universe? May there not be a higher order of universe than ours, to which ours bears some such relation as the ether of space bears to the matter of our universe? and may there not, above that higher order, be higher and higher orders of universe, absolutely without limit? And, in like manner, may not the ether of space, of which we know only indirectly though very certainly, be the material substance of a universe next below ours,\* while below that are lower and lower orders of universe absolutely without limit? And, as the seemingly

\* The work called the *Unseen Universe* presents a portion of the evidence to this effect, but unfortunately the style of that work is not sufficiently lucid to bring its reasoning within the range of the general non-scientific reader.

wasted energies of our universe are poured into the universe next below ours, may it not well be that our universe receives the supplies of energy wasted (in seeming) from the universe next in order above it? So that, instead of the absolute beginning and the absolute end which we had seemed to recognise, there may be in reality but a continual interchange between the various orders of universe constituting the true universe, these orders being infinite in number even as each one of them is infinite in extent. We find ourselves lost, no doubt, in the contemplation of these multiplied infinities; but we are equally lost in the contemplation of the unquestioned infinities of space and time amidst which our little lives are cast, while the mystery of infinite waste, which seems so inscrutable when we consider the universe as we know it, finds a possible interpretation when we admit the existence of other orders of universe than the

order to which our lives belong. Thus should we find a new argument for the teaching of the poet who has said—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell,  
That, mind and soul according well,  
May make our music as before,  
But vaster;

a new significance in the vision of him who said—

See all things with each other blending,  
Each to all its being lending,  
All on each in turn depending;  
Heavenly ministers descending,  
And again to heaven upending,  
Floating, mingling, interweaving,  
Rising, sinking, and receiving—  
Each from each, while each is giving  
On to each, and each relieving  
Each—the pails of gold; the living  
Current through the air is heaving;  
Breathing blessings see them bending,  
Balanced worlds from change defending,  
While everywhere diffus'd is harmony unending.

*Cornhill Magazine.*

---

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

THERE is a striking resemblance between the genius and characters of Cooke and Edmund Kean. Both were gifted with splendid talents that through their own vices became a curse rather than a blessing to their possessors; their style of acting was similar; most of their triumphs were secured in the same parts; both destroyed health and fortune, lost the respect of the world, and sank into utter degradation through dissipated habits; and both commonly committed acts of extravagant eccentricity, to put it in the mildest form, that it is difficult to ascribe to sane men.

Cooke's parentage and place of birth are both doubtful; he has been claimed as an Irishman and a Scotchman, but, according to his own statement on his death-bed, he was born in Westminster in 1756, and soon afterwards removed to Berwick, where he was brought up. He was in the habit of boasting that his father was an army captain, but it is more probable that he was a sergeant. At all events, his mother was left a widow, in very straightened circumstances, while he was quite a child.

The Edinburgh theatrical company coming to Berwick for a short season ap-

pears to have decided George Frederick's destiny. He was taken to see 'The Provoked Husband,' and from that time he says, in a 'Chronicle' which was found after his death among his papers, plays and playing were never absent from his thoughts. By-and-by he formed an amateur company of boys of his own age. Their theatre was a deserted barn, their scenery a motley patchwork of mat and paper, and their costumes such finery as they could borrow. He was at this time only thirteen years old; his mother was dead, and he was then under the protection of two aunts, who apprenticed him to a printer.

Three years after their first visit the Edinburgh actors paid a second to the town. Fain would young Cooke have attended every performance; but his funds would not permit, and many were the schemes he devised for a surreptitious entrance. One of these, told by himself, is extremely ludicrous. One night he slipped through the stage door before the keeper was posted, or any of the employes about, and groping his way behind the scenes sought for a place where he might remain concealed until the curtain rose, when he hoped to be

able to ensconce himself in some obscure spot unobserved and get a glimpse of the performance. In a remote corner he found a very large barrel—nothing could be better for his purpose. Dropping himself into it he found at the bottom two twenty-four pound cannon-balls, about which, however, he did not trouble himself. Little did he imagine that he had taken refuge within the machine by which the Theatre Royal, Berwick, produced its stage thunder. But so it was. Just as the last bars of the overture were being played, the property man tied a piece of carpet over the top of the barrel, without perceiving in the dark its living occupant, raised it in his arms, no doubt wondering at its extra weight, and carried it to the side scenes. The play was 'Macbeth,' which opens with thunder and lightning. As the curtain bell sounded away he sent the machine rolling. Horribly frightened, and pounded by the cannon-balls, Cooke roared out lustily, and fighting to release himself, sent the barrel on to the stage, burst off the carpet head, and rolled out in front of the audience, scattering the three witches right and left.

Cooke's account of his early years is not sufficiently trustworthy to be quoted. It appears, however, he did not long remain in the printer's office, that he went to sea, and afterwards spent some time in London, where he saw Macklin and Garrick in several of their finest parts. At twenty we find him making his professional debut in a strolling company in the large room of a public-house at Brentford, as Dumont, in Rowe's 'Jane Shore.' For two years he strolled about the towns of the south coast, Hastings, Rye and others; and in 1778 appeared for a benefit at the Haymarket as Castalio in Otway's 'Orphan.' The next year he played several other parts in the same theatre, but without attracting any attention. Back to strolling again in the midland counties, until he appeared at Manchester in 1784 as Philotas in Murphy's 'Grecian Daughter,' in which, although a poor part, he made a most favorable impression; Lancaster and Liverpool followed, and in 1786 he played Baldwin to Mrs. Siddon's Isabella in Southerne's tragedy, at York. Again the years roll on, and we still find him a provincial actor in petty towns, for that

epithet was equally applicable both to Manchester and Liverpool, at least in a theatrical point of view, in those days. During most of these years he kept a diary, a strange record of various and desultory reading—upon which he wrote remarks that indicate a shrewd though but half cultivated intellect—of hard professional labor, of sad dissipation and attendant repentance, but yet no record of such miserable struggles as those of poor Kean.

At length, in 1794, he was engaged for Dublin, and after eighteen years of probation appeared for the first time before an audience worthy of those great talents which were already fully developed. But alas, so convivial a city as the Irish capital was a bad home for one of Cooke's habits; and although his success as an actor was great, his dissipation, which there became worse than ever, ruined his prospects. Dunlap, in his life of Cooke, published in 1813, and Mathews, in his 'Memoirs,' relate an anecdote of this period which well illustrates his outrageous conduct. Mathews, then a very young man, was a member of the same company, and lived in the same house with him. One night, having played Mordecai to Cooke's Sir Archy Macsarcasm in Macklin's 'Love à la Mode,' much to the latter's satisfaction, he was invited to sup and share a jug of whisky punch in the tragedian's room. The young novice delightedly accepted the invitation, thinking himself much honored, and failed not to pour forth those laudations upon his host's talents which were so grateful to George Frederick's ears. One jug of punch was quickly emptied and a second filled, and Cooke began to praise his guest in a patronising way. "You are young," he said, "and want some one to advise and guide you. Take my word for it, there is nothing like industry and sobriety. In our profession, dissipation is the bane of youth, villainous company, low company, leads them from study," &c. Holding forth thus, the jugs of punch continued to disappear with ever increasing rapidity. Mathews rose to leave, but was pushed back into his seat again. "You shan't stir; we'll have one more cruiskeen lawn, my dear fellow, and then you shall go to bed," said the tragedian, now growing very drunk. "You



don't know me. The world don't know me. Many an hour that they suppose I've wasted in drinking, I have devoted to the study of my profession; the passions and all their variations; their nice and imperceptible gradations. You shall see me delineate the passions of the human mind, by facial expressions." The power of the whisky, however, acting in direct opposition to the will on his strong and flexible features produced contortions and distortions of which he was insensible. Mathews, a little hazy himself from the potent liquor, half alarmed, and yet with difficulty repressing his laughter at these extraordinary grimaces, sat staring at him, endeavoring to understand these delineations, and wishing himself out of the room. After each horrible face, Cooke demanded with an air of intense self-approval, "Well, sir, and what is that?" "It's very fine, sir," answered Mathews, without the remotest conception of what he should say. "Yes, but what is it?" "Well—a—oh, yes—anger?" "You're a blockhead," roared the tragedian; "the whisky has muddled your brains. It's fear—fear, sir." Then followed more contortions and more questions, but Mathews never guessed right. "Now, sir," said the angry delineator at last, "I will show you something you cannot possibly mistake." And he made a hideous face, compounded of Satanic malignancy and the leering of a drunken satyr. "What's that, sir?" "That? oh, revenge!" "Dolt, idiot! despite o'erwhelm thee," burst forth Cooke furiously; "it is love!" This was too much, and forgetful of consequences, Mathews fell back in his chair and roared with laughter. "What, sir! Do you laugh? Am I not George Frederick Cooke? born to command a thousand slaves like thee!" Mathews immediately apologised, averring that the punch had stupefied him. This mollified his host's indignation, and finding the jug empty he called out for his landlady to refill it. But he had faithfully promised the previous one should be the last, and Mrs. Burns intended to keep him to his word. "Sure, Mr. Cooke," she answered from below, "I am gone to bed, and you can't have any more to-night." "Indeed, but I will," he replied. Mathews tried to get away, but was again thrust into his chair,

while Cooke reiterated his demand for more punch. But Mrs. Burns remained obdurate. Cooke took up the jug and smashed it upon the floor over her head. "Do you hear that, Mrs. Burns?" "Yes, I do, Mr. Cooke." Then smash went the chairs, the fire-irons, the table and between each the question "Do you hear that, Mrs. Burns?" "Indeed, but I do, and you'll be sorry for it to-morrow." Up went the window, and out, one after another, went the fragments of the broken furniture into the street. Mathews, believing he was in company with a madman, and now thoroughly frightened, endeavored to make a bolt, but was seized and dragged back. Finding him struggle violently, Cooke threw up the window and shouted, "Watch, watch!" A watchman attracted by the uproar was already beneath. "I give this man in charge," roared Cooke; "he has committed murder." "What do you mean?" cried the alarmed youth. "Yes, to my certain knowledge he has this night committed an atrocious, cold-blooded murder. He has most barbarously murdered an inoffensive Jew gentleman named Mordecai; I charge him with it in the name of Macklin, the author of 'Love à la Mode.'" Here Mathews, by a desperate effort, wrenched himself away and fled, Cooke hurling after him the candle and candlestick.

The disgrace attending the notoriety of this transaction, drove him on to further mad intemperance; the stage was abandoned, and, in a fit of drunkenness and despair, he enlisted as a private in a regiment destined for the West Indies. Fortunately for him, however, sickness prevented him embarking. Yet he remained in the army until 1796. In that year, Maxwell, the manager of the Portsmouth theatre, being in Southampton was accosted by a soldier, in whom he recognised Cooke. He asked him for assistance to purchase his discharge; with the aid of the managers of the Manchester theatre, this was accomplished. Maxwell heard no more of the truant for some weeks. One day a boy came to the Portsmouth theatre, and accosted him with, "A poor sick man who has been a soldier, sir, is now at my mother's, and wishes to see you before he dies." He went to a low public-house, and there found Cooke in a state of the most

abject misery. His Manchester friends had procured his discharge, and sent him money to pay his journey to that city; the money was spent in drink, he was taken ill, crawled from Southampton to Portsmouth, and sank exhausted at this public-house. Again the managers came to the rescue, sent him money and clothes, and had him conveyed to London, where a friend of theirs received him, and undertook his escort into the north. But, stopping upon the road just before he arrived in Manchester, he got so intoxicated that the managers were obliged to disappoint a crowded house that had assembled to greet his return.

In 1797 he reappeared at Dublin, and spoke the address on the occasion of the opening of the new Theatre Royal in Crow Street. During the engagement he played for the first time with John Kemble, who came to star. One night while he was waiting at the side scene for his cue to go on, Kemble came up and said: "Mr. Cooke, you distressed me exceedingly in my last scene, I could scarcely get on. You did not give me more than one cue; you were very imperfect." "Sir, I was perfect," replied Cooke. "Excuse me, sir, you were not." "I was, sir." "You were not." "I'll tell you what: I'll not have your faults fathered upon me. And d— me, black Jack (Kemble's nickname), if I don't make you tremble in your pumps one of these days yet."

At length the opening came, and in the year 1800, Cooke, then in the forty-fifth year of his age, was engaged for Covent Garden, for three years, at six, seven, and eight pounds a week; there he appeared on the 31st of October, as Richard the Third. "Never," he says, "was a reception more flattering, nor did ever I receive more encouraging, indulgent, and warm approbation than on that night, both through the play and at the conclusion. Mr. Kemble did me the honor of making one of the audience."

"His superiority over all other" (Richards), says his biographer, Mr. Dunlap, "in the dissimulation, the crafty hypocrisy, and the bitter sarcasm of the character, is acknowledged by every writer who has criticised his acting. . . . His triumph in this character was so complete, that after a struggle Mr. Kemble resigned it altogether to him."

During the season he played the part twenty-three times. A German writer quoted by Dunlap, gives the following contrasted picture of Cooke:

"Cook does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble; but his countenance beams with great expression. The most prominent features in the physiognomy of Cooke, are a long and somewhat hooked nose, of uncommon breadth between the eyes, which are fiery, dark, and at times terribly expressive, with prominent lids and flexible brows; a lofty and broad forehead, and the muscles around the mouth pointedly marked. His countenance is certainly not so dignified as Kemble's, but its expression of passion, particularly the worst passions of our nature, is stronger. His voice, though sharp, is powerful, and of great compass, a pre-eminence which he possesses by nature over Kemble, and of which he skilfully avails himself. His attitudes are far less picturesque than those of Kemble, but they are just, appropriate, and natural."

His second character was Shylock:

"Those who were present at Mr. Cooke's first exhibition of Shylock upon the London boards, say that in the great scene of the third act he was greeted with shouts of applause. The savage exultation of his laugh when the full amount of his enemy's loss is stated, were frightfully impressive."

Strange, that a few years afterwards Kean, who, as I have before remarked, so strongly resembled him, should have won his first two triumphs in the same parts, with only the order reversed. Cooke's third character was Sir Archy Macsarcasm, his fourth Iago, which added another to his list of successes. Macbeth followed, but here he was much inferior to Kemble; yet he played it four nights to crowded houses. Kiteley, in which he had seen Garrick, and remembered him, was his next part, and was deemed the most perfect of all he had yet performed.

"In depicting the restless starts and sallies of the soul," says a critic of the period, "under the influence of the green-eyed monster Jealousy, he marked every varied working of the mind, every abrupt transition of passion, with most felicitous and energetic glow. But the scene in which, struggling with the apprehension of danger, and the shame of avowing that apprehension, he attempts to disclose, yet at the same time fears to betray his jealous humor to his confidential servant Cash, is justly entitled to superior commendation. Here his powers found ample scope for exertion, and deservedly called forth tumultuous bursts of applause."

Sir Giles Overreach was another tri-

umph; but in the *Stranger*, which he performed for his benefit, he could not approach Kemble's pre-eminence. The managers of Covent Garden gave him this benefit free of all expenses, and the receipts were £560.

During this period he seems by an effort of will to have reformed, or at least to have modified his former vicious habits. But at the close of the London season he went "starring" in the provinces, and, returning to his old haunts and his old bad companions, fell back into dissipation and degradation. When on the opening night of his second season he was advertised to appear as Richard, he was playing at Newcastle with "a small undisciplined set," to use his own words. The house was crowded, and the audience made a great disturbance when Lewis, the acting manager, was compelled to announce to them that Cooke had not arrived. Considerable excitement had been aroused on the occasion by the fact that Kemble, entering the lists with his rival, had announced the same play at Drury Lane.

And not until five weeks afterwards did George Frederick make his appearance. How that interim was passed may be surmised. But after some clamor upon his first entrance, and an apologetic speech on his part, in which there was not one word of truth, the audience forgave him and applauded his acting as enthusiastically as ever. Although his conduct had already diminished his attractiveness, Harris, the manager, after giving him a second free benefit, the receipts of which, however, fell to £409, re-engaged him for another three years at £14 a week; a miserable salary after all, for a man of his abilities. His waning popularity rose again with his representation of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in Macklin's 'Man of the World.'

"Macklin," says Mrs. Inchbald, "performed Sir Pertinax himself, and so excellently that it was imagined he could never be surpassed by any other representative of the Scotch politician. Cooke, his successor, has proved the falsity of this conjecture. Macklin performed Sir Pertinax most excellently; but Cooke performs Sir Pertinax with talents as pre-eminent as Macklin displayed above all others in the character of Shylock."

Leigh Hunt's criticisms upon his acting in this part:

"You may see all the faults and all the beauties of Cooke in this single character. . . . If Cooke bows it is with a face that says, 'What a fool you are to be deceived with this fawning!' If he looks friendly it is with a smile that says, 'I will make use of you, and you may go to the devil.' A simple rustic might feel all his affections warmed at his countenance, and exclaim, 'What a pure-hearted old gentleman!' but a fine observer would descry under the glowing exterior, nothing but professions without meaning, and a heart without warmth. The sarcasm of Cooke is at all times most bitter, but in this character its acerbity is tempered with no respect either for its object or for himself. His tone is outrageously smooth and deep; and when it finds its softest level, its under monotony is so full of what is called hugging one's self, and is accompanied with such a dragged smile and viciousness of leer, that he seems as if he had lost his voice through the mere enjoyment of malice. It is in thus acting that in characters of the most apparent labor, as well as in a total neglect of study, this excellent actor surpasses all his contemporaries. His principal faults are confined to his person, for they consist in a monotonous gesture, and a very awkward gait. His shrinking rise of the shoulders, however, may give an idea of that contracted watchfulness with which a mean hypocrite retires into himself. His general air, indeed, his sarcastic cast of countenance, with its close wideness of smile and its hooked nose, and his utter want of study, joined to the villainous characters he represents, are occasionally sufficient to make some people almost fall out with the actor."

To this criticism Dunlap adds the following observations, which add some additional touches to this fine picture of Cooke's style of acting:

"The neglect of study in Mr. Cooke, at least such study as is necessary to create excellence in other men, is a curious fact in his history; and one of the most extraordinary traits in the character of this extraordinary man is that ability which he possessed of seizing the perfect image of the person he would represent; and identifying it with his own feelings, so as to express every emotion designed by the author, as if that emotion was his own. And all this as if by intuition, for nobody knew of his studying, except in that hasty and desultory manner which his journal at times indicates. But his perception was uncommonly quick, and his earlier observations of men and their passions, must have been uncommonly accurate. . . . Cooke, when he improved his own playing by what he had seen excellent in other players, did not imitate those players, but only seized what he saw natural in them, and made it his own in his own manner."

I subjoin some extracts from one of

It was in this neglect of study, after

he rose to eminence, for which no genius could compensate, that Cooke was so far inferior to his great successor, Kean, who, with all his faults, was an indefatigable student, and rendered the elder actor's failure in all the subtler parts of tragedy, such as Hamlet, so apparent.

The restraint he had put upon his inclinations during the first two years of his London engagement soon gave way: one night, in his third season, he came upon the stage in an evident state of intoxication, pleaded indisposition as an apology, attempted to play, was hissed, and, unable to proceed, was obliged to retire. After this we find "too indisposed to act" frequently entered in his diary of provincial tours. How little, spite of his talents, he was estimated in private life, is evident from the fact that we find no mention in that record of any person of standing seeking his society or inviting him to their houses; an omission so complete it would be impossible to find in the career of any other distinguished actor, the society of such being usually eagerly sought after. With each succeeding season his irregularities became more frequent. But at his next appearance he was always ready with a plausible address to the outraged public—he had been confined to his bed "by a violent disorder—" whatever acts of imprudence he "may have" committed in this instance his conduct was unimpeachable; and a good-natured audience was ever ready to condone his past offences and applaud his new efforts to amuse them. Yet, for all this, such conduct told heavily upon his attractiveness, since the announcement was never any guarantee of his appearance. One night he came on the stage as Sir Archy Macsarcasm, with Johnstone, who was playing Sir Callaghan. There was a dead pause. Then Johnstone, advancing to the footlights said, with a strong brogue, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Cooke says he can't spake." After a shout of laughter at this real Irish bull, the curtain fell amidst a shower of hisses. At another time, after making a few ineffectual attempts to speak the dialogue, Cooke came forward, pressed his hand upon his chest, and, with a most pitiable face, stammered out, "Ladies and gentlemen—my old complaint—my old complaint." The humor of the naive confession, although not intended as such,

was irresistible, but the roar of laughter was quickly succeeded by loud sounds of indignation.

In the season of 1803-4, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons came to Covent Garden. Kemble played Richmond to Cooke's Richard, Old Norval to his Glenalvon, Rolla to his Pizarro, Jaffier to his Pierre, Antonio to his Shylock, Henry IV. to his Falstaff, while Mrs. Siddons sustained the heroines of these plays. Such a cast had not been seen since the days of Garrick; but the infant phenomenon, Master Betty, could draw more by his parroted pipings at the other house than this splendid array of talent.

In the season of 1807-8, he did not appear until March. He had been passing the interim in Appleby Gaol, where his creditors had placed him. For, in spite of the large sums he had made by his London benefits and provincial engagements, he was overwhelmed with debt. His extravagance and reckless waste were terrible. One night he went into a low public-house in Manchester with the proceeds, amounting to nearly four hundred pounds, of his engagement in that town in his pocket. Some fellows began abusing the King and the Constitution. Cooke, who was a strong loyalist, entered into a dispute, and challenged one of the men to determine the controversy by an appeal to fists. The fellow replied that he took the liberty of abusing him because he was rich and knew him to be a poor man. "Do I?" cried Cooke, "I'll show you that. There—look!" and he pulled a roll of banknotes out of his pocket and thrust them into the fire. "There, that's all I have in the world; now I am as poor as you, and now come on!"

His opening part upon his return from *durance vile* was Sir Pertinax, and the 'Mirror,' noticing the performance, says:—

"The many rumors of his sufferance by his spirits, and by bailiffs, of 'disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood, of hairbreadth 'scapes, of being taken by the insolent foe, and his redemption thence,' seemed to have had such an effect upon the audience, that they appeared the more 'to love him for the dangers he had passed,' and with not three but six rounds of applause greeted his return. Such a house had not been seen since 'the little hour of little Betty.'"

From an entry in his diary under date



of the 30th of January, 1809, in which he complains of losing £3 6s. 8d. "by order of the State, this being the martyrdom of King Charles the First" (on which day the theatres were then closed), his salary must have been raised to £20 a week. But he was sinking more rapidly than ever in public estimation. Journals depreciated his acting, compared it unfavorably with far inferior players, and made him besides a butt to shoot their frequently dull and coarse witticisms upon. His last season in London (1809-10) culminated his degradation. More than once he came upon the stage only to be led off incapable of speech. The management could not depend on him from one hour to another. Even when he was comparatively sober a sudden caprice would determine him not to play, and from some place where he was not likely to be found, he would send word he should not act that evening. At others, after he had been given up in the theatre, and another, perhaps Kemble himself, was about to step on the stage for the part, he would appear suddenly at the wing dressed for the character. After each of his escapades there was a humble apology to be made to the audience, until indignation gave way to contempt. The 5th of June, 1810, when he played Falstaff, one of his finest parts, in the first part of Henry IV., was his last appearance upon the London stage. Thence he went to Liverpool, always one of his strongholds. One night, however, being attacked with his "old complaint," the audience angrily demanded an apology. "Apology from me! from George Frederick Cooke!" he cried. "Take it from this remark: There's not a brick in your infernal town which is not cemented by the blood of some slave." Cooper, the American actor, was in the town at the time, and offered him an engagement for America at £25 a week. He was still bound, however, to Harris, the Covent Garden manager. But Cooper, who knew he would be a splendid speculation in New York, was determined to have him, and after much manœuvring contrived to carry him off out of some vile Liverpool slum while in a state of intoxication, and got him on board a ship bound for America, where he landed in the November of the same year.

He was the first great English actor who crossed the Atlantic, and Dunlap, himself an American, says:

"It appeared as impossible that the great London actor should be removed to America, as that St. Paul's Cathedral should have been transported across the ocean. Englishmen in New York swore roundly it could not be. It was some other performer of the same name—it was even insinuated that the whole thing was an imposition."

Dunlap, describing his first introduction to him, continues:

"The neatness of his dress, his sober suit of grey, his powdered grey hairs, and suavity of address, gave no indication of the eccentric being whose weaknesses had been the theme of the English fugitive publications; nor could the strictest examination detect any of those marks by which the votaries of intemperance, falsely called pleasure, are so universally stigmatized."

He goes on to relate that Price, the American manager, on opening the door of the room where he was informed that Cooke awaited him, upon seeing a man so different to what he imagined the eccentric, depraved Cooke to be, shut the door, and told the servants he had been directed to the wrong apartment.

He appeared on the 21st of November as Richard. The excitement was enormous, the crush was unprecedented, hundreds were unable to gain admission, such a house had never before been seen in America. His reception was splendid.

"His appearance," continues Dunlap, "was picturesque and proudly noble; his head elevated, his step firm, his eye beaming fire. I saw no vestige of the venerable, grey-haired old gentlemen I had been introduced to at the coffee-house; and the utmost effort of my imagination could not have reconciled the figure I now saw, with that of imbecility and intemperance."

He was sober, played with all his old greatness, and his success was enormous. His other celebrated parts followed, the houses, spite of snowstorms, which would on any other occasion, says his biographer, have rendered the theatre "a heartless void," were nightly crammed. In seventeen nights there were taken \$21,578. But alas, he quickly fell into his old vices. The night of his benefit he appeared as Cato, without having once refreshed his memory by reading the part, and intoxicated as well; he uttered a string of incoherences, but

scarcely one word of Addison's. This escapade was followed by others, and the old life of riot and excess recommenced; the old story of disappointed audiences, of disappearances for days together, until he was found penniless in some squalid den in the vilest purlieu of the city.

The second city of the States he visited was Boston, where he was also enthusiastically received. Thence he returned to New York, but his evil habits, his wild extravagancies, and, above all, his insolence to the people, had, even during his brief first visit, destroyed his popularity. He had a hatred of republican institutions, and never lost an opportunity of displaying it. A gentleman mentioning that his family were amongst the first settlers in Maryland, Cooke demanded if he had kept the family jewels: "I mean *the chains and handcuffs*," he added. Hearing the President was coming to see him act, he said, "What! I, George Frederick Cooke, who have played before the majesty of Britain, play before your Yankee president! I'll not play before him. It is degradation enough to play before rebels, but I'll not go on for the amusement of a king of rebels, the contemptible king of Yankee-doodles." He asserted that when a youth he had been in the army during the American rebellion. Upon the heights of Brooklyn being pointed out to him, he exclaimed: "That's the spot we marched up; the rebels retreated; we charged; they fled; we mounted the hill. I carried the colors of the 5th; my father carried them before me; my son now carries them. I led—Washington was in the rear of the rebels. I pressed forward, when at this moment Howe cried 'Halt!' But for that, sir, I should have carried the position, and there would have been an end of the rebellion."

One night he was lamenting over his cups that he had no children, but shortly afterwards filled up a bumper and proposed the health of his eldest son, a captain in the 5th. "What is his name?" inquired one of his companions. "What is my name, sir? George Frederick Cooke." A little time afterwards he proposed the health of his second son. "And what is his name?" was again the query. "What should it be, sir, but George Frederick Cooke?" That same

night, being very intoxicated, he was put into a coach by his host, who bore him company; and all the way along he abused the country. The coachman driving a little recklessly, the gentleman put his head out of window and cautioned him. "What, sir," cried Cooke, "do you pretend to direct my servant? Get out of my coach. Stop, coachman." "Drive on," commanded his companion. "Do you dare order my coachman? Get out, or this fist shall—" "Sit still, sir, or I'll blow your brains out!" was the quiet reply. For a moment Cooke sat still, petrified with astonishment; then began: "Has George Frederick Cooke come to this infernal country to be treated thus? Shall it be told in England? Well, sir, if you will not get out, I will." And out he got and sat down on the roadside. He threatened that on his return to England he would publish such a satirical picture of the country and of its inhabitants as had never been seen or heard of in any other part of the world.

"The Yankee-doodles" were certainly a milder race than now, or George Frederick's career would have been speedily cut short by bullet or bowie-knife. But as the last anecdote indicates, rash valor was not among his failings. Indeed, he was always ready to retreat before the consequences of his insolence. One day he had a hot dispute with a bullying fellow in company with some others, and assailed him with the most abusive language. The fellow showed fight; Cooke cooled down. Then one of his companions took up the quarrel, and ejected his opponent. There was a row and a scuffle on the stairs. Cooke retired to his bedroom; and called his servant. "Sam, it's very late; help me off with my clothes: I'll go to bed." Just then one of the party from below came running up, and finding the tragedian already half undressed exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Cooke! why are you here, while Price is fighting that rascal for you?" "Where is the scoundrel?" cried Cooke, fiercely. "Sam, why are you so slow? Give me my boots. Where is the scoundrel? My coat, Sam. Where is the blackguard?" But the scrimmage was over long before Cooke was ready to take part in it. Some of his American friends generously entered

into the humor of his Pistol-like bravery, and challenged him. "You must apologise or fight," said one of these, after the actor had been as usual railing against the country. "I will not apologise, young gentleman," he answered loftily; "I will fight you. But if I fight you I shall shoot you. I am the best shot in Europe. If *you insist* upon it I will shoot you. I would not willingly shed blood." But it may be doubted whether Cooke did not see through the quiz, for the whole routine of the duel was carried through; the pistols, loaded only with powder, were discharged; the antagonist, pretending to be shot, fell, and the actor, cutting the sleeve of his coat, made believe he was wounded in the shoulder.

At Philadelphia his success almost equalled that of New York. In sixteen nights the receipts were \$17,360. Upon his return to Boston

"Such was the rage," says Dunlap, "for seeing Cooke, that though it was the depth of winter, and excessively cold, the box office has been surrounded from three o'clock in the morning until the time of opening, which was ten."

From the time of his landing in America his health began to fail, and on several occasions he was incapacitated from appearing through real indisposition. A constitution of iron alone could have withstood such years of debauchery, but it gave way at last. On the 31st of July, 1812, while playing Sir Giles Overreach at Boston, he was taken for death, but lingered till the following September, when he died. He was preparing at the time to return to England, Harris having written to him to come back to Covent Garden. "John Bull," says the letter, "is as fond of you as ever, and would be most happy to see his favorite again." We could have no better proof of Cooke's great abilities than such an offer after all his disgraceful escapades. There is not in the whole history of the stage a career more pitiable than this, not one for the errors of which we can plead so few excuses.

But not even after the grave closed over him had George Frederick, at least in body, ended his eccentric career. I will conclude this article with two extraordinary anecdotes of the *post mortem* period; the first is given on the authority of Dr.

Doran, the second on that of Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall in his 'Life of Edmund Kean').

After his death the doctors not only opened his body to discover the cause, but one, Dr. Francis, took possession of his head for phrenological purposes, and kept the skull in his surgery. One night 'Hamlet' was performed at the 'Park'; at the last moment the property man found he had no skull, and hastened to the doctor's to borrow one. The one lent was Cooke's. It was returned that night, but next evening at a meeting of the Cooper Club, the circumstance being known to several there, a desire was expressed to examine the head of the great tragedian, which was again produced for the investigation of Daniel Webster, Henry Wheaton, and other celebrities. Anecdote number one. Now for number two.

Kean was a great admirer of Cooke, and when he was in New York visited his grave. Finding it without a memorial stone, he had the body taken up, removed to another place, and a handsome monument placed over it. In the transition from one grave to another he contrived to abstract one of the toe-bones, and this he brought back with him to London as a precious relic. Upon his arrival in England Elliston and several of the Drury Lane company went as far as Barnet to meet him. When he arrived at the hotel where they were, to breakfast, he stopped all their greetings with, "Before you say a word, Behold! Fall down and kiss this relic! This is the toe-bone of the greatest creature that ever walked the earth—of George Frederick Cooke. Come, down with you all and kiss the bone!" Elliston, to humor him, dropped upon his knees and kissed the relic, and the others followed his example. Arriving home Kean's first words to his wife were, "I have brought Charles a fortune. I have something that the directors of the British Museum would give ten thousand pounds for; but they shan't have it. Here it is, the toe-bone of the greatest man that ever lived—George Frederick Cooke. Now, observe; I put this on the mantel-piece; but let no one dare to touch it. You may all look at it—at a distance, but be sure no one presumes to handle it." Here it lay for months an object of pride

to the possessor, who never failed to point it out to his visitors. But Mrs. Kean, far from sharing her husband's satisfaction, held the relic in disgust. One day, resolved to no longer endure its sight, she caught hold of it with a piece of paper and threw it over the wall into the next garden. That night Kean returned, as was his wont, very inebriated. He missed the bone. He stormed, raved, summoned the servants out of their beds, and searched every likely and unlikely spot. At last the conviction was forced

upon him that it was gone. Sinking into a chair he exclaimed, with drunken lachrymoseness, "Mary, your son has lost a fortune. He was worth £10,000; now he is a beggar!"

It may be remarked that if Kean contrived to extract a toe-bone, how was it that he did not discover the corpse to be headless? Mr. Procter, however, vouches for the truth of the story, but considers it to be doubtful whether the body exhumed was really that of Cooke. —*Temple Bar.*

---

EX-VOTO.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

WHEN their last hour shall rise  
Pale on these mortal eyes,  
Herself like one that dies,  
And kiss me dying  
The cold last kiss, and fold  
Close round my limbs her cold  
Soft shade as raiment rolled,  
And leave them lying,

If aught my soul would say  
Might move to hear me pray  
The birth-god of my day  
That he might hearken,  
This grace my heart should crave,  
To find no landward grave  
That worldly springs make brave,  
World's winters darken,

Nor grow through gradual hours  
The cold blind seed of flowers  
Made by new beams and showers  
From limbs that moulder,  
Nor take my part with earth,  
But find for death's new birth  
A bed of larger girth,  
More chaste and colder.

Not earth's for spring and fall,  
Not earth's at heart, not all  
Earth's making, though men call  
Earth only mother,  
Not hers at heart she bare  
Me, but thy child, O fair  
Sea, and thy brother's care,  
The wind thy brother.

Yours was I born, and ye,  
The sea-wind and the sea,  
Made all my soul in me  
A song for ever,



A harp to string and smite  
 For love's sake of the bright  
 Wind and the sea's delight,  
 To fail them never:

Not while on this side death  
 I hear what either saith  
 And drink of either's breath  
 With heart's thanksgiving  
 That in my veins like wine  
 Some sharp salt blood of thine,  
 Some springtide pulse of brine,  
 Yet leaps up living.

When thy salt lips well nigh  
 Sucked in my mouth's last sigh,  
 Grudged I so much to die  
 This death as others?  
 Was it no ease to think  
 The chalice from whose brink  
 Fate gave me death to drink  
 Was thine,—my mother's?

Thee too, the all-fostering earth,  
 Fair as thy fairest birth,  
 More than thy worthiest worth,  
 We call, we know thee,  
 More sweet and just and dread  
 Than live men highest of head  
 Or even thy holiest dead  
 Laid low below thee.

The sunbeam on the sheaf,  
 The dewfall on the leaf,  
 All joy, all grace, all grief,  
 Are thine for giving;  
 Of thee our loves are born,  
 Our lives and loves, that mourn  
 And triumph; tares with corn,  
 Dead seed with living;

All good and ill things done  
 In eyeshot of the sun  
 At last in thee made one  
 Rest well contented;  
 All words of all man's breath  
 And works he doth or saith,  
 All wholly done to death,  
 None long lamented.

A slave to sons of thee,  
 Thou, seeming, yet art free;  
 But who shall make the sea  
 Serve even in seeming?  
 What plough shall bid it bear  
 Seed to the sun and the air,  
 Fruit for thy strong sons' fare,  
 Fresh wine's foam streaming?

What oldworld son of thine,  
 Made drunk with death as wine,  
 Hath drunk the bright sea's brine  
     With lips of laughter?  
 Thy blood they drink; but he  
 Who hath drunken of the sea  
 Once deeplier than of thee  
     Shall drink not after.

Of thee thy sons of men  
 Drink deep, and thirst again;  
 For wine in feasts, and then  
     In fields for slaughter;  
 But thirst shall touch not him  
 Who hath felt with sense grown dim  
 Rise, covering lip and limb,  
     The wan sea's water.

All fire of thirst that aches  
 The salt sea cools and slakes  
 More than all springs or lakes,  
     Freshets or shallows;  
 Wells where no beam can burn  
 Through frondage of the fern  
 That hides from hart and hern  
     The haunt it hallows.

Peace with all graves on earth  
 For death or sleep or birth  
 Be alway, one in worth  
     One with another;  
 But when my time shall be,  
 O mother, O my sea,  
 Alive or dead, take me,  
     Me too, my mother.

*Athenæum.*

---

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Squire had made use of that discretion which is the better part of valor. When Randolph for the second time insisted upon coming to an understanding on family affairs, which meant deciding what was to be done on the Squire's death, Mr. Musgrave, not knowing how else to foil his son, got up and came away. "You can settle these matters with Mary," he said, quietly enough. It would not have been dignified to treat the suggestion in any other way. But he went out with a slight acceleration of his pulses, caused half by anger and half

by the natural human thrill of feeling with which a man has his own death brought home to him. The Squire knew that there was nothing unnatural in this anticipation of his own end. He was aware that it required to be done and the emergency prepared for; but yet it was not agreeable to him. He thought they might have awaited the event, although in another point of view it would have been imprudent to await the event. He felt that there was something undesirable, unlovely in the idea of your children consulting over you for their own comforts afterwards. But then his children were no longer children, whose do-

ings affected his affections much—they were middle-aged people, as old as he was—and in fact it *was* important that they should come to an arrangement and settle everything. Only he could not—and this being so, would not—do it; and he said to himself that the cause of his refusal was no reluctance on his own part to consider the inevitable certainty of his own death, but only the intolerableness of the inquiry in other respects. He walked out in a little strain and excitement of feeling, though outwardly his calm was intense. He steadied himself mind and body by an effort, putting a smile upon his lip and walking with a deliberate slow movement. He would have scorned himself had he showed any excitement; he strolled out with a leisurely slow step and a smile. They would talk the matter out, the two whom he had left; even though Mary's heart would be more with him than with her brother, still she would be bound to follow Randolph's lead. They would talk of his health, of how he was looking feeble, his age beginning to tell upon him, and how it would be very expedient to know what the conditions of his will were, and whether he had made any provision for the peculiar circumstances, or arrangement for the holding of the estate. "I ought to be the first person considered," he thought he heard Randolph saying. Randolph had always thought himself the first person to be considered. At this penetration of his own the Squire smiled again, and walked away very steadily, very slowly, humming a bar of an old-fashioned air.

He went thus into the broken woodland towards the east, and strolled in the chase like a man taking a walk for pleasure. The birds sang overhead, little rabbits popped out from the great tree trunks, and a squirrel ran up one of them and across a long branch, where it sat peering at him. All was familiar, certain, well known; he had seen the same sights and heard the same sounds for the last seventy years; and the sunshine shone with the same calm assurance of shining as at other times, and all this rustling, breathing life went on as it had always gone on. There was scarcely a leaf, scarcely a moss-covered stone that did not hide or shelter something living. The air was full of life; sounds of all

kinds, twitter and hum and rustle, his own step among other movements, his own shadow moving across the sunshine. And he felt well enough, not running over with health and vigor as he had sometimes felt long ago, not disposed to vault over walls and gates in that unlicensed exuberance which belongs to youth only, but well enough, quite well in short, steady afoot, his breathing easy, his head clear, everything about him comfortable. Notwithstanding which his children were discussing, as in reference to a quite near and probable event, what was to be done when he should die! The Squire smiled at the thought, but it was a smile which got fixed and painful on his lip and was not spontaneous or agreeable. The amusement to be got from such an idea is not of a genial kind. He was over seventy, and he knew, who better? that threescore and ten has been set down as the limit of mortal life. No doubt he must die—every man must die. It was a thing before him not to be eluded; the darkness, indeed, was very near according to all ordinary law; but the Squire did not feel it, was not in his soul convinced of it. He believed it of course; all other men of his age die, and in their case the precautions of the family were prudent and natural; in his own case it is true he did not feel the necessity; but yet no doubt it must be so. He kept smiling to himself; so living as he was, and everything round, it was an odd sort of discord to think of dying. He felt a kind of blank before him, a sense of being shut in. So one feels when one walks along a bit of road surrounded with walls, a *cul de sac* from which there is no outlet. A sense of imprisonment is in it, of discouragement, too little air to breathe, too little space to move in—certainly a disagreeable, stifling, choking sensation. Involuntarily a sigh came from his breast; and yet he smiled persistently, feeling in himself a kind of defiance to all the world, a determination to be amused at it all, notwithstanding the sentence they were passing against him.

While the Squire continued his walk, amid the twitter of the birds and the warble and the crackle and rustle and hum in the woods, and all the sounds of living, now and then another sound struck in—a sound not necessarily near, for in

that still summer air sounds travel easily—an echo of voice, now one soft cry or laugh, now a momentary babble. It struck the old man as if an independent soul had been put into the scene. He knew very well what it meant—very well—no one better. By very dint of his opposition to them he recognised the sound of the children wherever they were. They were there now, the little things whose presence had moved Randolph to this assault upon his father. They were altogether antagonistic to Randolph, or rather he to them; this gave them a curious perverse interest in their grandfather's eyes. They offered him an outlet from his *cul de sac*; the pressure seemed suddenly removed which had bowed him down; in a moment he felt relieved, delivered from that sense of confinement. A new idea was like the opening of a door to the old man; he was no longer compelled to contemplate the certainty before him, but was let softly down into the pleasant region of uncertainty—the world of happy chances. The very character of the smile upon his face changed. It became more natural, more easy, although he did not know the children nor had any intention of noticing them. But they were there, and Randolph might scheme as he liked; here was one who must bring his schemes to confusion. A vague lightening came into the Squire's thoughts. He was reprieved, if not from the inevitable conclusion at least from the necessity of contemplating it; and he continued his walk with a lighter heart. By and by, after a somewhat long round, and making sundry observations to himself about the state of the timber, which would bear cutting, and about the birds which, without any keeper to care for them, were multiplying at their own will and might give some sport in September, Mr. Musgrave found himself by the lake again with that fascination towards the water which is so universal. The lake gleamed through the branches, prolonging the blue of the sky, and calling him with soft plashing upon the beach, the oldest of his friends, accompaniment of so many thoughts, and of all the vicissitudes of his life. He went towards it now in the commotion of feeling which was subsiding into calm, a calm which had something of fatigue in

it; for reluctant as he was to enter into the question of age and the nearly approaching conclusion, the fact of age made him easily tired with everything, and with nothing more than excitement. He was fatigued with the strain he had been put to, and had fallen into a languid state which was not unpleasant; the condition in which we are specially disposed to be easily amused if any passive amusement comes in our way.

So it happened that as he walked along the margin of the lake, with the water softly foaming over the pebbles at his feet, Mr. Musgrave's ear was caught by a series of sharp little repetitions of sound, like a succession of small reports, one, two, three. He listened in the mild, easily-roused, and not very active curiosity of such a moment, and recognised with a smile the sound of pebbles skipping across the water, and presently saw the little missiles gleaming along from ripple to ripple, flung by a skilful but not very strong hand. The Squire did not even ask himself who it was, but went on quietly, doubting nothing. Suddenly turning round a corner upon the edge of a small bay, he saw a little figure between him and the shining water, making ducks and drakes with varying success. The Squire's step was inaudible on the turf, and he paused in sympathy with the play. He himself had made ducks and drakes in the Penninghame water as long as he could recollect. He had taught his little boys to do it; he could not tell how it was that this suddenly came to his mind just now—though how it should do so with Randolph, a middle-aged, calculating parson, talking about family arrangements—Pah! but even this recollection did not affect him now as it did before. Never mind Randolph. This little fellow chose the stones with judgment, and really for such a small creature launched them well. The Squire felt half disposed to step forward and try his skill too. When one shot failed he was half-sorry, half-inclined to chuckle as over an antagonist; and when there came a great success, a succession of six or seven reports one after another as the flat pebble skimmed over fold after fold of the water, he could not help saying "Bravo!" in generous applause; generous, for somehow or other he felt as if he were playing on the



other side. This sensation aroused him; he had not been so self-forgetting for many a day. "Bravo!" he cried with something like glee in his voice.

The little boy turned round hastily. What a strange meeting! Oddly enough it had never occurred to the Squire to think who it was. Strangers were rife enough in these regions, and people would now and then come to Penninghame with their families—who would stray into the chase, taking it for public property. But for the ducks and drakes which interested him, he would probably have collared this little fellow and demanded to know what right he had to be here. He was therefore quite unprepared for the encounter, and looked with the strangest emotions of wonder and half-terror into the face which was so familiar to him, but so strange, the face of his grandson and heir. When once he had seen the child no further doubt was possible. He stared at him as if he had been a little ghost. He had not presence of mind to turn on his heel and go away at once, which would have been the only way of keeping up his former tactics; he was speechless and overpowered; and there was nobody by to spy upon him, no grown-up spectators—not even the other child to observe what he did, or listen to what he said. In this case the Squire did not feel the need to be vigilant, which in other circumstances would have given him self-command. Thus the shock and surprise, and the perfect freedom of his position unwatched and unseen, alike broke down all his defences. After the first start he stood still and gazed at the child, as the little boy, more frankly and with much less emotion, gazed at him.

"Who are you, sir?" the grandfather said with a tone that was meant to be very peremptory. The jar in it was incomprehensible to Nello: but yet it gave him greater courage.

"I am Ne—that is to say," the little fellow answered with a sudden flush and change of countenance, "my name, it is John."

"John what? Speak up, sir. Do you know you are a little trespasser, and have no business to be here?"

"Oh yes, I have a business to be here," said Nello. "I don't know what it is to be a trespasser. I live at the

Castle, me. I can come when I please, and nobody has any business to send me away."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Squire, bending his brows. Nello looked at him curiously, half amused, though he was half frightened. He had never been so near, or looked his grandfather in the face before.

"I *know*, but I may not tell," said Nello. He shook his head, and though he was not very quick-witted, some latent sense of fun brought a mischievous look to his face. "We know very well, but we are never to tell," he added, shaking his head once more, looking up with watchful eyes as children have a way of doing to take his cue from the expression of the elder face, and there was something very strange in that gleam of fun in Nello's eyes. "We know, but we are never, never to tell."

"Who told you so?"

"It was Martuccia," said the boy, with precocious discretion. His look grew more and more inquisitive and investigating. Now that he had the opportunity, he determined to examine the old man well, and to make out the kind of person he was.

Mr. Musgrave did not answer. He on his side was investigating too, with less keenness and more feeling than the child showed. He would have been unmoved by the beauty of Lilius, though it was much greater than that of Nello. The little girl would have irritated him; but with the boy he felt himself safe, he could not tell how; he was more a child, less a stranger. Mr. Musgrave himself could not have explained it, but so it was. A desire to get nearer to his descendant came into the old man's mind; old recollections crept upon him, and stole away all his strength. "You know who I am; do you know who you are, little fellow?" he asked, with a strange break in his voice.

"I told you; you are—the old gentleman—at home," said Nello. "I know all about it. And me? I am John. There is no wonder about that. It is just—me. We were not always here. We are two children who have come a long way. But now I know English quite well, and I have lessons every day."

"Who gives you lessons, my little boy?" The Squire drew a step nearer.

He had himself had a little brother sixty years ago, who was like Nello. So it seemed to him now. He would not think he had likewise had a son thirty years ago, whom Nello was like. He crept a little nearer the child, shuffling his foot along the turf, concealing the approach from himself. Had he been asked why he changed his position, he would have said it was a little damp, boggy, not quite sure footing, just there.

"Mr. Pen gives us lessons," said Nello. "I have a book all to myself. It is Latin, it is more easy than English. But it takes a great deal of time; it does not leave so much for play."

"How long have you been at your lessons, my little man?"

The Squire's eyes began to soften, a smile came into them. His heart was melting. He gave a furtive glance round, and there was nobody near to make him afraid, not even the little girl.

"Oh, a long, long time," said Nello. "One whole hour, it was as much as that, or perhaps six hours. I did not think anything could be so long."

"One whole hour!" the Squire said in a voice of awe; and his eyes melted altogether into smiling, and his voice into a mellow softness which it had not known for years. Ah! this was the kind of son for an old man to have, not such as Randolph. Randolph was a hard, disagreeable equal, superior in so much as he had, or thought he had, so many more years before him; but this child was delightful. He did the Squire good. "Or perhaps six hours! And when did this long spell of study happen? Is it long ago?"

"There was no spell," said Nello. "And it was to-day. I readed in my book, and so did Lily; but as she is a girl it was different from mine. Girls are not clever, Martuccia says. She can't make the stones skim. That was a good one when you said 'Bravo!' Where did you find out to say bravo? They don't talk like that here."

"It was a very good one," said the Squire; "suppose we were to try again."

"Oh! can you do it?" said Nello, with round eyes of wonder. "Can you do it as well as me?"

"When I was a child," said the Squire, quite overcome, "I had a little brother just like you. We used to come out

here, to this very place, and play ducks and drakes. He would make them go half across the water. You should have seen them skimming. As far out as that boat. Do you see that boat——"

"When he was no bigger than me? And what did you do? were you little too? did you play against him? did he beat you? I wish I had a brother," said Nello. "But you can't have quite forgotten, though you are an old gentleman. Try now! There are capital stones here. I wish I could send one out as far as that boat. Come, come! won't you come and try?"

The Squire gave another searching look round. He had a sort of shame-faced smile on his face. He was a little shy of himself in this new development. But there was no one near, not so much as a squirrel or a rabbit, which could watch and tell. The birds were singing high up in the tree-tops, quite absorbed in their own business: nothing was taking any notice. And the child had come close to him, quite confiding and fearless, with eager little eyes, waiting for his decision. He was the very image of that little brother so long lost. The Squire seemed to lose himself for a moment in a vague haze of personal uncertainty whether all this harsh, hard life had not been a delusion, and himself still a child.

"Come and try," cried Nello, more and more emboldened, and catching at his coat. When the old man felt the touch, it was all he could do to suppress a cry. It was strange to him beyond measure, a touch not like any other—his own flesh and blood.

"You must begin then," he said in a strange falter, half-laughing, half-crying. That is one sign of age that it is so much nearer to the springs of emotion than anything else, except youth. Indeed are not these two the fitting partners, not that middle state, that insolent strength which stands between? The Squire permitted himself to be dragged to the margin of his own water, which lay all smiling in soft ripples before him as it had done when he was a child. Nello was as grave as a judge in the importance of the occasion, breathless with excitement and interest. He sought out his little store of stones with all the solemnity of a connoisseur, his little

brows puckered, his red lips drawn in; but the Squire was shy and tremulous, half-laughing, half-crying, ashamed of his own weakness, and more near being what you might call happy (a word so long out of use for him!) than he had been, he could not remember when.

Nello was vexed with his first throw. "When one wants to do very good, one never can," he said discomfited as his shot failed. "Now you try, now you try; it is your turn." How the Squire laughed, tremulous, the broken red in his old cheeks flushing with pleasure and shame! He failed too, which encouraged Nello, who for his part made a splendid shot the second time. "Two, three, four, *five, six, seven!*" cried the child in delight. Don't be afraid, you will do better next time. Me too, I could not make a shot at all at first. Now come, now come, it is your turn again."

What a thing it is to have a real long summer afternoon! It was afternoon when the Squire's calm was broken by his son Randolph; and it was afternoon still, dropping into evening, but with a sun still bright and not yet low in the sky when Mr. Musgrave warmed to his work, and encouraged by Nello, made such ducks and drakes as astonished himself. He got quite excited as they skimmed and danced across the water. "Two, three, four, five, *six, seven, eight!*" Nello cried, with a shriek of delight. How clever the old gentleman was—how much nicer than *girls*. He had not enjoyed his play so much for—never before Nello thought. "Come back to-morrow—will you come back to-morrow?" he said at every interval. He had got a playmate now after his own heart—better than Mr. Pen's Johnnie, who was small and timid—better than any one he had ever seen here.

The two players did not in the growing excitement of their game think any more of the chance of spectators; and did not see a second little figure which came running across the grass through the maze of the trees, and stopped wondering in the middle of the brushwood, holding back the branches with her hands to gaze at the strange scene. Liliás was never quite clear of the idea that this wood was fairy-land: so she was not surprised at anything she saw. Yet at this, for the first moment, she was

tempted to be surprised. The old gentleman! playing at ducks and drakes with Nello! He who pretended never to see them, who looked over their heads whenever they appeared, for whom they always had to run out of the way, who never took any notice! Liliás stood for two or three whole minutes, holding the branches open, peeping through with a rapt gaze of wonder; yet not surprised. She applied her little faculties at once, on the instant, to solve the mystery; and what so natural as that the old gentleman had been "only pretending" all the time? Half the pleasure which Liliás herself had in her life came from "pretending." Pretending to be Queen Elizabeth, pretending to be a fairy and change Nello into a lion or a mouse, both of which things Nello "pretended" to be with equal success; pretending to be Mr. Pen preaching a sermon, pretending to be Mary, pretending even now and then to be "the old gentleman" himself sitting up in a chair with a big book, just like him. She stood and peeped through the branches, and made up her mind to this in a way that took away all her surprise. No doubt he was only "pretending" when he would not let it be seen that he saw them. Motives are not necessary to investigators of twelve; there was nothing strange in it; for was not pretending the chief occupation, the chief recreation of life? She stood and made this out to her own satisfaction, and then with self-denial and with a sigh went back to Martuccia. It was very tempting to see the pebbles skimming across the water, and so easy it seemed! "Me too, me too," Liliás could scarcely help calling out. But then it came into her head that perhaps it was herself whom the old gentleman disliked. Perhaps he would not go on playing if she claimed a share, perhaps he would begin "pretending" not to see her. So Liliás sighed, and with self-denial gave up this new pleasure. It was very nice for Nello to have some one to play with—some one *new*. He was always the lucky one; but then he was the youngest, such a little fellow. She went back and told Martuccia he was playing, he was coming soon, he was not in any mischief—which was what the careful elder sister and mild, indulgent nurse most feared.

When Liliás let the branches go, however, with self-denial which was impulsive though so true, the sweep with which they came together again made more sound than could have been made by rabbit or squirrel, and startled the Squire, who was quite hot and excited in his new sport. He came to himself with a start, and with the idea of having been seen, felt a pang of shame and half-anger. He looked round him and could see nobody; but the branches still vibrated as if some one had been there; and his very forehead, weather-beaten as it was, flushed red with the idea of having been seen, perhaps by Randolph himself. This gave him a kind of offence and resentment and self-assertion which mended matters. Why should he care for Randolph? What had Randolph to do with it? Was he to put himself under tutelage, and conform to the tastes of a fellow like that, a parson, an interloper? But all the same this possibility stopped the Squire. "There, my little man," he said with some confusion, dropping his stone, "there! I think it is time to stop now——"

"Oh!—was it some one come for you?" said Nello, following the direction of the old gentleman's eyes. "Stay a little longer, just a little longer. Can't you do just what you please—not like me?"

"Can you not do what you please, my little boy?" The Squire was a little tremulous with the unusual exertion. Perhaps it was time to stop. He stooped down to lave his hand in the water where it came shallow among the rocks, and that act took away his breath still more, and made him glad to pause a moment before he went away.

"It is a shame," said Nello, "there is Lily, and there is Martuccia, and there is Mary,—they think I am too little to take care of myself; but I am not too little—I can do a great many things that they can't do. But come to-morrow, won't you *try* to come to-morrow?" said the child, coming close up to his grandfather and taking hold of the skirt of his coat. "Oh please, please *try* to come! I never have anyone to play with, and it has been such fun. Say you will come! Don't you think you could come if you were to *try*!"

The Squire burst out into a broken

laugh. It would have been more easy to cry, but that does not do for a man. He put his soft old tremulous hand upon the boy's head. "Little Johnny," he said, "little Johnny!—that was my little brother's name long, long ago."

"Did he play with you? I wish I had a little brother. I have nothing but girls," said Nello. "But say you will come to-morrow—do say you will try!"

The Squire gave another look round him. Nobody was there, not a mouse or a bird. He took the child's head between his trembling hands, and stooped down and gave him a hasty kiss upon his soft round forehead—"God bless you, little man!" he said, and then turned round defiant, and faced the world—the world of tremulous branches and fluttering leaves, for there was nothing else to spy upon the involuntary blessing and caress. Then he plunged through the very passage in the brushwood where the branches had shaken so strangely—feeling that if it was Randolph he could defy him. What right had Randolph to control his actions? If he chose to acknowledge this child who belonged to him, who was the image of the little Johnny of sixty years ago, what was that to any one? What had Randolph,—*Randolph*, of all men in the world, to do with it? He would tell him so to his face if he were there.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE same day on which these incidents occurred the Stanton family were in full conclave at Elfdale. It was the birthday of Laura, and there were various merrymakings on hand, an afternoon party, designed to include all her "young friends," besides a more select company in the evening. As Laura was the one whom the family intended to be Lady Stanton, her affairs, with the willing consent, and indeed by the active energy of her sister were generally pushed into the foreground. And Geoff and his mother were the chief of the guests specially invited, the only visitors who were staying in the house.

To say that the family intended Laura to be Lady Stanton is perhaps too wild a statement, though this settlement of conflicting claims had been tacitly decided upon when they were children. It



was chiefly Lydia who actively intended it now, moved and backed up by some of the absent brothers, who thought it "hard luck" that the young unnecessary Geoff should have interfered between their father and the title, and vowed by Jove that the only fit thing to do in the circumstances was to marry him to one of the girls. Lydia, however, was the most active mind in the establishment at Elfdale, and carried things her own way, so that though Sir Henry disliked fuss, and disliked Geoff's mother, who had done him so much wrong, yet there were two different sets of people invited, and Maria Lady Stanton was established in the house.

"It can't last long, papa," Lydia said, "but we can't have Geoff without her."

"What do you want with Geoff?" growled Sir Henry.

"Papa! in the first place he is our cousin; and Laura likes him; and you know we girls must marry somebody. You can't get commissions and nominations for us, more's the pity, so we must marry. And Laura may as well have Stanton as any one else, don't you think? and of course in that case she ought to be on good terms with her mother-in-law, and people expect us—"

"Oh, that will do," said Sir Henry, "ask whom you like, only free me from all this clatter. But keep that woman off me with her sanctified airs, confound her," said the baronet. He had forgiven Geoff for being born, but he could not forgive Geoff's mother for bringing him so unnecessarily into the world.

And thus it was that Geoff and his mother were at Elfdale. Maria Lady Stanton was no more disposed to go than Sir Henry was to ask her. How often are visits of this kind paid and received—the inviters unwilling to ask, the invited indisposed to go; and with such cordial results as might be anticipated. "I care for nobody in that house except Cousin Mary," Lady Stanton said, "and even she perhaps—though it is wrong to say so, Geoff, my dear boy, for of course everybody means for the best." With these mutual objections the party had met all the same. The elder Lady Stanton was very mild and very religious. She could not restrain herself from having an occasional opinion—that is to say, as she explained it herself, for "not car-

ing for" one person more than another, but that was because she had not seen enough of the others perhaps; had not quite understood them. "Yes, Geoff, I do not doubt, my dear, that the girls are very nice. So many things are changed since my time. Manners are different. And we are all such prejudiced, unjust creatures, we constantly take the outside for our standard as if that was everything. There is but One that sees fully, and what a blessing, Geoff, that it is Him whom we have most to deal with!" said his mother. For it was one of her troubles in life that she had uneasy instincts about the people she met with, and likings and dislikings such as she felt—the latter at least—a true Christian ought not to indulge in. There was a constant conflict of duty in her against such rebellious feelings. As for Cousin Mary, Sir Henry Stanton's wife, she was one of those whom Geoff's mother had no difficulty in liking, but a cold doubt had been breathed into her mind as to the "influence" which this lady might exercise over her boy. She could not quite get it out of her thoughts. Mary could mean no harm that was certain, but—and then Lady Stanton would upbraid herself for the evil imagination that could thus believe in evil. So that altogether she was not happy to go to Elfdale. When she was there, however, the family paid her a sort of court, though the girls frankly considered her a hypocrite. What did that matter? "All the people one meets with are humbugs more or less," Lydia said with superior philosophy. Lydia was the one who saw through everybody, and was always unmasking false pretensions. Laura only acquiesced in the discoveries her sister made, and generally followed her in whatever was going on.

The morning of the birthday dawned brightly and promised to be all that could be desired, and the presents were pretty enough to please any *debutante*. Laura was only eighteen, but so far as the county gaieties went she had been already "out" for nearly a year. Any more splendid introduction into society had been denied to the girls. They had entertained dreams of London, and had practised curtsies for a problematical drawing-room during one whole year, but it had come to nothing, Sir Henry being economical and Lady Stanton shy. It was

to their stepmother's account that Laura and Lydia set down this wrong, feeling convinced that if she had been their *real* mother she would have managed it somehow. "You'll see she'll find some way of doing it when these little things grow up," the elder sisters said to each other, and they bore her a grudge in consequence, and looked at her with glances of reproaches whenever the Court was spoken of, though that she was not their real mother could not be held to be poor Mary's fault. However, all this was forgotten on the merry morning, when with the delights of the garden party and a dance before them they came to breakfast and found Laura's place at table blocked up with presents. Many of them it is true were not of very much value, but there was a pretty bracelet from Geoff and a locket from his mother, which amply rewarded the young ladies for their determination to have their cousin and his mother invited. The opening of the presents made a little pleasant commotion. The donors were all moved by an agreeable curiosity to see how their gifts were received, and as Laura was lavish in her expressions of delight and Lydia in generous admiration, and the little girls hovered behind in fluttering awe, curiosity, and excitement, a general air of family concord, sympathy, and happiness was diffused over the scene. There was not very much love perhaps in the ill-compacted household. But Sir Henry could not help sharing the infection of the half-real amiability of the moment, and his wife could not but brighten under any semblance of kindness. They sat down quite happily to breakfast and began to chatter about the amusements of the afternoon. Even little Fanny and Annie were allowed to have their say. To them was allotted a share in the croquet, even in the delightful responsibility of arranging the players. All the old fogies, the old-fashioned people, the curate and his sister, the doctor and his niece, the humbler neighbors, were reserved for that pastime which is out of fashion—the girls kept the gayer circle, and the more novel amusements for Geoff and their own set. And moved by the general good-nature of the moment Sir Henry made apologies to his guests for the occupations which

would occupy his morning. He was an active magistrate, and found in this version of public duty a relief from the idleness of his retired life.

"I have that scamp Bampfylde in hand again," he said; "he is never out of mischief. Have you ever seen that fellow, Geoff? Wild Bampfylde they call him. He was out of the country for a long time and a blessed riddance; but now he's back again. I think the keepers have a sneaking kindness for him. There is no poaching trick he is not up to. I must have had him or his name fifty times before me the little time he has been back."

"What did you say was his name?" said Geoff's mother.

The other Lady Stanton had looked up too with a little start, which attracted Geoff's attention. He stopped short in the middle of an animated discussion on the respective merits of lawn tennis and Badminton to hear what was being said.

"Ah! to be sure—Bampfylde; for the moment I had forgotten," Sir Henry said. "Yes—that family of course, and a handsome fellow; as fine a man as you could see in the north country. Certainly they are a good-looking race."

"I suppose it is gipsy blood," said the elder Lady Stanton, with a sigh. "Poor people! Yes, I say poor people, Sir Henry, for there is no one to care what evil ways they take. So far out of the way among the hills, no teaching, no clergyman; oh, I make every excuse for them! They will not be judged as we are with our advantages."

"I don't know about our advantages," said Sir Henry, somewhat grimly; "but I sha'n't make excuses for them. A pest to the country; not to speak of the tragedy they were involved in—"

"Oh, don't let us speak of that," said Mary, under her breath.

Sir Henry gave her a look which irritated young Geoff. The young man felt himself his beautiful cousin's champion, and he would have liked to call even her husband to account for such a glance under frowning eyebrows at so gentle a creature. Sir Henry for his part did not like his wife to show any signs of recollecting her own past history. He did not do very much to make her forget it, and was a cold and indifferent hus-

band, but still he was affronted that she should be able to remember that she had not always been his wife.

"I wish it did not hurt you, Cousin Mary," said Geoff, interposing, "for I should like to speak of it, to have it all gone into. I am sure there is wrong somewhere. You said yourself about that young Musgrave——"

"Oh hush, hush, Geoff!" she said under her breath.

"He cannot be young now," said the elder lady. "I am very sorry for him too, my dear. It is not given to us to see into men's hearts, but I never believed that John Musgrave——. I beg your pardon, Mary, for naming him before you, of course it must be painful. And to me too. But it is such a long time ago, and I think if it were all to do over again——"

"It would have been done over again and the whole case sifted if John Musgrave had not behaved like a fool, or a guilty man," said Sir Henry. "It is not a pleasant subject for discussion, is it? I was an idiot to bring up the fellow's name. I forgot what good memories you ladies have," he said, getting up and breaking up the party. And there was still a frown upon his face as he looked at his wife.

"What is the matter with papa?" cried the girls in a breath. "You have been upsetting him. You have worried him somehow!" exclaimed Lydia, turning upon her stepmother. "And everything was going so well, and he was in such a good humor. But it is always the way just when we want a little peace and comfort. I never saw such a house as ours! And he is not very unreasonable, not when you know how to manage him—papa."

As for Mary she broke down and cried, but smiled again trying to keep up appearances. "It is nothing," she said; "your father is not angry. It will all be right in a moment. I suppose I am very silly. Run, little ones, and bring me some eau-de-cologne, quick! You must not think Sir Henry was really annoyed," she said, turning to Lady Stanton. "He is just a little impatient; you know he has all his old Indian ways; and I am so silly."

"I don't think you are silly," said Lady Stanton, who herself was flushed

and excited. "It was natural you should be disturbed, and I too. Sir Henry need not have been so impatient; but we don't know his motives," she added hastily with the habitual apology she made for everybody who was or seemed in the wrong.

"Oh, how tiresome it all is," cried Lydia, stamping her foot, "when people will make scenes! Come along, Geoff; come with us and let us see what is to be done. Everything has to be done still. I meant to ask papa to give the orders; but when he is put out, it is all over. Do come; there are the nets to put up, and everything to do. Laura, never mind your tiresome presents. Come along! or the people will be here, and nothing will be done."

"That is how they always go on," said Laura, following her sister with her lap full of her treasures. "Come, Geoff. It is so easy to put papa out; and when he is put out he is no good for anything. Do come. I do not think this time, Lydia, it was *her* fault."

"Oh, it is always her fault," said the harsher sister; "and sending these two tiresome children for the eau-de-cologne. She always sends them for the eau-de-cologne. As if that could do any good; like putting out a fire with rose-water. There, now, Laura, put your rubbish away, and I will begin settling everything with Geoff."

The young man obeyed the call unwillingly; but he went with his cousins, having no excuse to stay, and did their work obediently, though his mind was full of very different things. He had put aside the Musgrave business since his visit to Penninghame, not knowing how to act, and he had not spoken of it to his mother; but now it returned upon him with greater interest than ever. Bampfylde he knew was the name of the girl whom John Musgrave had married, whom his brother Walter had loved, and whom the quarrel was about, and who with her mother had been accused of helping young Musgrave's escape. All the story seemed to reopen even upon him with the name; and how much more upon those two ladies who were so much more deeply interested. The two girls and their games had but a slight hold of Geoff's mind in comparison with this deeper question. He did what they

wanted him, but he was *distract* and pre-occupied; and as soon as he was free went anxiously in search of his mother, who, he hoped, would tell him more about it. He knew all about it, but not as people must do who had been involved in the circumstances, and helped to enact that sad drama of real life. He found his mother very thoughtful and preoccupied too, seated alone in a little sitting-room up stairs, which was Lady Stanton's special sanctum. The elder Lady Stanton was very serious. She welcomed her son with a momentary smile and no more. "I have been thinking over that dreadful story," she said; "it has all come back upon me, Geoff. Sometimes a name is enough to bring back years of one's life. I was then as Mary is now. No, no, my dear, your good father was very different from Sir Henry; but a stepmother is often not very happy. It used to be the other way, the story-books say. Oh, Geoff, young people don't mean it, they don't think; but they can make a poor woman's life very wretched. It has brought everything back to me. That—and the name of this man."

"You have never told me much about it, mother."

"What was the use, my dear? You were too young to do anything; and then what was there to do? Poor Mr. Musgrave fled, you know. Everybody said that was such a pity. It would have been brought in only manslaughter if he had not escaped and gone away."

"Then it was madness and cowardice," said Geoff.

"It was the girl," said his mother. "No, I am not blaming her; perhaps she knew no better. And his father and all his family were so opposed. Perhaps they thought to fly away out of everybody's reach, the two together, was the best way out of it. When young people are so much attached to each other," said the anxious mother, faltering, half-afraid even to speak of such mysteries to her son, "they are tempted to think that being together is everything. But it is not everything, Geoff. Many others, as well as John Musgrave, have lost themselves for such a delusion as that."

"Is it a delusion?" Geoff asked, making his mother tremble. Of whom could

the boy be thinking? He was thinking of nobody till it suddenly occurred to him how the eyes of that little girl at Penninghame might look if they were older; and that most likely it was the same eyes which had made up to John Musgrave for the loss of everything. After all, perhaps this unfortunate one, whom everybody pitied, might have had some compensation. As he was thinking thus, and his mother was watching him, very anxious to know what he was thinking, Lady Stanton came in suddenly by a private door, which opened from her own room. She had a little additional color on her cheeks, and was breathless with haste.

"Oh, where is Geoff, I wonder?" she said; then seeing him ran up to him. "Geoff, there is some one downstairs you will like to see. If you are really so interested in all that sad story—really so anxious to help poor John—"

"Yes, who is it? tell me who it is and I will go."

"Elizabeth Bampfylde is downstairs," she said, breathless, putting her hand to her heart. "The mother of the man Sir Henry was speaking of—the mother of—the girl. There is no one knows so much as that woman. She is sitting there all alone, and there is nobody in the way."

"Mary!" cried the elder lady, "is it right to plunge my boy into it? We have suffered enough already. Is it right to make Geoff a victim? Geoff who knows nothing about it. Oh, my dear, I know you mean it for the best!" Mary fell back abashed and troubled.

"I did not mean to harm him, Lady Stanton. I did not think it would harm him. Never mind; never mind, if your mother does not approve. After all, perhaps, she knows no more than we do," she said with an attempt at a smile. "The sight of her made me forget herself."

"Where is she?" said the young man. "Ah! that is just what overcame me," said Mary with a sob, and a strange smile at the irony of fate—"down stairs in my husband's room—I have seen her in the road and in the village—but here, in my house! Never mind, Geoff; it was she that helped him to get out of prison. They were bold, they had no fear of anything; not like us, who are



ladies, who cannot stir a step without being watched. Never mind, never mind! it is not really of any consequence. She is sitting there in—in *my* husband's room!" Mary said, with a sob and a little hysterical laugh. It was not strange to the others, but simple enough and natural. She alone knew how strange it was. "But stop, stop—oh, don't pay any attention. Don't go now, Geoff!"

"Geoff! my dear, Geoff!" cried his mother running to the door after him, but for once Geoff paid no attention. He hurried down stairs, clearing them four or five steps at a time. The ladies could not have followed him if they would. The door of Sir Henry's business room stood open, and he could see an old woman seated like a statue, in perfect stillness, on a bench against the wall. She wore a large gray cloak with a hood falling back upon her shoulders, and a white cap, and sat with her hands crossed in her lap, waiting. She raised her eyes quickly when he came in with a look of anxiety and expectation, but when she found it was not the person she expected, bowed her fine head resignedly and relapsed into quiet. The delay which is always so irksome did not seem to affect her. There was something in the pose of the figure which showed that to be seated there, quite still and undisturbed, was not disagreeable to her. She was not impatient. She was an old woman and glad to rest; she could wait.

"You are waiting for Sir Henry?" Geoff said, in his eagerness. "Have you seen him? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, sir. I hope you'll forgive me rising. I have walked far and I'm tired. Time is not of so much consequence now as it used to be. I can bide." She gave him a faint smile as she spoke, and looked at him with eyes undimmed, eyes that reminded him of the child at Penninghame. Her voice was fine too, large and melodious, and there was nothing fretful or fidgety about her. Except for one line in her forehead everything about her was calm. She could bide.

And this is a power which gives its possessor unbounded superiority over the impatient and restless. Geoff was all curiosity, excitement, and eagerness. "I don't think Sir Henry will have any

time for you to-day," he said; "tell me what it is. I will do all I can for you. I should like to be of use to you. Sir Henry is going to his luncheon presently. I don't think you will see him to-day."

Just at this moment a servant came in with the same information, but it was given in a somewhat different tone. "Look here, old lady," said the man, "you'll have to clear out of this. There's a party this afternoon, and Sir Henry he hasn't got any time for the likes of you. So march is the word. I beg your lordship ten thousand pardons. I didn't see as your lordship was there."

"You had better learn to be civil to every one," said Geoff, indignantly; "beg *her* pardon not mine. You are—Mrs. Bampfylde, I think? May I speak to you since Sir Henry cannot see you? I have very urgent business——"

She rose slowly, paying no attention to the man—looking only at Geoff. "And you are my young lord?" she said with an intent look. There was a certain dignity about her movements, though she seemed to set herself in motion with difficulty, stiffly, as if the exertion cost her something. "I've had a long walk," she added, with a faint smile and half apology for the effort, "there's where age tells. And all my trouble for nothing!"

"If I can be of any use to you I will," said Geoff. Then he paused and added, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is this that old Lizabeth Bampfylde could do for a fine young gentleman? Your fortune? ay, I'll give you your fortune easy; a kind tongue and a bright eye carries that all over the world. And you look as if you had a kind heart."

"It is not my fortune," he said with an involuntary smile.

"You're no believer in the like of that? May be you have never met with one that had the power. It runs in families; it runs in the blood. There was one of your house, my young lord, that I could have warned of what was coming. I saw it in his face. And oh, that I had done it! But he would not have been warned. Oh! what that would have saved me and mine, as well as you and yours!"

"You think of my brother then when

you see me?" he said, eager at once to follow out this beginning. She looked at him again with a scrutinizing gaze.

"What had I to do with your brother, young gentleman? He never asked me for his fortune any more than you, he did not believe in the likes of me. It is only the silly folk and the simple folk that believe in us. I wish they would be guided by us that are our own flesh and blood—and then they would never get into trouble like my boy."

"What has he done?" asked Geoff, thinking to conciliate. He had followed her out of the house, and was walking by her side through the shrubberies by the back way.

"What has he done? Something, nothing. He's taken a fish in the river, or a wild beast in the snare. They're God's creatures, not yours, or Sir Henry's. But the rich and the great that have every dainty they can set their face to, make it a crime for a poor lad when he does that."

Geoff did not make any answer, for he had a respect for game and would not commit himself; but he said, "I will do anything I can for your son, if you will help me. Yes, you can help me, and I think you know you can, Mrs. Bampfylde."

"I am called 'Lizabeth,' said the old woman with dignity, as if she had said I am called Princess. Her tone had so much effect upon Geoff that he cried, "I beg your pardon," instinctively, and faltered and colored as he went on.

"I want to know about what happened when I was a child—about my brother's death—about—the man who caused it. They tell me you know more than any one else. I am not asking for idle curiosity. You know a great deal, or so I have heard, about John Musgrave."

"Hus—sh!" she cried, "it is not safe to say names—you never know who may hear."

"But all the world may hear," said Geoff. "I am not afraid. I want him to come home. I want him to be cleared. If you know anything that can help him tell me. I will never rest now till I have got that sentence changed and he is cleared."

The old woman looked at him, growing pale, with a sort of alarmed admira-

tion. "You're a bold boy," she said, "very bold! It's because you're so young—how should you know? When a man has enemies we should be careful how we name him. It might bring ill-luck or more harm."

"I don't believe much in ill-luck, and I don't believe in enemies at all," said Geoff, with the confidence of his years.

"Oh!" she cried, with a long moan, wringing her hands. "Oh, God help you, innocent boy!"

"No," Geoff repeated more boldly still, "neither in enemies nor in ill-luck, if the man himself is innocent. But I believe in friends. I am one; and if you are one—if you are his friend, his true friend, why, there is nothing we may not do for him," the young man cried, stopping to secure her attention. She paused too for a moment, gazing at him, with a low cry now and then of wonder and distress; her mind was travelling over regions to which young Geoff had no clue, but his courage and confidence had compelled her attention at least. She listened while he went on repeating his appeal; only to tell him what she knew, what she remembered—to tell him everything. It seemed all so simple to Geoff; he went on with his pleadings, following through the winding walk. It was all he could do to keep up with her large and steady stride as she went on, quickening her pace. The stiffness had disappeared, and she walked like one accustomed to long tramping over moor and hill.

"My young lord," she exclaimed abruptly, stopping him in the midst of a sentence, "you've talked long enough; I know all you can say now; and here's the bargain I'll make. If my boy gets free, I'll take his advice—and if he consents, and you have a mind to come up to the fells and see me where I bide——"

"Certainly I will come," cried Geoff, feeling a delightful gleam of adventure suddenly light up his more serious purpose. "Certainly I will come; only tell me where I shall find you——"

"You're going too fast, my young gentleman. I said if my boy gets free. Till I have talked to him I'll tell you nothing. And my bit of a place is a lonely place where few folk ever come near."

"I can find it," said Geoff. "I do not mind how lonely it is. I will come—to-morrow, whenever you please."

"Not till my lad comes to fetch you," said 'Lizabeth, with a gleam of shrewd humor crossing her face for a moment. "I must see my lad first, and hear what he says, and then I'll send him to show you the way."

"It would be better not to make it dependent on that chance," said Geoff, prudently. "He might not care to come; I don't know your son; why should he take so much trouble for me? He may decline to do it, or he may dislike my interference, or——"

"Or he may not get free," said 'Lizabeth, stopping short, and dismissing her young attendant almost imperiously. "Here you and me part paths, my young lord. It will be soon enough to say more when my lad is free."

Geoff was left standing at the outer gate, startled by the abruptness of his dismissal, but incapable he felt of resisting. He gazed after her as she sped along the road with long swift steps, half-appalled, greatly excited, and with a touch of amusement too. "I am to cheat justice for her and elude the law," he said to himself as he watched her disappearing along the dusty road.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE result of this interview was that Geoff, as was natural, threw himself body and soul into the cause of Wild Bampfylde. When he had once made up his mind to this, a certain comic element in the matter delighted him and gave him double fervor. The idea of defeating justice was delightful to the young man, not much older than a schoolboy. He talked to all the people he met about the case of this wild man of the woods, this innocent savage, to whom all the sylvan sins came by nature; and he engaged the best lawyer who could be had to defend him, and if possible get the wild fellow free. Where was the harm? Wild Bampfylde had never been guilty of violence to any human creature, he ascertained. It was only the creatures of the woods he waged war against, not even the gamekeepers. And when Sir Henry, coming home from Quarter Sessions, informed the party that Wild

Bampfylde had managed to get off by some quibble, the magistrates being fairly tired of convicting him, everybody was delighted to hear of the safety of Geoff's *protégé*, except the two elder ladies, who showed no satisfaction. Neither of them were glad, notwithstanding that Geoff was so much interested; Lady Stanton from a vague concern for her son, and Mary because of the prejudice in her which all her gentleness could not eradicate. She looked at Geoff with tears in her eyes. "You will have nothing to do with them," she said; "him nor any of them?" Oh, Geoff, promise! which was inconsistent, as it was she herself who had put the old mother in his way. But Geoff only laughed, and asked what he could have to do with them? and made no promise. This episode had not interfered with the business of life, with the afternoon party or the dinner, the Badminton or the croquet. All had "gone off" as well as possible. Laura and Lydia had "enjoyed themselves" to their heart's content. They had been admired and praised and fêted, and every one had said it was a delightful party. What more could any young lady of eighteen desire? Geoff was very good-natured, and did everything that was asked of him. And Laura wore his bracelet, which was much admired by her friends, and gave rise to many pleasant suggestions. "He is just the very person for you," Lydia said reflectively, as she examined it. "Now I should have liked emeralds or diamonds, or grown-up jewels; but the turquoises are the very thing for you. He sees your taste. If he were not Lord Stanton, just for simple suitableness you should marry Geoff—he is the very person for you."

"I do not see why I should be made to marry any one for simple suitableness, as if I were a baby," was Laura's protestation; but she liked the turquoises, and she did not dislike the hints and smiling gossip. And when young Lord Stanton and his mother went away, the house regretted them from the highest to the lowest. The little girls stood behind backs, crying, when the carriage drove away. "I should like to know what they have to cry about," Lydia said; "what is Geoff to them? It is such nonsense; but they always are encouraged in everything. You two little things stop that,

and be off with you. You are always in some one's way."

"He is as much our cousin as yours," said Fanny, who was always known to be saucy; but they skimmed away in a panic when Lydia turned round upon them, not knowing what she might do. "Oh, how nice it would be to have nothing but a mamma!" they said to each other as they alighted in her room, where it was always quiet, and smoothed down their ruffled plumes. Poor little doves! it was not for Geoff alone they were crying, for Geoff's mother had been very good to them. They had hung about her for hours, and had stories told to them, and the world seemed an empty sort of place when these two visitors went away.

The mother and son drove home to their own house, he a little sorry, she a little glad. It was wrong perhaps to be glad, implying a kind of tacit censure on the people she had left; but there was no harm in being happy to get home. Stanton Hall was not an immemorial place like Penninghame, nor a cosy unpretending country house like Elfdale, but a great mansion intended to be grand and splendid, and overawe the country. The splendor had fallen into a little disuse during Geoff's long minority, but as he had lived chiefly at home with his mother, it had proportionately gained in comfort, and the home aspect which only being lived in can give to a house. They lived chiefly in one wing, leaving the state part of the mansion almost unoccupied. Geoff had not been brought up as most youths of his age are brought up. His mother had been too timorous, both physically and spiritually, to trust her child amid all the appalling dangers and indulgences of a public school. And he had not even, more wonderful still, gone to any university. She was his sole guardian, no one sharing her powers, for it never had been supposed that little Geoff would be anybody in particular, or that it was of the least importance how his mother brought him up. His education had therefore been chiefly conducted at home by a tutor, chosen rather for his goodness than his learning. Did it matter very much? Geoff was not very clever, and it does not require much learning as Mrs. Hardcastle concluded

in the case of her son Tony Lumpkin, to spend fifteen thousand a year. Geoff had learned a great many things which university men do not much meddle with, and he had forgotten as successfully as any university man could do. He had a great deal less Greek, but a good deal more French than most of those heroes; and he was a good, honest, simple-hearted boy as, Heaven be praised, in spite of their many advantages, a great many of those same university men manage to be. And, in short, he was very much like his contemporaries, though brought up so very differently—a fact which would have wounded his mother's feelings more than anything else you could have said; for if the result is just about the same as it would have been by the other process, what is the good of taking such pains to show a difference? Mr. Tritton, the tutor, had been all alone at Stanton during this visit to Elfdale. He was a very good man. He had been as kind as a father to Geoff from the moment he took charge of him, and had watched over him with unfailing care—indeed he was like a second mother as well—perhaps more like that than the other—very anxious not to "overtire" his pupil, or to put any strain on his faculties. They were the most peaceful household that could be conceived, and Geoff, according to all rule, ought to have grown up a very feminine youth. But by good luck he had not done so. In that demure household he got to be a lively, energetic, out-door sort of person, and loved adventure, and loved life perhaps all the better in consequence of the meek atmosphere of quietness which surrounded him. To tell the truth it was he who, for a long time, had held the helm of the house in his hand, and had everything his own way.

Mr. Tritton was upon the steps to welcome them, and the servants, who were glad to see them back after the week of quiet. Who does not know the kind of servants Lady Stanton would have? men and women who had seen the boy grow up, and thought or seemed to think there was nobody in the world like Geoff: a housekeeper to whom her mistress was very obsequious and conciliatory; but whom Geoff treated with a familiarity which sometimes froze the very



blood in his mother's veins, who would not for the world have taken such liberties; and a butler, who felt himself an independent country gentleman, and went and came very much at his own pleasure, and governed his inferiors *en bon prince*, but with a lively sense of his own importance. These all received the travellers with cordiality at the door, and brought them tea and were very kind to them. It was quite touching and gratifying to Lady Stanton that they should always be so kind. Harris, the butler, took her little travelling-bag, and carried it into the drawing-room with his own hand; and Mrs. Benson herself came to pour out her cup of tea. "And I hope your ladyship is not too much tired with your long drive," Mrs. Benson said; and Harris kindly lingered to hear her reply, and to assure her that all had been going on well at Stanton while she was away.

Geoff did not pay so much attention to the kindness of the servants. He went off to the stables to give some orders, leaving Mr. Tritton with his mother. Geoff called his tutor old Tritton as easily as if he had mixed in the world of men at Eton or Oxford, and went off about his own business unconcerned. But when he had turned the corner of the house to the stables Geoff's whistle stopped suddenly. He found a man standing there with his back against the wall, whose appearance startled him. A poacher is a thing that is obnoxious to every country gentleman, however easy his principles may be on the question of game; and a tramp is a thing that nobody with a house worth robbing can away with. The figure that presented itself thus suddenly before Lord Stanton's eyes was the quintessence of both; a tall, loose-limbed man, with strong black locks and an olive skin, in coarse velvet-teen and gaiters, and a coat with multitudinous pockets, with a red handkerchief knotted round his neck, and a soft felt hat crushed into all manner of shapes, and a big stick in his hand. He stood in a careless attitude, at his ease, leaning against the wall. What had such a man to do there? and yet there he was for a purpose, as any one could see, lying in wait; was it to rob or to kill? Geoff's heart gave a little leap at the sight of the intruder. He had not had much experience of this kind.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply, the instincts of property and authority springing up in disapproval and resistance. What had such a fellow to do here?

"I am doing nothing," said the man, not changing his attitude or even taking off his hat or showing the smallest mark of respect. He continued even to lounge against the wall with rude indifference. "I am here on your business, not on mine," he said carelessly.

"On my business! Yes, I know," said Geoff, suddenly bethinking himself; "you're Bampfylde. I am glad you've got off—and you come to me from—"

"Old 'Lizabeth; that is about it. She's a funny woman: whatever silly thing she wants she always gets her way. She wants you now, and I've come to fetch you. I suppose you'll come since she says it. And you'd better make up your mind soon, for it does not suit me to stay here."

"I suppose not," said Geoff, scarcely noticing what he said.

"Why should you suppose not?" said the man, rousing himself with an air of offence. He was taller than Geoff, a lanky but muscular figure. "I have eyes and feelings as well as you. I like a fine place. Why shouldn't I take my pleasure looking at it? You have a deal more and yet you're not content."

"We were not discussing our feelings," said Geoff, half-contemptuous, half-sympathetic. "You have brought me a message perhaps from your mother?"

"I've come from old 'Lizabeth. She says if you like to start to-night along with me we'll talk your business over, and if she can satisfy you she will. Look you here, my young lord, your lordship's a deal of consequence to some, but it's nothing to her and me. Come, if you like to come; it's your business, not ours. If there's danger it's your own risk, if there's any good it's you that will have it, not us—"

"Danger!" said Geoff; "the danger of a walk up the fells! and good—to me? Yes, you can say it is to me if you like, but you ought to be more interested than I am. However, words don't matter. Yes, let us say the good is mine, and the danger, if any, is mine—"

"Have it your own way," said Bampfylde. "I'll come back again, since

you've made up your mind, at ten to-night, and show you the way."

"But why at night?" said Geoff; "to-morrow would be better. It is not too far to go in a day."

"There's the difference between you and us. Night is our time, you see. It must be by night or not at all. Would you like to walk with me across country, my lord? I don't think you would, nor I wouldn't like. We shouldn't look natural together. But at night all's one. I'll be here at ten; there's a moon, and a two hours' walk, or say three at the most, it's nothing to a young fellow like you."

This was a very startling proposition, and Geoff did not know what to make of it. It grew more and more like a mysterious adventure and pleased him on that side, but he was a modern young man, with a keen perception of absurdity, and everything melodramatic was alarming to him. Why should he walk mysteriously in the middle of the night to a cottage about which there need be no mystery on a perfectly innocent and honest errand? He stared at his strange visitor with a perplexity beyond words.

"What possible object could be gained," he said at last, "by going in the night?"

"Oh, if you're afraid!" said this strange emissary, "don't go—that's all about it: neither me nor her are forcing you to hear what we may happen to know."

"I am not afraid," said Geoff, coloring. It was an accusation which was very hard to bear. "But there is reason in all things. I don't want to be ridiculous—" The man shrugged his shoulders—he laughed—nothing could have been more galling. Geoff standing, looking at him, felt the blood boiling in his veins.

"Quite right too," said Bampfylde. "What can we know that's worth the trouble? You'll take a drive up some day in your coach and four, and oblige us. That is just what I would do myself."

"In Heaven's name, what am I expected to do?" cried Geoff; "make a melodramatic ass of myself, and go in the middle of the night?"

"I'm no scholar: long words are not my sort. Do or don't, that's the thing.

I understand; and it is easy to settle. If you're not coming, say No, and I'll go. If you are coming, let me know, and I'll be here. There's nothing to make such a wonder about."

Geoff was in great doubt what was best to do. The adventure pleased him; but the idea of ridicule held him back. "It is not pleasant to be thought a fool," he said. Then, nettled by the jeer in the face of this strange fellow who kept his eyes—great, dark, and brilliant as they were—fixed upon him, the young man cut the knot, hurriedly. "Never mind the absurdity; be here at ten, as you say, and wait if I am not ready. I don't want everybody to know what a fool I am," he said.

"You are coming then," said the man with a laugh. "That's plucky, whatever happens. You're not afraid?"

"Pooh!" cried Geoff, turning away. He was too indignant and annoyed to speak. He went on impatiently to the stables, leaving the stranger where he stood. He was not afraid; but his young frame thrilled in every fibre with excitement. Had not adventures of this kind sounded somewhat ridiculous to the ideas of to-day, the mysterious expedition would have been delightful to him. But that uneasy sense of the ridiculous kept down his anticipations. What could old 'Lizabeth have to tell that could justify such precautions? But if she chose to be fantastic about her secret, whatever it was, he must humor her. When he went in again, there was no sign of his visitor, except the half-effaced mark of a footstep on the soft gravel. The man had ground the heel of his boot into it while he stood talking, and there it was, his mark to show the place where he had been.

The evening passed very strangely to young Lord Stanton. He heard his mother and Mr. Tritton talking calmly of to-morrow. To-morrow the old family lawyer was expected, and some of the arrangements attendant on his coming of age, which was approaching, were to be discussed; and he was asked, What he would like?—in one or two respects. Should this be done, or that, when his birthday came? Geoff could not tell what curious trick of imagination affected him. He caught himself asking, Would he ever come of age? Would to-mor-

row be just as the other days, no more and no less? How absurd the question was! What could possibly happen to him in a long mountain walk, even though it might be through the darkness? There is nothing in that homely innocent country to make midnight dangerous. Wild Bampfylde might be an exciting sort of companion; but what more? As for enemies Geoff remembered what he had said so short a time before. He did not believe in them; why should he? he himself, he felt convinced, possessed no such thing in all the world.

But it was astonishing how difficult it was that evening to get free. Lady Stanton, who generally was fatigued with the shortest journey, was cheerful and talkative to-night, and overflowing with plans; and even Mr. Tritton was entertaining. It was only by saying that he had letters to write that Geoff at last managed to get away. He disliked writing letters so much that the plea was admitted with smiles. "We must not balk such a virtuous intention," the tutor said. He went into the library with a beating heart. This room had a large window which opened upon the old-fashioned bowling green. Geoff changed his dress with great speed and quiet, putting on a rough shooting suit. The night was dark, but soft, with stars faintly lighting up a hazy sky. He stepped out from

the big window and closed it after him. The air was very fresh, a little chilly, as even a midsummer night generally is in the North Country. He gave a little nervous shiver as he came out into the darkness and chilliness. "There's some one walking over your grave," said a voice at his elbow. Geoff started, to his own intense shame and annoyance, as if he had received a shot. "Very likely," he said, commanding himself; "over all our graves perhaps. That harms nobody. You are there, Bampfylde? That's well; don't talk, but go on."

"You're a good bold one after all," said the voice by his side. Geoff's heart beat uneasily at the sound, and yet the commendation gave him a certain pleasure. He was more at his ease when they emerged from the shadow of the house, and he could see the outline of his companion's figure, and realise him as something more than a voice. He gave a somewhat longing look back at the scattered lights in the windows as he set out thus through the silence and darkness. Would any one find out that he was gone? But his spirit rose as they went on, at a steady pace, swinging along under the deep hedgerows, and across the frequent bridges where so many streamlets kept crossing the road, adding an unseen tinkle to the sounds of the summer night.

(To be continued.)

---

GEORGE SAND.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE months go round, and anniversaries return; on the ninth of June George Sand had been dead just one year. She was born in 1804; she was almost seventy-two years old when she died. She came to Paris after the revolution of 1830, with her *Indiana* written, and began her life of independence, her life of authorship, her life as *George Sand*. She continued at work till she died. For forty-five years she was writing and publishing, and filled Europe with her name.

It seems to me but the other day that I saw her, yet it was in the August of 1846, more than thirty years ago. I saw her in her own Berry, at Nohant, where

her childhood and youth were passed, where she returned to live after she became famous, where she died and has now her grave. There must be many who, after reading her books, have felt the same desire which in those days of my youth, in 1846, took me to Nohant—the desire to see the country and the places of which the books that so charmed us were full. Those old provinces of the centre of France, primitive and slumbering—Berry, La Marche, Bourbonnais; those sites and streams in them, of name once so indifferent to us, but to which George Sand gave such a music for our ear—La Châtre, Ste. Sévère, the *Vallée-Noire*, the Indre, the Creuse; how

many a reader of George Sand must have desired, as I did, after frequenting them so much in thought, fairly to set eyes upon them. I had been reading *Jeanne*. I made up my mind to go and see Toulx Ste. Croix and Boussac, and the Druidical stones on Mont Barlot, the *Pierres Jaundtres*. I remember looking out Toulx in Cassini's great map at the Bodleian Library. The railway through the centre of France went in those days no farther than Vierzon. From Vierzon to Châteauroux one travelled by an, ordinary diligence, from Châteauroux to La Châtre by a humbler diligence, from La Châtre to Boussac by the humblest diligence of all. At Boussac diligence ended, and *patache* began. Between Châteauroux and La Châtre, a mile or two before reaching the latter place, the road passes by the village of Nohant. The Château of Nohant, in which Madame Sand lived, is a plain house by the road-side, with a walled garden. Down in the meadows, not far off, flows the Indre, bordered by trees. I passed Nohant without stopping, at La Châtre I dined and changed diligence, and went on by night up the valley of the Indre, the *Vallée-Noire*, past Ste. Sévère to Boussac. At Ste. Sévère the Indre is quite a small stream. In the darkness we quitted its valley, and when day broke we were in the wilder and barer country of La Marche, with Boussac before us and its high castle on a precipitous rock over the Little Creuse. That day and the next I wandered through a silent country of heathy and ferny *landes*, a region of granite-stones, holly, and broom, of copsewood and great chestnut-trees; a region of broad light, and fresh breezes, and wide horizons. I visited the *Pierres Jaundtres*. I stood at sunset on the platform of Toulx Ste. Croix, by the scrawled and almost effaced stone lions—a relic, it is said, of the English rule—and gazed on the blue mountains of Auvergne filling the distance, and, south-eastward of them, in a still further and fainter distance, on what seemed to be the mountains over Le Puy and the high valley of the Loire.

From Boussac I addressed to Madame Sand the sort of letter of which she must in her lifetime have had scores, a letter conveying to her, in bad French, the

homage of a youthful and enthusiastic foreigner who had read her works with delight. She received the infliction good-naturedly, for on my return to La Châtre I found a message left at the inn by a servant from Nohant that Madame Sand would be glad to see me if I called. The midday breakfast at Nohant was not yet over when I reached the house, and I found a large party assembled. I entered with some trepidation, as well I might, considering how I had got there; but the simplicity of Madame Sand's manner put me at ease in a moment. She named some of those present; amongst them were her son and daughter, the Maurice and Solange so familiar to us from her books, and Chopin with his wonderful eyes. There was at that time nothing astonishing in Madame Sand's appearance. She was not in man's clothes, she wore a sort of costume not impossible, I should think (although on these matters I speak with hesitation), to members of the fair sex at this hour amongst ourselves, as an out-door dress for the country or for Scotland. She made me sit by her and poured out for me the insipid and depressing beverage, *boisson fade et mélancolique*, as Balzac called it, for which English people are thought abroad to be always thirsting—tea. She conversed of the country through which I had been wandering, of the Berry peasants and their mode of life, of Switzerland whither I was going; she touched politely, by a few questions and remarks, upon England and things and persons English—upon Oxford and Cambridge, Byron, Bulwer. As she spoke, her eyes, head, bearing, were all of them striking; but the main impression she made was an impression of what I have already mentioned—an impression of *simplicity*, frank, cordial simplicity. After breakfast she led the way into the garden, asked me a few kind questions about myself and my plans, gathered a flower or two and gave them to me, shook hands heartily at the gate, and I saw her no more. In 1859 M. Michelet gave me a letter to her, which would have enabled me to present myself in more regular fashion. Madame Sand was then in Paris. But a day or two passed before I could call, and when I called, Madame Sand had left Paris and gone back to Nohant. The impression of



1846 has remained my single impression of her.

Of her gaze, form, and speech, that one impression is enough; better perhaps than a mixed impression from seeing her at sundry times and after successive changes. But as the first anniversary of her death draws near there arises again a desire which I felt when she died, the desire, not indeed to take a critical survey of her—very far from it. I feel no inclination at all to go regularly through her productions, to classify and value them one by one, to pick out from them what the English public may most like, or to present to that public, for the most part ignorant of George Sand and for the most part indifferent to her, a full history and a judicial estimate of the woman and of her writings. But I desire to recall to my own mind, before the occasion offered by her death passes quite away—to recall and collect the elements of that powerful total impression which, as a writer, she made upon me; to recall and collect them, to bring them distinctly into view, to feel them in all their depth and power once more. What I here attempt is not for the benefit of the indifferent; it is for my own satisfaction, it is for myself. But perhaps those for whom George Sand has been a friend and a power will find an interest in following me.

Yes; and it is *here* that one should speak of her, in this Review, not dominated by the past, not devoted to things established, not overoccupied with theology, but in search of some more free and wide conceptions of human life, and turned towards the future and the unrealised. George Sand felt the poetry of the past, she had no hatreds; the furies, the follies, the self-deceptions of secularist and revolutionist fanatics filled her in her latter years with pity, sometimes with dismay; but still her place is with the party and propaganda of organic change. For any party tied to the past, for any party, even, tied to the present, she is too new, too bold, too uncompromisingly sincere.

*Le sentiment de la vie idéale, qui n'est autre que la vie normale telle que nous sommes appelés à la connaître*—"the sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall

one day know it"—those words from one of her last publications give the ruling thought of George Sand, the ground-motive, as they say in music, of all her strain. It is as a personage inspired by this motive that she interests us. The English public conceives of her as of a novel-writer who wrote stories more or less interesting; the earlier ones objectionable and dangerous, the later ones, some of them, unexceptionable and fit to be put into the hands of the youth of both sexes. With such a conception of George Sand, a story of hers like *Consuelo* comes to be elevated in England into quite an undue relative importance, and to pass with very many people for her typical work, displaying all that is really valuable and significant in the author. *Consuelo* is a charming story. But George Sand is something more than a maker of charming stories, and only a portion of her is shown in *Consuelo*. She is more, likewise, than a creator of characters. She has created, with admirable truth to nature, characters most attractive and attaching, such as Edmée, Geneviève, Germain. But she is not adequately expressed by them. We do not know her unless we feel the spirit which goes through her work as a whole. In order to feel this spirit it is not, indeed, necessary to read all that she ever produced. Even three or four only out of her many books might suffice to show her to us, if they were well chosen; let us say, the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, *Mauprat*, *François le Champi*, and a story which I was glad to see Mr. Myers, in his appreciative notice of Madame Sand, single out for praise—*Valvèdre*. In these may be found all the principal elements of their author's strain: the cry of agony and revolt, the trust in nature and beauty, the aspiration towards a purged and renewed human society. Of George Sand's strain, during forty years, these are the grand elements. Now it is one of them which appears most prominently, now it is another. The cry of agony and revolt is in her earlier work, and passes away in her later. But in the evolution of these three elements—the passion of agony and revolt, the consolation from nature and from beauty, the ideas of social renewal—in the evolution of these is George Sand and George Sand's life.

and power. Through their evolution her constant motive declares and unfolds itself, that motive which we set forth above: "the sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall one day know it." This is the motive and through these elements is its evolution; an evolution pursued, moreover, with the most unflinching resolve, the most absolute sincerity.

The hour of agony and revolt passed away for George Sand, as it passed away for Goethe, as it passes away for their readers likewise. It passes away and does not return; yet those who, amid the agitations, more or less stormy, of their youth, betook themselves to the early works of George Sand, may in later life cease to read them, indeed, but they can no more forget them than they can forget *Werther*. George Sand speaks somewhere of her "days of *Corinne*." Days of *Valentine*, many of us may in like manner say—days of *Valentine*, days of *Lélia*, days never to return! They are gone, we shall read the books no more, and yet how ineffaceable is their impression! How the sentences from George Sand's works of that period still linger in our memory and haunt the ear with their cadences! Grandiose and moving, they come, those cadences, like the sighing of the wind through the forest, like the breaking of the waves on the sea shore. *Lélia* in her cell on the mountain of the Camaldoli—

"Sibyl, Sibyl forsaken; spirit of the days of old, joined to a brain that rebels against the divine inspiration; broken lyre, mute instrument, whose tones the world of to-day, if it heard them, could not understand, but yet in whose depth the eternal harmony murmurs imprisoned; priestess of death, I, I who feel and know that before now I have been Pythia, have wept before now, before now have spoken, but who cannot recollect, alas, cannot utter the word of healing! Yes, yes; I remember the cavern of truth and the access of revelation; but the word of human destiny, I have forgotten it; but the talisman of deliverance, it is lost from my hand. And yet, indeed, much, much have I seen; and when suffering presses me sore, when indignation takes hold of me, when I feel Prometheus wake up in my heart and beat his puissant wings against the stone which confines him—oh! then, in prey to a frenzy without a name, to a despair without bounds; I invoke the unknown master and friend who might illumine my spirit and set free my tongue; but I grope in darkness, and my tired arms grasp nothing save delusive shadows. And for

ten thousand years, as the sole answer to my cries, as the sole comfort in my agony, I hear astir, over this earth accursed, the despairing sob of impotent agony. For ten thousand years I have cried in infinite space, *Truth! Truth!* For ten thousand years infinite space keeps answering me, *Desire, desire.* O Sibyl forsaken! O mute Pythia! dash then thy head against the rocks of thy cavern, and mingle thy raging blood with the foam of the sea! for thou deemest thyself to have possessed the almighty Word, and these ten thousand years thou art seeking him in vain."

Or Sylvia's cry over Jacques by his glacier in the Tyrol—

"When such a man as thou art is born into a world where he can do no true service, when, with the soul of an apostle and the courage of a martyr, he has simply to push his way among the heartless and aimless crowds which vegetate without living, the atmosphere suffocates him and he dies. Hated by sinners, the mock of fools, disliked by the envious, abandoned by the weak, what can he do but return to God, weary with having labored in vain, in sorrow at having accomplished nothing? The world remains in all its vileness and in all its hatefulness; this is what men call, 'the triumph of good sense over enthusiasm.'"

Or Jacques himself, and his doctrine—

"Life is arid and terrible, repose is a dream, prudence is useless; mere reason alone serves simply to dry up the heart; there is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of one's self."

Or George Sand speaking in her own person in the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*—

"Ah no, I was not born to be a poet, I was born to love. It is the misfortune of my destiny, it is the enmity of others, which have made me a wanderer and an artist. What I wanted was to live a human life; I had a heart, it has been torn violently from my breast. All that has been left me is a head, a head full of noise and pain, of horrible memories, of images of woe, of scenes of outrage. And because in writing stories to earn my bread I could not help remembering my sorrows, because I had the audacity to say that in married life there were to be found miserable beings, by reason of the weakness which is enjoined upon the woman, by reason of the brutality which is permitted to the man, by reason of the turpitudes which society covers and protects with a veil, I am pronounced immoral, I am treated as if I were the enemy of the human race."

And if only, alas, together with her honesty and her courage, she could feel that she had also light and hope and power; that she was able to lead those whom she loved and who looked to her for guidance! But no; her own very children, witnesses of her suffering, her un-

certainly, her struggles, her evil report, may come to doubt her:—

"My poor children, my own flesh and blood, will perhaps turn upon me and say: 'You are leading us wrong, you mean to ruin us as well as yourself. Are you not unhappy, reprobated, evil spoken of? What have you gained by these unequal struggles, by these much trumpeted duels of yours with Custom and Belief? Let us do as others do; let us get what is to be got from this easy and tolerant world.'

"This is what they will say to me. Or at best, if, out of tenderness for me, or from their own natural disposition, they give ear to my words and believe me, whither shall I guide them? Into what abysses shall we go and plunge ourselves, we three?—for we shall be our own three upon earth, and not one soul with us. What shall I reply to them if they come and say to me, 'Yes, life is unbearable in a world like this. Let us die together. Show us the path of Bernica, or the Lake of Sténio, or the glaciers of Jacques.'

But the failure of the impassioned seekers of a new and better world proves nothing for the world as it is. Ineffectual they may be, but the world is still more ineffectual, and it is the world's course which is doomed to ruin, not theirs. "What has it done," exclaims George Sand in her preface to Guérin's *Centaure*, "what has it done for our moral education, and what is it doing for our children, this society shielded with such care?" Nothing. Those whom it calls vain complainers and rebels and madmen, may reply:—

"Suffer us to bewail our martyrs, poets without a country that we are, forlorn singers, well versed in the causes of their misery and of our own. You do not comprehend the malady which killed them; they themselves did not comprehend it. If one or two of us at the present day open our eyes to a new light, is it not by a strange and unaccountable good providence, and have we not to seek our grain of faith in storm and darkness, combated by doubt, irony, the absence of all sympathy, all example, all brotherly aid, all protection and countenance in high places? Try yourselves to speak to your brethren heart to heart, conscience to conscience! Try it!—but you cannot, busied as you are with watching and patching up in all directions your dykes which the flood is invading; the material existence of this society of yours absorbs all your care and requires more than all your efforts. Meanwhile the powers of human thought are growing into strength and rise on all sides around you. Amongst these threatening apparitions, there are some which fade away and re-enter the darkness, because the hour of life has not yet struck, and the fiery spirit which quickened them could strive no longer with the horrors of this present chaos;

but there are others that can wait, and you will find them confronting you, up and alive, to say, 'You have allowed the death of our brethren, and we, we do not mean to die.'"

She did not, indeed. How should she faint and fail before her time because of a world out of joint, because of the reign of stupidity, because of the passions of youth, because of the difficulties and disgusts of married life in the native seats of the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man, she who could feel so well the power of those eternal consolers, Nature and Beauty? From the very first they introduce a note of suavity in her strain of grief and passion. Who can forget the lanes and meadows of *Valentine*? George Sand is one of the few French writers who keep us closely, truly, intimate with rural nature. She gives us the wild-flowers by their actual names—snow-drop, primrose, columbine, iris, scabious. Nowhere has she touched her native Berry and its little-known landscape, its *campagnes ignorées*, with a lovelier charm than in *Valentine*. The winding and deep lanes running out of the high road on either side, the fresh and calm spots they take us to, "meadows of a tender green, plaintive brooks, clumps of alder and mountain ash, a whole world of suave and pastoral nature,"—how delicious it all is! The grave and silent peasant whose very dog will hardly deign to bark at you, the great white ox, "the inevitable dean of these pastures," staring solemnly at you from the thicket; the farmhouse "with its avenue of maples, and the Indre, here hardly more than a bright rivulet, stealing along through rushes and yellow iris in the field below"—who, I say, can forget them? And that one lane in especial, the lane where Athénaïs puts her arm out of the side window of the rustic carriage and gathers May from the over-arching hedge—that lane with its startled blackbirds, and humming insects, and limpid water, and swaying water-plants, and shelving gravel, and yellow wagtails hopping half-pert, half-frightened, on the sand—that lane with rushes, cresses, and mint below, honeysuckle and traveller's-joy above—how gladly might one give all that strangely English picture in English, if the charm of Madame Sand's language did not here defy translation! Let us try something

less difficult, and yet something where we may still have her in this her beloved world of "simplicity, and sky, and fields and trees, and peasant life, peasant life looked at, by preference, on its good and sound side." *Voyez donc la simplicité, vous autres, voyez le ciel et les champs, et les arbres, et les paysans, surtout dans ce qu'ils ont de bon et de vrai.*

The introduction to *La Mare au Diable* will give us what we want. George Sand has been looking at an engraving of Holbein's *Laborer*. An old thick-set peasant, in rags, is driving his plough in the midst of a field. All around spreads a wild landscape, dotted with a few poor huts. The sun is setting behind a hill; the day of toil is nearly over. It has been hard; the ground is rugged and stony, the laborer's horses are but skin and bone, weak and exhausted. There is but one alert figure, the skeleton Death, who with a whip skips nimbly along at the horses' side and urges the team. Under the picture is a quotation in old French, to the effect that after the laborer's life of travail and service, in which he has to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow, here comes Death to fetch him away. And from so rude a life does Death take him, says George Sand, that Death is hardly unwelcome; and in another composition by Holbein, where men of almost every condition—popes, sovereigns, lovers, gamblers, monks, soldiers—are taunted with their fear of Death and do indeed see his approach with terror, Lazarus alone is easy and composed, and sitting on his dung-hill at the rich man's door, tells Death that he does not mind him.

With her thoughts full of Holbein's mournful picture, George Sand goes out into the fields of her own Berry.

"My walk was by the border of a field which some peasants were getting ready for being sown presently. The space to be ploughed was wide, as in Holbein's picture. The landscape was vast also; the great lines of green which it contained were just touched with russet by the approach of autumn; on the rich brown soil recent rain had left, in a good many furrows, lines of water, which shone in the sun like silver threads. The day was clear and soft, and the earth gave out a light smoke where it had been freshly laid open by the plough-share. At the top of the field an old man, whose broad back and severe face were like those of the old peasant of Holbein, but whose clothes told no tale of

poverty, was gravely driving his plough of an antique shape, drawn by two tranquil oxen, with coats of a pale buff, real patriarchs of the allow, tall of make, somewhat thin, with long and blunt horns, the kind of old workmen who by long habit have got to be *brothers* to one another, as in our country-side they are called, and who, if one loses the other, refuse to work with a new comrade, and fret themselves to death. People unacquainted with the country will not believe in this affection of the ox for his yoke-fellow. They should come and see one of the poor beasts in a corner of his stable, thin, wasted, lashing with his restless tail his lean flanks, sniffing with uneasiness and disdain at the provender offered to him, his eyes for ever turned towards the stable door, scratching with his foot the empty place left at his side, smelling the yokes and bands which his companion has worn, and incessantly calling for him with piteous lowings. The ox-herd will tell you: There is a pair of oxen gone! his *brother* is dead, and this one will work no more. He ought to be fattened for killing; but one cannot get him to eat, and in a short time he will have starved himself to death."

How faithful and close it is, this contact of George Sand with country things, with the life of nature in its vast plenitude and pathos! And always in the end the human interest, as is right, emerges and predominates. What is the central figure in the fresh and calm rural world of George Sand? It is the peasant. And what is the peasant? He is France, life, the future. And this is the strength of George Sand, and of her second movement, after the first movement of energy and revolt was over, towards nature and beauty, towards the country, primitive life, the peasant. She regarded not with the selfish and solitary joy of the artist who but seeks to appropriate them for his own purposes, she regarded them as a treasure of immense and hitherto unknown application, as a vast power of healing and delight for all, and for the peasant first and foremost. Yes, she cries, the simple life is the true one! but the peasant, the great organ of that life, "the minister in that vast temple which only the sky is vast enough to embrace," the peasant is not doomed to toil and moil in it for ever, overdone and unawakened, like Holbein's laborer, and to have for his best comfort the thought that death will set him free. *Non, nous n'avons plus affaire à la mort, mais à la vie.* "Our business henceforth is not with death but with life." And joy is the great lifter



of men, the great unfold. *Il faut que la vie soit bonne afin qu'elle soit féconde.*

"For life to be fruitful, life must be felt as a blessing."

"Nature is eternally young, beautiful, bountiful. She pours out beauty and poetry for all that live, she pours it out on all plants, and the plants are permitted to expand in it freely. She possesses the secret of happiness, and no man has been able to take it away from her. The happiest of men would be he, who, possessing the science of his labor and working with his hands, earning his comfort and his freedom by the exercise of his intelligent force, found time to live by the heart and by the brain, to understand his own work and to love the work of God. The artist has satisfactions of this kind in the contemplation and reproduction of nature's beauty; but when he sees the affliction of those who people this paradise of earth, the upright and human-hearted artist feels a trouble in the midst of his enjoyment. The happy day will be when mind, heart, and hands shall be alive together, shall work in concert; when there shall be a harmony between God's munificence and man's delight in it. Then, instead of the piteous and frightful figure of Death, skipping whip in hand by the peasant's side in the field, the allegorical painter will place there a radiant angel, sowing with full hands the blessed grain in the smoking furrow.

"And the dream of a kindly, free, poetic, laborious, simple existence for the tiller of the field is not so hard to realise that it must be sent away into the world of chimæras. Virgil's sweet and sad cry: 'O happy peasants, if they but knew their own blessings!' is a regret; but like all regrets, it is at the same time a prediction. The day will come when the laborer may be also an artist—not in the sense of rendering nature's beauty, a matter which will be then of much less importance, but in the sense of feeling it. Does not this mysterious intuition of poetic beauty exist in him already in the form of instinct and of vague reverie?"

It exists in him, too, adds Madame Sand, in the form of that *nostalgia*, that home-sickness, which for ever pursues the genuine French peasant if you transplant him. The peasant has, then, the elements of the poetic sense and of its high and pure satisfactions.

"But one part of the enjoyment which we possess is wanting to him, a pure and lofty pleasure which is surely his due, minister that he is in that vast temple which only the sky is vast enough to embrace. He has not the conscious knowledge of his sentiment. Those who have sentenced him to servitude from his mother's womb, not being able to debar him from reverie, have debarred him from reflection.

"Well, for all that, taking the peasant as he is, incomplete and seemingly condemned to an eternal childhood, I yet find him a more

beautiful object than the man in whom his acquisition of knowledge has stifled sentiment. Do not rate yourselves so high above him, many of you who imagine that you have an imprescriptible right to his obedience, for you yourselves are the most incomplete and the least seeing of men. That simplicity of his soul is more to be loved than the false lights of yours."

In all this we are passing from the second element in George Sand to the third—her aspiration for a social new-birth, a *renaissance sociale*. It is eminently the ideal of France; it was hers. Her religion connected itself with this ideal. In the convent where she was brought up she had in youth had an awakening of fervent mystical piety in the Catholic form. That form she could not keep. Popular religion of all kinds, with its deep internal impossibilities, its "heaven and hell serving to cover the illogical manifestations of the Divinity's apparent designs respecting us," its "God made in our image, silly and malicious, vain and puerile, irritable or tender, after our fashion," lost all sort of hold upon her.

"Communion with such a God is impossible to me, I confess it. He is wiped out from my memory; there is no corner where I can find him any more. Nor do I find him out of doors either; he is not in the fields and waters, he is not in the starry sky. No, nor yet in the churches where men bow themselves; it is an extinct message, a dead letter, a thought that has done its day. Nothing of this belief, nothing of this God, subsists in me any longer."

She refused to lament over the loss, to esteem it other than a benefit:—

"It is an addition to our stock of light, this detachment from the idolatrous conception of religion. It is no loss of the religious sense, as the persisters in idolatry maintain. It is quite the contrary, it is a restitution of allegiance to the true Divinity. It is a step made in the direction of this Divinity, it is an abjuration of the dogmas which did him dishonor."

She does not attempt to give of this Divinity an account much more precise than that which we have in Wordsworth—"a presence that disturbs me with the joy of animating thoughts."

"Everything is divine," she says, "even matter; everything is superhuman, even man. God is everywhere; he is in me in a measure proportioned to the little that I am. My present life separates me from him just in the degree determined by the actual state of childhood of our race. Let me content myself, in

all my seeking to feel after him and to possess of him as much as this imperfect soul can take in, with the intellectual sense I have."

And she concludes—

"The day will come when we shall no more talk about God idly, nay, when we shall talk about him as little as possible. We shall cease to set him forth dogmatically, to dispute about his nature. We shall put compulsion on no one to pray to him, we shall leave the whole business of worship within the sanctuary of each man's conscience. And this will happen when we are really religious."

Meanwhile the sense of this spirit or presence which animates us, the sense of the divine, is our stronghold and our consolation. A man may say of it, 'It comes not by my desert, but the atom of divine sense given to me nothing can rob me of.' *Divine sense*—the phrase is a vague one; but it stands to Madame Sand for that to which are to be referred "all the best thoughts and the best actions of life, suffering endured, duty achieved, whatever purifies our existence, whatever vivifies our love."

Madame Sand is a Frenchwoman, and her religion is therefore, as I have said, with peculiar fervency social. Always she has before her mind "the natural law which *will have it* (the italics are her own) that the species *man* cannot subsist and prosper but by *association*." Whatever else we may be in creation, we are, first and foremost, "at the head of the species which are called by instinct and led by necessity to the life of *association*." The word *love*, the great word, as she justly says, of the New Testament, acquires from her social enthusiasm a peculiar significance to her:—

"The word is a great one, because it involves infinite consequences. To love means to help one another, to have joint aspirations, to act in concert, to labor for the same end, to develop to its ideal consummation the fraternal instinct, thanks to which mankind have brought the earth under their dominion. Every time that he has been false to this instinct which is his law of life, his natural destiny, man has seen his temples crumble, his societies dissolve, his intellectual sense go wrong, his moral sense die out. The future is founded on love."

So long as love is thus spoken of in the general, the ordinary serious Englishman will have no difficulty in inclining himself with respect at what Madame Sand says of it. But when he finds that love implies, with her, social equality, he will begin to be staggered. And in truth

for almost every Englishman Madame Sand's strong language about equality, and about France as the chosen vessel for exhibiting it, will sound exaggerated.

"The human ideal," she says, "as well as the social ideal, is to achieve equality." France, which has made equality its rallying cry, is therefore "the nation which loves and is loved," *la nation qui aime et qu'on aime*. The republic of equality is in her eyes "an ideal, a philosophy, a religion." She invokes the "holy doctrine of social liberty and fraternal equality, ever reappearing as a ray of love and truth amidst the storm." She calls it "the goal of man and the law of the future." She thinks it the secret of the civilisation of France, the most civilised of nations. Amid the disasters of the late war she cannot forbear a cry of astonishment at the neutral nations, *insensibles à l'égorge-ment d'une civilisation comme la nôtre*, "looking on with insensibility while a civilisation such as ours has its throat cut." Germany, with its stupid ideal of corporatism and *Kruppism*, is contrasted with France, full of social dreams, too civilised for war, incapable of planning and preparing war for twenty years, she is so incapable of hatred—*nous sommes si incapables de haïr*. We seem to be listening, not to George Sand, but to M. Victor Hugo, half genius, half charlatan; to M. Victor Hugo, or even to one of those French declaimers in whom we come down to no genius and all charlatan.

The forms of such outbursts as we have quoted will always be distasteful to an Englishman. It is to be remembered that they came from Madame Sand under the pressure and anguish of the terrible calamities of 1870. But what we are most concerned with, and what Englishmen in general regard too little, is the degree of truth contained in these allegations that France is the most civilised of nations, and that she is so, above all, by her "holy doctrine of equality." How comes the idea to be so current, and to be passionately believed in, as we have seen, by such a woman as George Sand? It was so passionately believed in by her, that when one seeks, as I am now seeking, to recall her image, the image is incomplete if the passionate belief is kept hidden.

I will not, with my scanty space, now discuss the belief, but I will seek to indicate how it must have commended itself, I think, to George Sand. I have somewhere called France "the country of Europe where *the people* is most alive." *The people* is what interested George Sand. And in France *the people* is, above all, the peasant. The workman in Paris or in other great towns of France may afford material for such pictures as those which M. Zola has lately given us in *L'Assommoir*, pictures of a kind long ago labelled by Madame Sand as "the *literature of mysteries of iniquity*, which men of talent and imagination try to bring into fashion." But the real people in France, the foundation of things there, both in George Sand's eyes and in reality, is the peasant. The peasant was the object of Madame Sand's fondest predilections in the present, and happiest hopes in the future. The Revolution and its doctrine of equality had made the French peasant. What wonder, then, if she saluted the doctrine as a holy and paramount one?

And the French peasant is really, so far as I can see, the largest and strongest element of soundness which the body social of any European nation possesses. To him is due that astonishing recovery which France has made since her defeat, and which George Sand predicted in the very hour of ruin. Yes, in 1870 she predicted *ce réveil général qui va suivre, à la grande surprise des autres nations, l'espèce d'agonie où elles nous voient tombés*, "the general arising which, to the astonishment of the other nations, is about to follow the sort of agony in which they now see us lying." To the condition, character, and qualities of the French peasant this recovery is in the main due. His material well-being is generally known. M. de Laveleye, the well-known economist, a Belgian and a Protestant, says that France, being the country of Europe where the soil is more divided than anywhere except in Switzerland and Norway, is at the same time the country where well-being is most widely spread, where wealth has of late years increased most, and where population is least out-running the limits which, for the comfort and progress of the working classes themselves, seem necessary. George Sand could see, of course, the well-being

of the French peasant, for we can all see it.

But there is more. George Sand was a woman, with a woman's ideal of gentleness, of "the charm of good manners," as essential to civilisation. She has somewhere spoken admirably of the variety and balance of forces which go to make up true civilisation; "certain forces of weakness, docility, attractiveness, suavity, are here just as real forces as forces of vigor, encroachment, violence, or brutality." Yes, as real *forces*; because human nature requires them, and, often as they may be baffled, and slow as may be the process of their asserting themselves, mankind is not satisfied with its own civilisation, and keeps fidgeting at it and altering it again and again, until room is made for them. George Sand thought the French people—meaning principally, again, by the French people *the people* properly so called, the peasant—she thought it "the most kindly, the most amiable, of all peoples." Nothing is more touching than to read in her *Journal*, written in 1870, while she was witnessing what seemed to be "the agony of the Latin races," and undergoing what seemed to be the process of "dying in a general death of one's family, one's country, and one's nation," how constant is her defence of the people, the peasant, against her Republican friends. Her Republican friends were furious with the peasant; accused him of stolidity, cowardice, want of patriotism; accused him of having given them the Empire, with all its vileness; wanted to take away from him the suffrage. Again and again does George Sand take up his defence, and warn her friends of the folly and danger of their false estimate of him. "The contempt of the masses, there," she cries, "is the misfortune and crime of the present moment!"

"To execrate the people," she exclaims again, "is real blasphemy; the people is worth more than we are." If the peasant gave us the Empire, says Madame Sand, it was because he saw the parties of liberals disputing, gesticulating, and threatening to tear one another asunder and France too; he was told *The Empire is peace*, and he accepted the Empire. The peasant was deceived, he is uninstructed, he moves slowly; but

he moves, he has admirable virtues, and in him is our life.

"Poor Jacques Bonhomme! accuse thee and despise thee who will; for my part I pity thee, and in spite of thy faults I shall always love thee. Never will I forget how, a child, I was carried asleep on thy shoulders, how I was given over to thy care and followed thee everywhere, to the field, the stall, the cottage. They are all dead, those good old people who have borne me in their arms, but I remember them well, and I appreciate at this hour, to the minutest detail, the pureness, the kindness, the patience, the good humor, the poetry, which presided over that rustic education amidst disasters of like kind with those which we are undergoing now. Why should I quarrel with the peasant because on certain points he feels and thinks differently from what I do? There are other essential points on which we may feel eternally at one with him—probity and charity."

Another generation of peasants had grown up since that first revolutionary generation of her youth, and equality, as its reign proceeded, had not deteriorated but improved them:—

"They have advanced greatly in self-respect and well-being, these peasants from twenty years old to forty; they never ask for anything. When one meets them they no longer take off their hat. If they know you they come up to you and hold out their hand. All foreigners who stay with us are struck with their good bearing, with their amenity, and the simple, friendly, and polite ease of their behavior. In presence of people whom they esteem they are, like their fathers, models of fact; but they have more than that mere sentiment of equality which was all that their fathers had—they have the *idea* of equality, and the determination to maintain it. This step upwards they owe to their having the suffrage. Those who would fain treat them as creatures of a lower order dare not now show this disposition to their face; it would not be pleasant."

Mr. Hamerton's interesting book about French life has much, I think, to confirm this account of the French peasant. What I have seen of France myself (and I have seen something) is fully in agreement with it. Of a civilisation and an equality which make the peasant thus *human*, gives to the bulk of the people well-being, probity, charity, self-respect, tact, and good manners, let us pardon Madame Sand if she feels and speaks enthusiastically. Some little variation on our own eternal trio of Barbarians, Philistines, Populace, or on the eternal solo of Philistinism among our brethren

of the United States and the Colonies, is surely permissible.

Where one is more inclined to differ from Madame Sand is in her estimate of her Republican friends of the educated classes. They may stand, she says, for the genius and the soul of France, they represent its "exalted imagination and profound sensibility," while the peasant represents its humble, sound, indispensable body. Her *protégé*, the peasant, is much ruder with those eloquent gentlemen, and has his own name for one and all of them, *l'avocat*, by which he means to convey his belief that words are more to be looked for from that quarter than seriousness and profit. It seems to me by no means certain but that the peasant is in the right. George Sand herself has said admirable things of these friends of hers; of their want of patience, temper, wisdom; of their "vague and violent way of talking;" of their interminable flow of "stimulating phrases, cold as death." If the educated and speaking classes in France were as sound in their way as the peasant is in his, France would present a different spectacle. Not "imagination and sensibility" are so much required from the educated classes of France, as simpler, more serious views of life; a knowledge how great a part conduct (if M. Challemeil-Lacour will allow me to say so) fills in it; a better example. The few who see this, such as Madame Sand among the dead, and M. Renan among the living, perhaps awaken on that account, amongst quiet observers at a distance, all the more sympathy; but in France they are isolated. All the later work of George Sand, however, all her hope of genuine social renovation, take the simple and serious ground so necessary. "The cure for us is far more simple than we will believe. All the better natures amongst us see it and feel it. It is a good direction given by ourselves to our hearts and consciences"—*une bonne direction donnée par nous-mêmes à nos cœurs et à nos consciences*. These are among the last words of her *Journal* of 1870.

Whether or not the number of George Sand's works—always fresh, always attractive, but poured out too lavishly and rapidly—is likely to prove a hindrance to her fame, I do not care to consider. Posterity, alarmed at the way in which



its literary baggage grows upon it, always seeks to leave behind it as much as it can, as much as it dares—everything but masterpieces. But the immense vibration of George Sand's voice upon the ear of Europe will 'not soon die away. Her passions and her errors have been abundantly talked of. She left them behind her, and men's memory of her will leave them behind also. There will remain of her the sense of benefit and stimulus from the passage upon earth of that large and frank nature, that large and pure utterance—the *large utterance of the early gods*. There will remain an admiring and ever widening report of that great soul, simple, affectionate, without vanity, without pedantry, human, equitable, patient, kind. She believed herself, she said, "to be in sympathy, across time and space, with a multitude of honest wills which interrogate their conscience and try to put themselves in

accord with it." This chain of sympathy will extend more and more.

It is silent, that eloquent voice; it is sunk, that noble, that speaking head; we sum up, as we best can, what she said to us, and we bid her adieu. From many hearts in many lands a troop of tender and grateful regrets converge towards her humble churchyard in Berry. Let them be joined by these words of sad homage from one of a nation which she esteemed, and which knew her very little and very ill. Her guiding thought, the guiding thought which she did her best to make ours too, "the sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall one day know it," is in harmony with words and promises familiar to that sacred place where she lies. *Expectat resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi sæculi.*—*Fortnightly Review*.

—♦♦—  
AVE MARIA.

(A BRETON LEGEND.)

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

In the ages of Faith, before the day  
When men were too proud to weep or pray,  
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town  
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,  
A chapel for simple souls to meet,  
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,  
Ave Maria!

II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,  
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,  
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,  
And whose head kept rolling from side to side  
Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,  
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,  
Ave Maria!

III.

But when they up-got and wended home,  
Those up the hillside, these to the foam,  
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,  
Like a thing that is only hull and husk;  
On as he hobbled, chanting still,  
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,  
Ave Maria

## IV.

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,  
And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,  
And ran up his sail, and trimmed his craft,  
While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,  
The senseless cripple would stand and stare,  
Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,

Ave Maria!

## V.

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,  
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,  
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,  
Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet;  
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,  
Kept singing his one monotonous song,

Ave Maria!

## VI.

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,  
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,  
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,  
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,  
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked,  
The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,

Ave Maria!

## VII.

Children mocked, and mimicked his feet,  
As he slouched or sidled along the street;  
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,  
And mothers with child eschewed his eye;  
And half in pity, half scorn, the folk  
Christened him, from the words he spoke,

Ave Maria.

## VIII.

One year when the harvest feasts were done,  
And the mending of tattered nets begun,  
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key  
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,  
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow  
Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,

Ave Maria!

## IX.

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,  
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,  
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,  
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;  
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,  
He kept on murmuring till he died,

Ave Maria!

## X.

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,  
 He could not be buried in sacred earth;  
 So they laid him afar, apart, alone,  
 Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,  
 Senseless clay unto senseless clay,  
 To which none ever came nigh to say,

Ave Maria!

## XI.

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorns white,  
 And the lark bore his music out of sight,  
 And the swallow outraced the racing wave,  
 Up from the lonely, outcast grave  
 Sprouted a lily, straight and high,  
 Such as She bears to whom men cry,

Ave Maria!

## XII.

None had planted it, no one knew  
 How it had come there, why it grew;  
 Grew up strong, till its stately stem  
 Was crowned with a snow-white diadem,—  
 One pure lily, round which, behold!  
 Was written by God in veins of gold,  
 "Ave Maria!"

## XIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,  
 Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine;  
 Shrine you may see in the little town  
 That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.  
 Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,  
 And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,

Ave Maria.

## XIV.

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,  
 From forehead to footstep one foul fault,  
 Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,  
 The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,  
 Who shall bar you the gates of Day,  
 So you have simple faith to say,

Ave Maria?

*Cornhill Magazine.*

—•••—

## AMONGST THE COSSACKS OF THE DON.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

To an English eye there is little beauty and verse. The Steppes of "Little Russia," or Ukrania, are situated in the south-west and centre of Russia, in the charm has been celebrated both in prose

region of black earth, which region, for the richness and plenty of its produce, is justly termed the garden of Russia. Involuntarily a feeling of depression crept over me as we traversed those wide plains of waving corn or flowery grass, stretching as far as the eye could reach, without a tree or shrub or hillock to break the monotonous level. The few deserted villages we passed through scarcely broke the monotony, for we were in the noon-day of a Russian spring; men, women, and children were at work in the fields. In the far distance our destination, the village of Valievka, appeared like a speck on the unbroken line of the horizon. Gradually the speck assumed a more distinct form. The manor house stood cool and sheltered in the midst of thickly wooded grounds. It was a long uniform building, with green roof and verandahs bearing a family likeness to others of the same class—originality is certainly not a Russian characteristic—the numerous sheds, stables, sheep-folds surrounding it reminded one of a squatter's settlement. At the gates was the village itself, solely inhabited by the former serfs of General K. At the end of the two straight rows of white thatched huts stood the church with its green cupolas and dome.

At the sound of the ringing horse-bells, as we drove through the village, all the peasants who were working in the fields thronged to the manor gates to welcome their "Gospoda's" return—all in gay and picturesque costume. Several of the young girls stepped forward to kiss the hand of the "noble lady." There was nothing servile or cringing in their demeanor as they did this; it was gracefully caressing and respectful. Men and women alike were tall and well-formed; they had the quiet dignified bearing natural to the "Little Russian peasants;" only a touch of the old Cossack spirit and fire could be seen in the flash of their dark eyes. The dress of the women consisted of a loose white boddice, which was embroidered with red. By way of petticoat they had two squares of some coarse, but gorgeous colored material, which hanging loose before and behind, were secured round the waist by a crimson scarf; upon their bare necks lay many rows of variously-colored beads, whilst a bright handkerchief twisted round

the head, gave an oriental touch to their whole appearance.

"We are pleased you are amongst us," said one. "God be with you," said another. "And may He keep you from the evil eye," said a third.

Madame K. exchanged greetings with all, and listened with attention to their news. Serfdom had ceased for some years; but the General and Madame K. still exercised a patriarchal sway over their former slaves. In all cases of sickness or trouble it was always to the Gospoda that the peasants came for advice and relief. During the few months that I was an inmate of the Manor House, many and many were the stories of sorrow, and wrong, and suffering, which were brought to the Gospoda for comfort or redress, and never in vain.

The day after our arrival the priests and deacons came, bearing in their hands the traditional bread and salt—which they offered to the General as he met them on the threshold, saying, according to the usual formula, "Welcome amongst us; and may you never lack either bread or salt; for they are the stay and the sustenance of life." After this we all repaired to the hall to join in a *Te Deum* for our safe arrival. It was rather a long service, and the priests wore their full robes. After the conclusion of the Gospel for the day, the officiating priest held forth a crucifix, containing a morsel of the true cross; each person present advanced and kissed it before leaving the hall.

In the evening, after our *Te Deum* ceremony, I walked out into the village to look about me. The sun was sinking like a ball of fire beneath the level line of the distant horizon; the church, with its green cupolas and white minarets, were all bathed in a flood of golden light. As the twilight deepened, the tall, silvery birch trees glimmered white and ghost-like through the transparent gloom, whilst the lines of low thatched cottages stood out in dark shadow against the strip of green and purple light which still lingered in the sky beyond. The evening breeze, laden with the sweet scents of spring, rustled through the quivering aspens, bearing to my ears from time to time snatches of the wild plaintive songs of the laborers who were returning from the forest laden with the green branches they had been cutting to decorate their



houses for the next day, which was Whitsunday.

Whitsuntide, or as they in their more poetical language term it "Greentide," is one of the great holidays of the Russian peasantry, and their last before the commencement of the summer labors.

Presently the bells from the church burst forth in a joyous peal. The returning peasants reverently crossed themselves and hastened their steps homeward to decorate their cottages with the green boughs, and to gather flowers to strew upon their thresholds, to be all in readiness for the dawn of Whitsunday.

At Easter the "advent of spring" is welcomed with songs and dances, and great rejoicings; but it is also especially marked in the domestic calendar of the peasantry as the chief season for betrothing their respective sons and daughters, whilst Whitsunday is the great day for celebrating the marriage ceremonies. The weeks that intervene between these two festivals are the most important epoch in the year to the peasant women. Little work is done; housewives set aside their hand-loom and spinning-wheels, and devote themselves to settling the marriages of such girls as have arrived at the age of sixteen. The girls destined to be married assemble each evening in groups and sing in chorus their farewell to girlhood. At first the airs are gay and rattling, sounding in all directions as they march round the village; but as the twilight deepens (their tones become more melancholy and slow, as though in foreboding of the hardships and labor of the married lot which lies before them. I was up early the next morning; a picturesque and animated scene had already begun. Troops of peasants had arrived from many miles round, some on foot, some in *telegas* (country carts), drawn by two and sometimes by three horses in gay harness and bells. Every one carried flowers in abundance: the men had their caps decorated with leaves; the women all wore garlands of flowers. Later in the day these garlands are destined to be flung into the river, the owners watching them anxiously, for the superstition is that if a garland sinks speedily, the wearer of it will not outlive the year;—but this is anticipating the order of things.

When I reached the village the joy-

ous hubbub was at its height. The neighing of the horses in their gay red trappings mingled with the shoutings, greetings, and laughter of the throng, whilst the different wedding groups formed themselves in procession. At the entrance of the church, however, a solemn calm and silence fell upon all; slowly and reverently the men entered in single file, taking the lead; each one crossing himself devoutly. The women followed, in equal silence and reverence, and took their appointed place.

The service for Whitsunday over, and the sanctuary doors closed, the business of the day began. The couples to be married advanced, the brides were closely veiled, and each bridegroom offered the end of a white linen scarf thrown over his arm to his betrothed; by this he led her to a small reading-desk in the centre of the church, before which the priest stood and intoned the prayers. Then each couple exchange rings, declare that they have been baptized, that they are not both plighted to any other; then gilded crowns were placed on the heads of brides and bridegrooms, after which they embraced, and then marched several times slowly round the church. The ceremony concluded by a few words of admonition from the priest; afterwards, the brides and their female companions returned quietly to the village, the bride and bridegroom separating at the church-door. The merry-making does not take place until the bride enters her husband's house as a wife, which event does not necessarily follow the church ceremony, but is often postponed to an indefinite period. The entrance of the bride into her husband's house is looked upon by the "Little Russian peasant" as the real marriage, and is attended with rites and observances which have come down from times lost in the dim twilight of "long ago."

The day before the event is always a Saturday, and on that day a bright-colored shawl or dress is sent by the bridegroom to his bride. The young girl, attired in her best, and her hair decked with flowers, goes from house to house through her village, accompanied by her young companions, inviting all to her wedding in the words, "My father, my mother, and I also, ask you to come and join in our joy."

After saying this, she bows profoundly to the heads of the family, and goes her way. Whilst she is thus engaged, the married women assemble in the houses of the bride and bridegroom's parents, and, with singing and laughter, they make a large bridal loaf, ornamented with the figures of birds, made of the dough of the loaf. After the loaf is baked, it is adorned with red ribbons, and wrapped in a fine white linen cloth, and placed on the top of a pile of black loaves in the centre of the table, just beneath the sacred images. By its side are two bottles filled with red wine, tied together by ribbons of the same color; instead of corks the necks of the bottles are filled by bunches of flowers, red berries, and ears of corn. Two plates and two wooden spoons are tied together also by red ribbons and put on the table beside the bottles.

The bridegroom spends the Saturday evening at the house of his betrothed, amid much gaiety, but neither the bridal-loaf nor the bottle of wine are touched. On the next day (Sunday) all attend church. Then they all separate till the evening, when the bridegroom goes to fetch his bride home. The bridegroom is attended by his youngest female relative, who follows him closely, carrying a large nosegay tied to a stick. Before he leaves his house he kneels to his mother for her blessing, and then, accompanied by his groomsmen, he mounts a cart drawn by gaily-decked horses. When they are on the point of starting, his mother, disguised in a large sheep-skin, and a hat, in which she is supposed to represent a bear, walks three times round the cart, throwing to her son money, nuts, and oats.

When the bridegroom and his party arrive at the bride's house, she is not there. She is gone, they are told, to the house of a friend. They go in search of her, but she escapes and goes home by a circuitous way. On approaching her own home she sees her kinsfolk, seated upon stools at the threshold, awaiting her return. She bows herself to the ground three times before them. They rise up to give her their blessing, giving her a loaf, saying, "We give you prosperity and happiness." A shawl is then thrown over her head to conceal her face, and she is placed at the table to

await her husband, who, on his arrival, sits down by the side of his bride. A woman who is respected by both the families takes the stick to which the nosegay is attached, and raises it aloft, making various figures and signs above the heads of the bride and bridegroom. After this the bride uncovers her head, and a handkerchief is held up by the four corners before the face of husband and wife, the father of the bride passes a glass filled with money behind the handkerchief, which is taken by the bridegroom. Presents are distributed to the relations on both sides. Before supper commences, the bridal cake is carried to the threshold of the door by the head of the family, who, crossing himself, reverently turns to the assembly saying: "As this bread is blessed, so may his coming amongst us be thrice blessed; and like this same bread, which is clean and all-sustaining, may the young love we give him be pure and upright." The cake is then cut up and distributed to all present.

The newly-married couple have not, however, any right to sup with the guests. They are conducted to another room, where the parents once more bless them both. Whilst the sacred images are held over her head, the daughter kneels at their feet and says, "I thank you, my father and my mother, for the bread, salt, and care I have received at your hands," then rising, she departs along with her husband to her new home, where his parents meet her at the door with a black loaf, an emblem of welcome amongst the Russians.

The young couple are placed for a few moments at the head of the table under the household images, that being the most sacred place of honor amongst the peasantry. Afterwards they are led into an adjoining room, where the bride is unrobed and unveiled by the women who have negotiated the marriage, and then left alone with her bridegroom. Later on, the same women, attended by the groomsmen, return to the young wife, to attire her in the married woman's garb; they order her to sing a song. The friends and relatives who are waiting in the next room, not seeing her appear, begin to make a great uproar, singing in a loud voice, "Bring us our young wife! Let us gaze on her! Let us welcome

her, and let us sing to her." The grooms-men and the women within pretend to deceive them by disguising someone else, and presenting her to the company, but the relations drive her from the room, crying, "That is not she! No, no, that is not our young wife. Show us the real one—the young one—the beautiful one!" The tumult is somewhat appeased when at last the bride steps timidly across the threshold, and it is with demonstrations of satisfaction and delight that they greet her as they sing, "Yes, yes, it is she; it is really she. It is our young bride; the true one—the beautiful one! It is our young bride! Young wife, beautiful queen, thou art welcome to the home of thy husband!" then, drinking the contents of the two bottles to the health of the young couple, they all retire.

The next day the young men who were present at the wedding meet again at the bride's house, when she presents to each of them a towel and a bowl in

which to wash their hands. Her next duty is to bring water to her husband's house, so, taking her pails, she proceeds to the well; the youths follow her, and upset the pails as fast as she fills them, but the husband appearing, he buys his wife's freedom with a bottle of wine.

The rejoicings, dancing, and singing continue for the rest of the week. The maidens of the village have no share in the festivities, but the youths follow them everywhere; they visit from house to house, carrying a long stick with a red handkerchief flying at the end.

Fain would I linger with the Russian wife whilst the halo of her bridehood still lingers round her, and before she has discovered that it was another worker rather than a loving heart which was needed in her new home, and before life has taught her the hard lessons of endurance and toil which more or less ever attend the peasant's struggle for existence.—*Temple Bar*.

---

#### TEACHING TO READ.

BY JAMES SPEDDING.

THE late discussions at the London School Board on the best method of simplifying and shortening the process of teaching children to read, raised as they have been in the way of business by those who have the thing to do, can hardly fail to produce some good effect, unless the movers defeat their object by trying to do too much. If an attempt be made to introduce any change which would cause inconvenience, trouble, or offence to the multitudes who can read and write already, it will certainly fail. Old fashions go out and new come in—convenient or inconvenient as it may happen—but not upon the recommendation of royal commissions, or because they are likely to benefit another generation. In the mean time reading and writing are accomplishments too hardly acquired and too constantly in demand to be interfered with. All eyes, ears, fingers, and vocal organs would unite in indignant protest against any change of fashion which would make them less automatic, though it were but for a little while. To make the *Times* a little more difficult to read for a single day would

be to raise a storm which the *Times* itself would hardly survive. If, on the other hand, an attempt be made to teach reading too curiously,—to distinguish by letters all the minuter differences of speech, and require them to be learned,—the lesson will be too hard for the learner. He will have too many things to remember; he will learn it imperfectly; a habit of reading without regard to the rules will soon destroy the connection in his mind between the rule and the practice; and in a short time he will be in as bad a condition as he is now; when, however perfect he may be in his alphabet, he has still to learn the relation between the letters and the spoken word by a separate act of memory in each case,—each word being possibly, and not improbably, an exception to the rule which ought apparently to govern it.

Fortunately it is not necessary to encounter either of these difficulties; for it is certainly possible, by a simple change in the method of instruction, which nobody who can read already need trouble himself with,—which will task the learner's memory much less severely than the

present method,—and which anybody can easily try,—to teach children to read books printed in the ordinary way both faster and more pleasantly and more perfectly than they are now taught.

I assume, of course, that the object is not to make them either etymologists or mimics, but only to teach them to read and write modern English as it is now spoken and written by educated people. Now, though the sounds which good speakers actually utter in speaking are innumerable, the sounds which they *intend* to utter are limited in number and definite in form. They correspond to certain definable positions of the vocal organs of which the number (for English) is not more than forty-two.\* That with an alphabet containing forty-two letters, each letter being understood to represent only one sound, and each sound to be represented by only one letter, the proper pronunciation of any English word may be indicated intelligibly and with sufficient accuracy for all the ordinary purposes of speech, has been amply proved by practical trial in the special work of which I speak, the teaching of children to read. Several such alphabets have been proposed; but the one which is readiest for English use, and has also been best tested by actual work, is Mr. A. J. Ellis's, in which, the

letters of the orthodox alphabet being used as far as possible for the same sounds which in the ordinary orthography they most frequently represent, anyone who can read will find himself at home almost immediately,—there being in fact more friends than strangers in the company. For him, to understand the notation and its rules thoroughly is the work of a few hours; and with a few days' reading he will find it as familiar as the one he has been used to. Any man who has made himself master of this alphabet is qualified to take a pupil, and if he wishes to teach a child to read, he has only to show him the letters, tell him the sound which belongs to each, explain to him how to make it, and remind him that whenever he sees that letter he is to make that sound, whenever he hears that sound he is to think of that letter.

So far all is as easy as A B C, and no easier. But when he has gone through the whole forty-two in this way, he will find himself in a very different condition from the boy we read of in *Pickwick*, who, having mastered the orthodox twenty-six, thought he had gone through a great deal to learn very little. He will find that he has learned a great deal; no less, in fact, than all he need know in order to read correctly any word of one syllable. Take what monosyllable you please. Put the right letters in the right order, and tell him to make the sounds one after another, quickly, without pausing between. He will at once pronounce the word; he will not be able to help it. Before he advances to polysyllables he must learn one thing more, for the mark of accent must be introduced. He must be told that whenever he sees that particular mark over a letter, he must pronounce that syllable more strongly than the others; and he will then be able to pronounce correctly any word which may be shown to him, if it is correctly printed or written in those characters.

All this, however, is only by way of preparation; for we do not propose to alter our alphabet or our orthography for him, and we must teach him to read our books. As soon, therefore, as he is perfect in the new (which I shall make bold to call the rational) alphabet—which, having no exceptions or irregularities to perplex his mind and burden

\* Though there is much difference of opinion as to the form in which these sounds may be most conveniently represented, there is room for little or none as to the sounds themselves which the representation of good modern English speech requires to be known and discriminated. There are, indeed, some obscure, uncertain, and almost indescribable modifications of these sounds which *introduce themselves* unintentionally and unconsciously, and of which I shall say more presently. But any alphabet which contains a distinct symbol for each sound in the following list will be found capable of spelling any modern English word so as to show how it ought to be spoken—in the opinion, of course, of the speller.

1. The long vowels heard in the words *feel*, *fail*, *fah*, *fall*, *foal*, *fool*.

2. The short vowels heard in the words *knit*, *net*, *gnat*, *not*, *nut*, *foot*.

3. The diphthongs heard in the words *file*, *foil*, *foul*, *few*.

4. The sounds of *y* in *yea*, *w* in *way*, *wh* in *whay*, and *h* in *hay*; of the following consonants, as ordinarily pronounced, *p*, *b*, *t*, *d*, *ch*, *i*, *k*, *g* (hard as in *go*), *f*, *v*, *s*, *z*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *ng*; of the two sounds of *th* as in *thin* and as in *then*, of *sh* as in *rush* and as in *rouge*, and of *r* as in *ear* and as in *ring*.



his memory, he will not find difficult—he must be confronted with the orthodox or irrational alphabet, which he will have to work with in his generation. Then it will be found that the judicious arrangement of Mr. Ellis's notation, which made the transition from the old style to the new so easy for his master, will for the like reason make the transition from the new to the old easy for him.

Take a list of words from any common spelling-book; opposite to each in another column place the same word spelt according to the rational system; tell him that the word which is *pronounced* as in the second column is to be *written* as in the first. He will find the two so much alike that, in spite of the differences, he will easily recognise them as the same. He will see, almost without the help of the key, what the spelling-book words are meant for, and will be able to *read* them almost at once. But then will come the really hard part of his task; for he must still learn to *spell* them as they are spelt in the book; and, having no principle to guide him, while such rules as he is troubled with are subject to so many exceptions that they give him no real help, he must do it by simple memory. He must endeavor to remember the letters which compose each word, and the order of them, and he must fix the impression in his mind by continually renewing it. In this respect however, if he is no better off than the rest of us, neither is he worse off. It is by reading that we all learn to spell, and having once learned to read spelling-book English he will learn to spell by the same process, even without help, as fast as another; while under a judicious master his progress will be quickened by a simple exercise, the benefit of which will also be felt in other ways. If it be made one of his regular tasks to translate into the phonetic character sentences printed in the received orthography and (inversely) to translate into the received orthography sentences written in the phonetic, it will supply him with the very best kind of exercise both in spelling and pronunciation; and when he is perfect in it who shall say that he has not been taught to read and write as well as the best of us?

It may be objected perhaps that,

though he may have learned it at last, yet, having had so much more to learn by the way, he must have been longer about it. But that is a mistake. It is long since I happened to see any reports from phonetic teachers, but in the days of the *Phonetic News* I used to see many; and their tenor was uniform, to the effect that children who began with the phonetic could read and spell in the ordinary orthography both sooner and better than those who went by the old road. And this brings me to the practical question for the sake of which I have thought it worth while to call attention to these things, obvious as they must be to all who have considered the matter seriously:—If this be so, and if among the many schoolmasters whose business it now is to teach poor men's children to read there are some who, believing that they can get through their work better and faster in this way, wish to be allowed to try it,—is there any reason why they should be forbidden? If they fail, the harm done cannot be much; the worst would be that the time spent by some of the classes in learning how to pronounce their words has left them a little less forward in remembering how to spell them. If they succeed, the gain is substantial and not inconsiderable: for poor men cannot so well afford to keep their children at school longer than is necessary. Considered only as an experiment, it is surely worth the cost of trial; and the cost will be small, for everything is ready. I am told that the School Boards or schoolmasters are divided in opinion, some approving and some disapproving the proposed reform. So much the better. Let us have a match. Let the disapprovers with their twenty-six letters, and the approvers with their forty-two, try which can turn out the best spelling class (old style) within a given time; and if the forty-two carry it, let it be resolved that all teachers who find them useful shall be permitted to use them hereafter if they like. This would be all that is necessary—perhaps all that is desirable—for the present. If the forty-two letters continue to prove their superiority by results, they may be trusted to take care of themselves; education being now a matter of business which will not consent to waste time and money for the convenience of etymologists, whose ob-

jects are quite different, and whose means of pursuing them will not be in any way interfered with. The question which is sacred in the eyes of an etymologist is how a particular combination of letters came into use as the name of a particular thing. He follows its history back through all its recorded changes, and if he can trace it to some other combination of letters, supposed to represent a sound which was once used somewhere else as the name of the same thing (or some other), he is satisfied. With this the School Boards have nothing to do. Their business is to teach children the use of the language as it is, not to inquire into the series of changes through which it came to be what it is. But if they cannot help him in his work, neither do they threaten him with any hindrance. Some etymologists do indeed write as if a change in the orthography of the future would destroy all traces of the orthography of to-day—an apprehension which seems more strange in the mouth of an etymologist than of anybody else; for if each successive change in the state of a language must destroy the traces of the state which preceded, what becomes of the science of etymology? And if there is any stage in the progress of the English language in which the received orthography must be always ascertainable, it is surely the present. If all the world agreed to disuse it to-morrow, if not another book were printed in it, if ordinary readers lost the power of interpreting it, the etymologist would still find a perfect record of it in every book that has been printed within the last fifty years. Till every such book has been not only set aside but destroyed, the sacred record of the latest form of prephonetic orthography will be preserved intact for the learned. That part of our language of which every change does really 'destroy the record' is the pronunciation. The most learned philologist of this generation does not know how his grandfather pronounced any single word. And it is satisfactory to think that, whatever be the fate of the present controversy, one result is secure—our posterity will, at any rate, have the means of knowing how English was *spoken* in the latter half of the nineteenth century, with a nearer approach to exactness than has ever been attainable by a third genera-

tion in any language. Of that the phoneticians of the present have already set down, for the benefit of etymologists of the future, a record which will remain. But the registering of the sounds of the spoken language for scientific purposes is a collateral advantage which does not concern our immediate business, and must not be allowed to interfere with it. The forty-two symbols of Mr. Ellis's alphabet will serve to represent with sufficient accuracy all the sounds which a good speaker *intends* to utter. To represent all the sounds which are *actually* uttered in ordinary speech would require a great many more; and though scientific philology, seeking to determine the laws which govern the changes of pronunciation in different languages, requires to know and compare them in all their modifications, yet the simple art of correct pronunciation in a living language wants no more than practical directions for making them. Now it will be observed that, in the mouth of correct speakers with good articulation, all *accented* syllables have a determinate character of their own by which we can distinguish them from each other. Though each speaker sounds them somewhat differently, we all know which sound he means, and can reproduce our own variety of it in our own way. These are the forty-two sounds which form Mr. Ellis's alphabet. But who shall number or define the sounds of the *unaccented* syllables? They are indispensable constituents of every polysyllabic word, and of every combination of words into which unemphatic monosyllables enter; yet the most practised phoneticians cannot agree as to what they are or what vocal configurations they depend upon. How then are they to be represented on paper? and how are children to be taught to make them?

Now, though I should be very sorry to have to define or describe them, yet when I observe the conditions under which they present themselves, I think I see how they may be commanded. Ask a gentleman how he spells a word which he has just pronounced,—*circumstances* for instance,—distinguishing the several syllables in spelling-book fashion. He will say, 'c, i, r, cir; c, u, m, cum—cir-cum; s, t, a, n, stan—cir-cum-stan; c, e, s, ces—cir-cum-stan-ces.' But when he

uttered the word in conversation just before, there was only one of the four syllables to which he gave the same sound which he gives in spelling it. Try him with another, in which an unaccented comes before the accented syllable; say, *committal*; *c, o, m, com*; *m, i, t, mit*—*com-mit*; *t, a, l, tal*—*com-mit-tal*. When he pronounces the word without spelling it, you find that both the first and the last syllable have changed their character—*com* has almost turned into *cum*, and *tal* into *tul*. Now why is this? He does not do it on purpose; he is not aware probably that he does it at all. He does it simply because it is the easiest way—because he could not do it otherwise without trouble. And this it is that suggests what I believe to be the true, exact and sufficient direction for the formation of all these obscure and indescribable sounds, in all their varieties, as they are heard in the language of the best speakers. Each of them being in fact the nearest approach to the sound *aimed at* that can be made from the position into which the vocal organs have been brought by their last action, or have to bring themselves in order to be ready for the next, the practical direction for making it is to give to every syllable *as much* of its proper sound—of the sound you give it when you pronounce it by itself—as, without sacrificing the predominance of the accented syllable, *you conveniently can*. The best speakers are those who (subject to this last condition) preserve most of the characteristic sound in each case. It is a slovenly pronunciation which leaves it doubtful whether you said *cymbals* or *symbols*.

Even with accented syllables the same difficulty sometimes occurs, and is to be dealt with in the same way. When I say '*fair face*,' or '*bolt the door*,' I mean to give exactly the same sound to the *ai* and *a* in the first case, and to the *o* and *oo* in the second. The sounds I do give them are widely different. Yet it is not a case of obscurity, for the vowels into which the *ai* and the *oo* have transformed themselves are clearly and firmly enunciated, and in foreign languages, as well as in our own provincial dialects, hold a conspicuous place. But they are vowels which the English of the schools and the drawing-room does all it can to repudiate. They have no place in the alpha-

bet or the spelling-book, and I doubt whether any polished English speaker ever utters either of them distinctly when he can avoid it. But here again we have no need of additional letters; for the same necessity which causes the change of sound supplies an infallible direction for making the change correctly. Try to prolong the sound of *a* in the first case (*a* as heard in *face*), and of *o* in the second (*o* as heard in *bolt*), until your tongue is in a position to form an untrilled *r*: the required modification of the vowel sound in both cases will be the inevitable result.\*

I hold it certain, therefore, that with an alphabet of forty-two letters sufficient directions may be given for pronouncing English as correctly as it is usually pronounced in society, and with no wider variations from the standard, if there be such a thing, than are commonly heard wherever half a dozen Englishmen are talking together in a drawing-room. The only difficulty which appears to stand in the way is the choice of the particular alphabet to be used, and the rules for using it. Upon this it is probable that opinions will differ; and yet unless the several teachers can agree to use the same in the same way, a great part of the benefit will be lost; for the pupils of the several schools will not have a common system upon which they can interchange communications. And besides, though one of the rival systems may be as good as another for the purpose of instruction in the sounds, and, if they are all equally successful in shortening the process of teaching to read common books, the *immediate* object of them all is equally well answered, it must not be supposed that this is the only advantage which the pupils are to derive

\* Even if this be not, as I think it is, the most scientific direction for the production of the required sound in these cases, it has a collateral merit not to be despised. It avoids in a vast number of cases the necessity of changing the vowels, and so producing that strangeness of appearance which, besides offending scholars (who seem to think it not only awkward but sinful), does really make the reform a little more difficult. It is obvious that the liker to one another the words in the two styles *look*, the more readily will they be recognised as the same, and therefore that both the phonetic teacher will sooner be able to read easily in the new style, and the phonetic pupil in the old; which is the end we aim at.

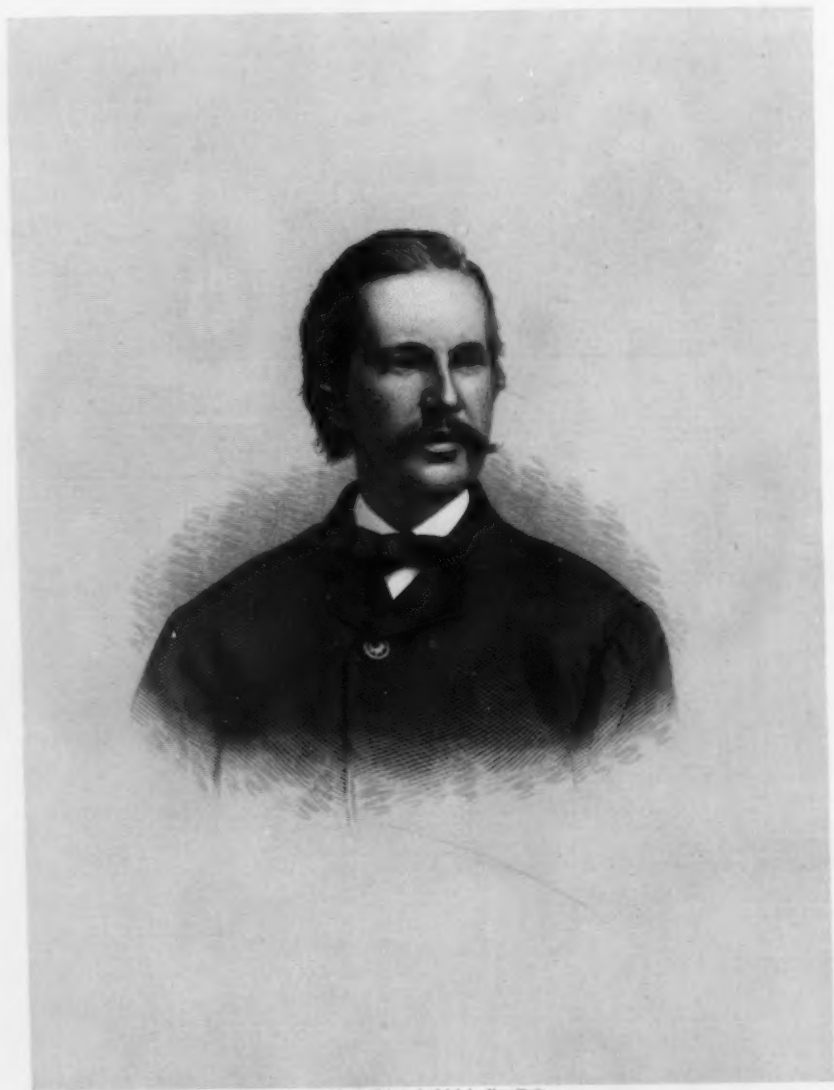
from the course of instruction they will have to go through. It must be remembered that all who learn the use of such a phonetic alphabet will possess for the rest of their lives an accomplishment of great value—so great, indeed, that it may be said without any exaggeration to be coextensive with the value of letters. They will be able to describe on paper by writing or print the pronunciation of words, when it would be impossible or inconvenient to impart it by speech, and the most ingenious manipulation of the sacred twenty-six, from A to Z, would fail to convey a notion of it. It is true that at first they will have it all to themselves, for their uninstructed elders and betters will not be able to profit by the information. But this will be only for a while. As soon as a knowledge of the phonetic characters becomes an indispensable part of general education, and is required by schools and colleges and Civil Service Commissioners (as it will be when its value comes to be generally understood), newspaper correspondents will be able to tell us what to *call* the people and the places about whom they are enlightening us; books of travels will be readable aloud without the interruption of a stumble and an apology at every proper name; missionaries will be able to give information which will be of use to comparative philologists about the languages of the countries in which they are laboring; we shall know whether another Captain Burnaby rides to Khiva or Kheva, and shall accompany another Commander Cameron with much greater comfort through regions that are now (because of the number of consonants without any vowel between which they require us to pronounce) not to be named. Of its uses in these ways I can speak confidently from personal experience; for I read the accounts of the Hungarian war of 1849 in the *Phonetic News*, where all the proper names were carefully spelt. But it is not merely in the foreign names which perplex us in English books that we shall feel the benefit: the foreign languages will be better and more easily learned, especially by those who aspire to teach themselves. The many scholars who have to learn these languages from books will be furnished with directions for the pronunciation that will serve them almost as well

as a skilled teacher; and much better than an unskilled one, however good his own pronunciation may be. The latest reformation in the way of reading Latin and Greek may be circulated by post to all grammar schools. And in short, as soon as the accomplishment becomes as common as reading, it will be found that its uses are as various and as valuable as those of writing. Making it possible to hear by the eye (like a musician, who, having the benefit of a phonetic notation, hears the music as he reads it), it will extend the range of earshot both in time and space indefinitely. A man will be able to make his words heard in Australia with the next mail, and heard by the next ages as long as his book endureth. I know a poet who is happy in most things, but most unhappy in an apprehension that people who have not heard his poems read will never know how to read them. He will be able to stereotype the sounds, the quantities, the pauses, the intonations, the accents, and the emphases, for all the peoples in all the times. He will only have to publish a phonetic edition.

These results will depend upon the consistent use and the general acceptance of the alphabet which shall be chosen; and the very variety of the persons and causes that are interested in it will divide opinions, and make the choice more difficult. It may be hoped, however, that if the reforming *teachers* keep to their own business and take counsel together—leaving etymologists to invent a system of etymological orthography for themselves, foreign linguists to construct such alphabets as are easiest for *them* to work, as ours is easiest for *us*; making no attempt to convert or conciliate anti-reformers who regard the question as unworthy of serious consideration, and therefore have never considered it seriously; but applying themselves solely to find out the best method of teaching English boys and girls to read and write modern English for modern purposes—they will be able to agree upon one set of symbols and one set of rules to be used by all; and that such an alphabet, having the great advantage of being in possession of the field, will be strong enough to resist foolish changes, to entertain friendly suggestions, to test and adopt real improvements without break-







Engraved for the Atlantic by J. J. Cade, New York.

PAUL H. DAVIE.

ing up, and to serve for the foundation of a system of phonetic notation, the powers and uses of which may be gradually extended to meet all the requirements of the science of language.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

---

LINES ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

ALL-GOLDEN is her virgin head,  
Her cheek a bloomy rose,  
Carnation-bright the fluttering red  
That o'er it softly flows,  
But neither gem nor floweret vies  
With that clear wonder of her eyes.

But twice hath hue like theirs been given  
To be beheld of me,  
And once 'twas in the twilight heaven,  
Once in the summer sea;  
A yearning gladness thence was born,  
A dream delightful and forlorn.

For once in heaven a single star  
Lay in a light unknown,—  
A tender tint, more lucid far  
Than all that eve had shown,—  
It seemed between the gold and gray  
The far dawn of a faery day.

And once where ocean's depth divine  
O'er silvern sands was hung,  
Gleamed in the half-lit hyaline  
The hope no song has sung,—  
The memory of a world more fair  
Than all our blazing wealth of air.

For dear though earthly days may flow,  
Our dream is dearer yet;—  
How little is the life we know  
To life that we forget!—  
Till in a maiden's eyes we see  
What once hath been, what still shall be.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

---

PAUL H. HAYNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PAUL H. HAYNE, a portrait of whom we present to our readers as that of the most eminent of living Southern poets and men-of-letters, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 1st of January, 1831. His father was Lieut. Paul H. Hayne, of the United States Navy, who was a younger brother of Robert Y. Hayne, whose debate with Webster on "Foote's Resolutions" is so famous in

Congressional history. After graduating at the College of Charleston in 1850, Paul H. Hayne studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but all his tastes were literary, and being at that time independent as to means, he was enabled to gratify them. He edited in succession a number of Southern periodicals, of which the best known was "Russell's Magazine;" and in 1855 his first volume of

poems appeared from [the press of Ticknor & Fields, Boston. It attracted considerable attention from a cultivated circle, and was pronounced by Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, the brilliant Boston critic, "a work of great promise as well as fine performance." His second volume, published in Charleston in 1857, was a thin duodecimo, consisting chiefly of sonnets, but introduced by an exquisitely graceful and imaginative "Ode to Sleep," which marked the highest point he had yet [reached in poetry. In 1860 his third volume ("Avolio and Other Poems") appeared, from the press of Ticknor & Fields, and was favorably received by the critics and public.

During the civil war, Mr. Hayne served first on the staff of Governor Pickens, and subsequently for some months as a volunteer in Fort Sumter; but the condition of his health forbade his regularly taking the field. As was the case with many others of his unfortunate compatriots, the close of the conflict found him, pecuniarily, ruined. He removed to Augusta, Georgia, where for some time he assisted in the editorship of the "Augusta Constitutionalist;" and afterwards, in 1866, settled down in his present residence, sixteen miles from Augusta, near the Georgia Railroad. Here, in a rude whitewashed cottage, crowning a hill among the pine-barrens, he has lived with his family (a mother, wife, and one child) for eleven years in almost complete seclusion; and here he has done what must be regarded as his best literary work. The Lippincotts published his "Legends and Lyrics" in 1872, and the vol-

ume thus entitled contains, in the author's opinion, his most vigorous and characteristic verse. Three years later, in 1875, his last volume, "The Mountain of the Lovers," was issued by Hale & Sons of New York. A noteworthy feature of this latter work is a group of "Nature-Poems," descriptive of the peculiarities of Southern landscape and scenery, which appeared originally in the "Atlantic Monthly."

Of Mr. Hayne's prose writings the most important are biographies of his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, of Hugh S. Legaré, the eminent South Carolina lawyer and scholar, and of his brother-poet, Henry Timrod. The latter was prefixed to the collected edition of Timrod's poems (1873), and awakened an unusual degree of interest, both North and South. Another biographical work by Mr. Hayne, a life of William Gilmore Simms, is in the hands of the Harpers awaiting publication.

Mr. Hayne's verses are nearly always graceful, polished, and musical, and are pervaded by a tender imaginative sentiment and by a genuine love of nature. His prose style is animated and picturesque, but too poetical in form and manner to meet the severer requirements of good prose. His work is especially deserving of recognition from the fact that as one of the very few professional *littérateurs* in a section of the country where art and letters have long been completely subordinated to politics and the practical affairs of life, his career has been one of constant and not easily exaggerated difficulty and discouragement.

---

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE OTTOMAN POWER IN EUROPE, its Nature, its Growth, and its Decline. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

To Mr. Freeman as much as to any one man the world is indebted for the fact that in the present great crisis of affairs in South-Eastern Europe the strength and influence of England are not, as in 1853-4, thrown into the scale in behalf of the Turk against the unfortunate Christian peoples whom he has oppressed and plundered for nearly five hundred years. On the first mutterings of insur-

rection in Herzegovina and Bosnia, Mr. Freeman saw that the long-impending catastrophe had begun, and at once addressed himself to the task of enlightening his countrymen, by pen and by word of mouth, concerning the real nature of the issues involved, and awakening in them a perception of the atrocious crime against civilization and morals of which England would be guilty, should she again allow herself to be betrayed into extending her aid to the barbarous horde encamped in Turkey. The present treatise on the nature, growth, and decline of the Ottoman Power in Europe is a continuation of this process of enlighten-



ment, and partakes rather of the character of a political pamphlet than of what is usually understood by history proper. Mr. Freeman maintains, indeed, that between politics and history no rational distinction can be drawn—history being simply the politics of the past, while politics are the history of the present. "The past is studied in vain, unless it gives us lessons for the present; the present will be very imperfectly understood, unless the light of the past is brought to bear upon it. In this way, history and politics are one." Still, it is well to bear the fact in mind that in formal history the primary intention of the historian is to set down all the facts as they actually occurred, leaving the particular application of the lessons they carry to be made by other hands; while Mr. Freeman himself confesses that what he has here done is to use the past history of the Ottoman Turks in order to show what is the one way which, according to the light of reason and experience, can be of any use in dealing with the Ottoman Turks of the present day. In other words, his aim is primarily political and not historical.

We call attention to this point merely in order to define the character of the book, not by any means to disparage it; for we hold that neither history nor historian was ever better employed than in work of precisely this kind. The historian ceases to be a mere historian, the scholar a mere scholar, when he leaves his dry accumulations of facts, and uses his knowledge in behalf of great and pressing public questions regarding which the public stands very much in need of enlightenment; and this is the exact nature of the service that Mr. Freeman has performed. He tells us all that any one can tell us in a brief space of the origin, growth, and character of the Ottoman rule; and in addition to this—applying the teachings of the past to the problems of the present—he imparts to us such a clear conception of the elementary principles involved in the so-called Eastern Question that henceforth no jargon of the diplomatists, no raising of subsidiary or irrelevant issues, no sentimental or interested pleas, will be able to blind our eyes or pervert our judgment. The conscience and civilization of the world are against the Turk, and through Mr. Freeman this conscience and this civilization give him notice that, in spite of all the postponements of diplomatists, he must "step down and out."

Besides his history of the Ottomans, Mr. Freeman gives valuable descriptive accounts of the other races of South-Eastern Europe, of their relations to one another and to the common enemy, and of the light which their past

history throws upon future political adjustments. The text is illustrated by three colored maps, one showing the Ottoman dominions as they exist at this time (February, 1877), another showing the several States of South-Eastern Europe at the time of the entrance of the Ottomans into Europe, and a third showing the Ottoman dominions at the time of their greatest extent.

THE AMERICAN. A NOVEL. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The first thought that occurs to one after reading "The American" is that the opulence of power displayed in it ought to have made it a novel of the first rank, and precisely why it fails of being such it is somewhat difficult to say. The plot is consistent and well-constructed if somewhat commonplace, the characters are without exception piquant and interesting, the descriptive portions are remarkably brilliant and picturesque, and the entire book is pervaded by that atmosphere of elegant culture which is so grateful to refined and educated minds. The "situation," too, is very effective—that of an American, a self-made man, fresh from the crudities of his wild Western home, confronted with the aristocratic prejudices and the inflexible social standards of the most exclusive society of the Old World. But we fear that it was the very effectiveness of this situation—its wide-reaching suggestiveness and interest—that spoiled Mr. James's book as a novel. In his anxiety to point the contrast and essential antagonism between two such alien civilizations as those of Republican America and Bourbon France, he has subordinated his characters to the machinery of his story, so to speak, and thus deprived them of that personal individuality and self-determining force without which neither real nor fictitious persons can establish any strong claim upon our sympathies or interest. No doubt in actual life men and women are constantly entangled in the web of fate and circumstance, their purposes thwarted and their aspirations turned away; but in such cases there must be coöperating conditions in their own nature, and it reduces them to the level of puppets in our eyes if we see too plainly the external predetermining agencies by which they were crushed. Hence, the reader is dissatisfied with the manner in which "The American" ends, not because it is painful, but because it mars the conception which he has been led to form of the two principal characters in the story; because it seems incongruous with what has gone before; and because it is manifestly the result, not of spontaneously-acting natural causes, but of

a preëxistent social theory in the author's mind.

In order to reach cause for fault-finding, however, it is necessary to go very deep into the structure of the novel; for its salient qualities, taken separately, we have nothing but heartiest praise. The portrait of Madame de Cintré would be sufficient by itself to lift the book altogether above the level of current fiction; yet there are half a dozen other characters whose natures are laid bare to us with scarcely less delicacy and precision of touch. The incidents are plausible and sufficiently varied, the accessories partake of the multifarious splendors of Paris, and the affluence of resource exhibited in every direction renders the story at once a stimulus and an enjoyment.

**THE FORCES OF NATURE: A Popular Introduction to the Study of Physical Phenomena.** By Amédée Guillemin. Translated from the French by Mrs. Norman Lockyer, and Edited with Additions and Notes by J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. London and New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

This work has already won a wide reputation both in France and England as one of the most successful of the many attempts to popularize a knowledge of the principles, methods, and phenomena of physical science. While no concession is made on the score of scientific accuracy and exactness, its arrangement is so admirable and its expositions so simple and lucid that it presents no difficulties which the general reader can not master with a little thought and study; and it has the great advantage over most other treatises of the kind that it brings under one general survey almost the entire field of modern physical investigation. Beginning with Gravity and Attraction, it discusses in succession the phenomena of Sound, with special reference to music and musical instruments; the laws of Light and Color; Heat in all its varied manifestations; Magnetism and Electricity; and finally Meteorology, including the beautiful phenomena of clouds and fog, rainbow, and the other atmospheric wonders. The descriptions are remarkably clear and forcible, and the aid of pictorial illustration is called in wherever it can assist the reader in understanding the experiments and demonstrations. In the entire work there are nearly five hundred engravings, ranging in character from simple diagrams and figures to fine full-page pictures and beautiful colored plates. The translation is excellent, and Mr. Lockyer's notes and comments confer an additional value upon the treatise.

The work as originally published was in

one large and expensive volume, but in order to give it a wider circulation, the publishers have begun to issue it in monthly parts. Each part contains about forty pages of text and illustrations, and eighteen parts will complete the work.

**VIRGIN SOIL.** By Ivan Turgénieff. Translated with the Author's Sanction from the French Version, by T. S. Perry. Leisure Hour Series. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The primary motive of the artist—that of furnishing pleasure of a refining and elevated kind—is less apparent in "Virgin Soil" than in most of Turgénieff's other novels. It is rather a sweeping and pungent social satire than a story pure and simple, and no wonder that it produced considerable fermentation in Russia, for it applies the lash with impartial severity to all the representative classes of society. The noblemen, the officials, the landed proprietors, the merchants, the flunkies, and even the political and social agitators with whose professed aims Turgénieff himself is evidently in sympathy, are each in turn delineated with the merciless hand of the unsparing satirist. The peasants alone escape this penetrating ridicule, and they are condemned for being sunk in the lethargy of a gross and animal stupidity. But for the consciousness of a strong and patriotic feeling underlying the heaped-up scorn, the book would be painful from its excessive bitterness; but, unlike most social satire, it is inspired by a desire to awaken shame and thus produce improvement, rather than by the love of mounting one's self on a pedestal and from this height looking down with contempt upon mankind. Literature of this kind probably reaches but a narrow circle in a country like Russia, yet even there it can hardly fail to provoke thought and stimulate the national conscience.

The story, as we have said, is subordinate to the social purpose, but it is interesting, and is managed with the author's characteristic dexterity. The love is of a less sensuous type than usual, and for once a man is introduced who successfully resists the wiles of a beautiful woman. Mr. Perry's translation is remarkably spirited and graceful.

**HOURS WITH MEN AND BOOKS.** By William Mathews, LL.D. Chicago: *S. C. Griggs & Co.*

This daintily-printed volume consists of a series of essays such as a versatile and fluent man of letters would contribute to the current journals and magazines. They are very miscellaneous in character and cover a wide

variety of topics, as the following list of some of the titles will show: "Thomas de Quincey," "Robert South," "Charles H. Spurgeon," "Moral Grahamism," "Book-Buying," "The Illusions of History," "Literary Triflers," "Working by Rule," "The Morality of Good Living," "Strength and Health," and "Writing for the Press." The essays on De Quincey and Robert South are somewhat elaborate critical and biographical studies, and show the author at his best; the others are for the most part brief, consisting of a few desultory thoughts illustrated and amplified by numerous quotations from ancient and modern literature. Dr. Mathews is evidently an omnivorous reader, and his writings fairly overflow with literary *ana*, *bon-mots*, epigrams, witticisms, personal gossip, historic sayings, and other gleanings from the wide field of literature. A respectable dictionary of quotations could be compiled from the four volumes of his published essays; and the present volume is not inferior to its predecessors in either interest or variety.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. SERJEANT COX has in the press "A Monograph on Sleep and Dream, their Physiology and Psychology."

COMMANDER CAMERON'S "Across Africa" has been translated into Portuguese by Senhor Lencastre, and is being published in weekly parts.

THE interleaved Greek Testament belonging to the author of the "Christian Year" is about to be printed. It contains many annotations, Scriptural, philological, Patristic, etc.; and will be edited by Canon Norris.

A FACSIMILE reproduction of the largest and rarest of William Blake's prophetic books, the "Jerusalem," consisting of 100 engraved large quarto plates of text and design, is being issued by Mr. John Pearson, of York street, Covent Garden, London, who recently purchased the original at a sale for £100.

WE are glad to hear, on the best authority, that 40,000 copies of Littré's grand "French Dictionary," in four volumes quarto, have been sold, and that the sale of the octavo abridgment bids fair to surpass largely that of the original. This is of good omen for our English *Littre* when it comes; for with the many more millions who speak English than speak French, a really scientific and historical English Dictionary should sell by the hundred thousand.—*Academy*.

THE university which the Russian Government has for some time been intending to found in Siberia will be opened on July 1,

1880. Instead of Tomsk, which was mentioned at first, Omsk will be honored by its presence, the latter town being the official centre of West Siberia, conveniently situated for communication with the Orenburg government and Turkestan, and free from that convict element which is supposed to be alien to science. A Kolyvan merchant has contributed 100,000 rubles to its funds.

THE long-lost "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb, published in two tiny volumes at Godwin's Juvenile Library in 1809, has at last been found in South Australia, in the possession of the Hon. Mr. Sandover, of Adelaide, and, through his courtesy and generosity, has been safely re-translated to the country of its birth and publication. The total disappearance for so many years of a book of which a whole edition was rapidly sold off at the time is one of the most extraordinary circumstances in the literary annals of the present century. The poems are eighty-four in number, and of these only twenty-nine were hitherto known.

VICTOR HUGO has addressed the following letter to Mr. Tennyson, in acknowledging the sonnet in "The Nineteenth Century," the manuscript of which the Poet Laureate communicated to his brother poet: "Alfred Tennyson, my eminent and dear colleague—I have read your superb lines. I send you the expression of my emotion and my gratitude. Who dared to say that I did not love England? How could I fail to love a country that produces men like you? I do love the England of Wilberforce, Milton, Newton, and Shakespeare. I combine in one love and respect your fatherland and mine. For me, England is France; we make but one people, as liberty and truth make one light. I love all men, and I admire your noble verses. Receive my most cordial greeting.—VICTOR HUGO."

MR. JOHN FORSTER'S bequest of pictures, books, and MSS. are now publicly exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. There are comparatively few pictures, the most noticeable being Maclise's "Caxton showing Edward IV. Proofs of the First English Printed Book," with 300 of the artist's sketches, and Frith's "Dolly Varden," and the chief interest centres in the books (which number 20,000 volumes) and the MSS. The former include a fine copy of Granger's "Biographical History of England," containing 5562 portraits and illustrations, and copies of the first editions of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels." Among the MSS. are the original manuscripts of all Dickens's works, with the exception of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickle-

by," and the autograph corrections of most of the proof-sheets; the original Godwin MS., and Thackeray's etchings for Douglas Jerrold's "Men of Character," in addition to numerous valuable autographs, copies of plays, and letters from literary celebrities.

THE Trustees of the British Museum are in treaty for the purchase of a copy of the largest book in the world. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the reigning Emperor of China appointed an imperial commission to reprint in one vast collection all native works of interest and importance in every branch of literature. In the beginning of the following century, the commissioners completed their labors, and were able to lay before the Emperor a very palpable proof of their diligence in the shape of a compilation consisting of 6109 volumes, entitled, "Kin ting kook kin too shoo tselh ching," or "An Illustrated Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature." Only a small edition was printed off in the first instance, and before long the greater part of the copper types which had been cast for the undertaking were purloined by untrustworthy officials, and the remainder were melted down and coined into cash. Accidents by fire and by violence have considerably reduced the number of copies of the imperial edition originally printed, and it is believed that only a comparatively few now remain extant. The Trustees of the British Museum having become aware that one such copy has lately been offered for sale at Peking, have entered into negotiations for its purchase.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

THE RELATION BETWEEN SUN-SPOT PERIODS AND METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.—The most elaborate work on this subject which has yet appeared is a volume first published by Dr. F. G. Hahn. In this he discusses the sun-spot period in connection with:—1. Temperature; 2. Wind; 3. Hydro-meteors—i. e., Hail, Rain, Thunderstorms, etc.; and 4. Pressure. As regards Temperature, Dr. Hahn inclines to Köppen's idea that any oscillation depending on the sun-spot period does not show itself simultaneously over the whole globe, but is propagated gradually from the equator to the poles. Moreover, he does not deal solely with the 11-year period, but treats of the longer periods of 55½ years (Wolff and Fritz), 67 (Klein), and 70 (Hornstein), and, in addition, the period of 222 years according to Fritz, embracing twenty of the shortest intervals. It is pointed out also that, inasmuch as the extremes of temperature, etc., do not occur simultaneously with those of the sun's position, so the effect respectively of a maxi-

mum or minimum of sun-spots frequency becomes manifested a few years subsequently. Dr. Hahn holds that the figures which he cites prove the following assertion:—"Less activity in the sun, which exhibits itself in the diminished number of sun-spots (and rarity of the Aurora), produces higher temperatures on the earth, and, *vice versa*, greater activity in the sun and greater frequency of spots produces periods of low temperature on earth." He then goes on to predict that, as the present year affords a minimum of sun-spots, some of the next three years will probably be hot ones. He cites with pride the fulfilment of Köppen's prophecy in the *Austrian Journal* for 1873, p. 267, that the year 1875 would be very cold. This was amply carried out, and it was based by its author on the existence of a forty-five year period of cold weather, which Dr. Hahn thinks he has traced back for more than 1000 years up to the year 843, using Arago's catalogue. As regards wind, the attempts to establish a regular periodicity in the direction at individual stations are not very conclusive, but our author puts forward strongly the results of Meldrum and Poey on the periodicity of cyclones. Similarly the other elements are discussed with a varying amount of conclusiveness in the outcome. As may be expected, the author winds up with professing his thorough belief in the existence of some periodicity, but his utter disbelief in the present possibility of predicting weather thereby.

TYCHO BRAHE'S OBSERVATIONS.—The Danish Academy have published Tycho Brahe's Meteorological Journal kept at Uraniborg, 1582-97, which was discovered a few years ago in the Library at Vienna. To it has been appended a discussion of the principal subjects which it contains, by M. Paul La Cour, chief assistant at the Meteorological Institute of Copenhagen. This appendix is in French, and it consists of a comparison between the apparent conditions of the climate of Denmark at that period and at the present time. Of course there are no instrumental observations for so early a date, but the information as to the state of the sky, the direction of the wind, the frequency of rain, thunderstorms, hail, etc., is very complete and valuable. The general outcome of the whole discussion is that no evidence is derivable from it of any important change in the climate of the country within the space of nearly 300 years.

A NEW ANTISEPTIC.—A new antiseptic has been recently discovered in Germany, which promises to be of great value to industry and commerce, as it is at once effectual and cheap. Among the best antiseptics that we have are



phenol, or carbolic acid, and the abominably odorous bisulphide of carbon, which is used chiefly as a solvent for india-rubber and gutta-percha. If we may trust the accounts already received, xanthate of potassium is a more efficient antiseptic than either of the substances named, and is free from the unpleasantness of the one and the unbearable vileness of the other. It is said to preserve all kinds of organic matter from septic change, and to be completely antagonistic to putrefaction. It is prepared in several ways. Fused hydrate of potassium is dissolved in half its weight of alcohol, and bisulphide of carbon is added until alkalinity is destroyed, when, if the mixture is cooled to 32° Fahr., colorless needles of xanthate of potassium separate. The easier method of preparing the salt is to add to absolute alcohol a very pure solution of caustic potash, treating the mixture subsequently with an excess of bisulphide of carbon, when it immediately solidifies into a mass of interlaced silky needles of potassic xanthate, which must be washed with ether, to dissolve any free bisulphide of carbon, and dried over oil of vitriol. The crystals turn slightly yellow on exposure to air, and give a yellow precipitate with copper salts. They are very soluble in water, and hence are readily available for antiseptic purposes.

**THE FORMATION OF METEORITES.**—The formation of meteorites is a question which has long been discussed by mineralogists and physicists. Professor Tschermak, after much study, has come to the conclusion that the active agent in the process is volcanic. He points out that the meteorites which fall to the earth are angular in form, that they have no concentric structure even in their interior, that their external crust is not an original characteristic, and that they are evidently fragmentary. Examination of the crust has shown that during the later stages of flight, disruption of the meteorite itself sometimes takes place; and it is a fact worth record that guided by the appearance of the crust and peculiarity of shape, Professor Maskelyne once succeeded in reconstructing a meteorite from fragments which had fallen miles apart. From much evidence of this character, Professor Tschermak has been confirmed in his views. He argues that "the finding of hydrogen in meteoric iron is a proof that permanent gases and perhaps vapors, which are the great agents in transmitting volcanic energy, have played some part in the formation of meteorites; and although it may ever be impossible to obtain direct evidence of the volcanic activity which is supposed to have hurled these mysterious masses of stone and metal into space, yet such evidence as the

violent gaseous upheavals on the solar surface; the action of our terrestrial volcanoes; and the stupendous eruptive phenomena of which the lunar craters tell the history, lend powerful support to any theory which assumes that meteorites owe their formation to volcanic agency."

**PAPUANS.**—In the April session of the Berlin Anthropological Society, Baron von Schleinitz, commander of the late German exploring expedition, gave an extended account of his anthropological studies among the inhabitants of New Guinea and the islands of the Melanesian Archipelago, which possess an interesting character on account of the isolated nature of the region. The natives belong almost exclusively to the pure Papuan race. Three sharply distinguished types were noticed. The first, prevalent in the northern part of New Guinea, is characterized by a thin, ill-shaped, hairy body, smooth face, thick lips, woolly hair, prognathous features, thin calves, etc. A second, occupying the islands of New Hanover and New Ireland, is slightly modified. The color is a light brown, scarcely darker than that of South Europeans; the body is better proportioned and more fully rounded; clothing is not worn by the men, and rarely by the women. A comparatively strict observance of morality, the rights of property, and family relations was, however, observed. A third race, found on the western coast of New Guinea, evidently possesses a slight mixture of Malaysians blood. They are russet brown and dolichocephalous, with intelligent and handsome features, and well-proportioned form. Many of the tribes inhabit villages built on piles, and well secured against attack. Polygamy is prevalent in certain regions, and a legalized system of marriage appears to be general.

**THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.**—Professor Boyd Dawkins in giving an account to the Manchester Geological Society of his visit to the crater of Vesuvius said: "A coating of yellow sulphur about three inches thick covered the lip, and beneath this the loose gray ashes gave out aqueous vapor at every pore, which deposited on them in some places white powdery sulphate of lime, in others common salt, sal ammoniac, green chloride of copper, and specular iron ore, which looked like little pieces of shattered mirrors scattered through their substance. It was obvious that here we had a striking proof of the mode in which water, in passing through heated rock, can carry minerals in solution and ultimately deposit them. In these deposits we could easily recognize the mode in which the various metals were brought up from deep

down in the earth's crust, and deposited in holes and crannies in the rocks which are accessible to man as mineral veins." In this description we seem to have an approach towards an answer to the oft-repeated question—Where do metals come from?

**GLASS-MAKING FROM GRASS.**—A curious case of glass-making is published in the Proceedings of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society. A large mass of esparto grass was burnt by accident. Lumps which might be called grass clinkers were found among the ashes; and these on being properly treated in a kiln produced glass which is described as "a very good sample of bottle-glass." From this it is easy to understand that in past ages some great bonfire of vegetable matter may have led to the discovery of glass. Farmers who are unfortunate enough to have their stack-yards burned, might possibly find straw clinkers among the debris. This would be worth noting, for silica enters largely into the composition of all grasses and cereals.

**IS THE EUCALYPTUS A FEVER-DESTROYING TREE?**—The last published volume of *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Victoria contains a paper entitled, "Is the Eucalyptus a Fever-destroying Tree?" a question which, as our readers are aware, is not less interesting here in Europe than in Australia. Baron von Mueller, government botanist at Melbourne, has described more than one hundred and thirty species of Eucalyptus: some grow into forests of great extent both on high and low table-land, others form dense desert scrub, while others are so distributed as to impart a park-like appearance to the landscape. The leaves are evergreen, and so arranged that the light and heat of the sun fall equally on each side; and the roots are dispersive and drain water largely from the soil. Besides the general constituents of a ligneous vegetation, the Eucalyptus contains a gum-resin, a volatile acid, and a peculiar volatile oil. The finest forests, *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, extend inland about one hundred miles, beyond which the scrub species prevail. When by vicissitude of season the seaward species are poor in volatile oil, then the scrub is rich, and *vice versa*. The extent of scrub and forest in the three colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia is so great that the quantity of oil therein contained is estimated at 96,877,440,000 gallons. On this Mr. Bosisto, the author of the paper above referred to, remarks: "Considering that the same condition exists throughout the major part of Australia . . . we cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that the whole atmosphere of Australia is more or less affect-

ed by the perpetual exhalation of those volatile bodies." The aroma thereof would be disagreeable, were it not that "volatile oils have the power of changing oxygen into ozone while they are slowly oxidizing." It can hardly be doubted that the influence on climate must be important. "Let," says Mr. Bosisto, "a small quantity of any of the eucalyptus oils, but especially the oil of *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, be distributed sparingly in a sick-chamber, or over any unpleasant substance, or add a small quantity to stagnant water, and the pleasure of breathing an improved air will immediately be manifest. The application of this to the climate of Australia has great force, for it is acknowledged that we possess about us, both in bush and town, a large amount of active oxygen, made frequently doubly so by our vigorous vegetation."

The conclusion from the whole series of facts is, that the Eucalyptus is a fever-destroying tree. Baron von Mueller states that the *Eucalyptus amygdalina* in favorable situations grows to a height of four hundred feet, that it yields more oil than any other species, and bears the climate of Europe. The species of quickest growth is the *Eucalyptus globulus*.

**FLAMES.**—At a recent meeting of the French Physical Society, M. Gouy gave an account of experiments he had made on flames produced by a mixture of air and coal gas, holding in suspension pulverised metallic salts. The salts, dissolved in water, were introduced by a pulveriser, acting with air compressed to half an atmosphere. In these flames the blue surface of the interior cone, which gives the spectrum of carbon, gives also the lines proper to the salt which the flame contains. These lines are not visible beyond this part, and they coincide with the principal lines of the metal in the electric spark. The metals sodium, strontium, magnesium, lithium, manganese, iron, cobalt, bismuth, cadmium, zinc, and osmium give this phenomenon distinctly. Platinum gives a special spectrum, formed of regular bands. These experiments seem to prove that there is at the base of the flame a very fine layer which has a temperature much higher than the flame properly so called.

**THE PENNSYLVANIA GAS-WELLS.**—Further particulars, which will be regarded as surprising, have been published concerning the Pennsylvania oil-wells. The Delameter well, sixteen hundred feet deep, sends forth gas at such a vehement pressure that a plummet-line weighing sixteen hundred pounds can be pulled out of the bore-hole by hand. The ascending speed of the gas is seventeen hundred feet per second; the quantity amounts to

one million cubic feet per hour, or more than fourteen hundred tons a day; and the heating power is twenty-five per cent greater than that of good bituminous coal. After this explanation it is easy to understand that the well, situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, furnishes heat and light to the whole neighborhood. From one of its pipes, three inches in diameter, a flame rushes, "the noise of which shakes the hills, and is heard at a distance of fifteen miles. For a distance of fifty feet around the earth is burnt; but farther off, the vegetation is tropical, and enjoys a perpetual summer."

### VARIETIES.

THE JEW IN NOVELS.—The noble example of Sir Walter Scott has been forgotten by more recent novelists. Thackeray seldom had a kindly word for the Hebrew, though I believe that private representations made to him induced him to refrain from continuing to caricature the Jews in a story which he was publishing at the time in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. Charles Dickens, it is true, made *amende honorable* before the world for the villainies of Fagin in the virtues of Riah; but the wrong he had committed was serious, and the effects of twenty years of misrepresentation by the most popular novelist of the day could be wiped out by no retraction. The race is accustomed to hard knocks. It is difficult to know whether to admire most the tender feeling and good taste which induce Miss Rhoda Broughton to regret that "those oily, greasy Jews" can no longer be beaten to death with impunity, or the mental constitution of "Ouida," according to whom a Jew who claimed payment for a bill he had discounted was only spared from instant death for his presumption by the rare magnanimity of the hero. At the same time, in some few instances, the Jew in fiction was a being endowed with almost supernatural gifts, an intellectual hero, a transcendent genius. Mr. Disraeli in his earlier works glorified beyond all things the Semitic race. A love for his lineage and a romantic disposition betrayed him occasionally into extravagance and exaggeration. The supremacy of the world belonged to the Jews, who reigned paramount everywhere by their wealth and intellect. The author of "Lothair," however, seems to have modified his opinions, since in that work it is the Aryan race which contains the salt of the earth. "Alroy" and "Tancred" were followed by some imitators, who ended by throwing ridicule upon the cause they intended to advance. No Erckmann-Chatrian arose in England, like the Alsatian pair, to draw

the foibles of the Jewish character, to delineate its virtues and faults with delicate humor and with deep pathos, with a keen and masterly pen freely wielded by a friendly hand. Nevertheless, much has been written of late concerning the Jews, and a truer estimate is being formed of the Hebrew mind. The Jew is perceived to be neither a Sidonia nor a Fagin; neither a Shylock nor a Riah. The mission of the Israelite is neither to govern the universe nor to discount suspicious little bills at 60 per cent. All the celebrated personages in the world are not Jews, nor all the millionaires; neither does the race absorb every old clothesman or money-lender or rogue. A great novelist of non-Jewish extraction has now turned towards the comparatively uncultivated field. The first living artist in fiction in the English language has thought the modern Jews worthy of special study, the results of which have been given to the world in a highly interesting form. Here we have what goes a considerable way towards filling an intellectual void—faithful pictures of modern Anglo-Jewish domestic life. But the author in some respects proceeds further, and evidently possesses loftier and wider aims than the mere exercise of the romance-writer's skill among new scenes. George Eliot has thrown no hasty or superficial glance over the externals of Judaism. She has acquired an extended and profound knowledge of the rites, aspirations, hopes, fears, and desires of the Israelites of the day. She has read their books, inquired into their modes of thought, searched their traditions, accompanied them to the synagogue; nay, she has taken their very words from their lips, and like Asmodeus, has unroofed their houses. To say that some slight errors have crept into "Daniel Deronda" is to say that no human work is perfect; and these inaccuracies are singularly few and unimportant.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE COST OF WAR.—The following statement respecting the loss of lives and money in the wars of the last twenty-five years, 1852-77, appears in a contemporary, and is, perhaps, as near the truth as it is possible to come in so large a subject. The statement is carefully compiled from the official statistics of the various nations concerned, and includes, in addition to the troops slain, a portion of the deaths occasioned by the ravages of the wars among the civil population:—I. Lives lost, 1852-77—killed in battle, or died of wounds and disease.—Crimean War, 750,000; Italian War (1859), 45,000; war of Schleswig-Holstein, 3,000; American Civil War—the North, 280,000; the South, 520,000—800,000; war between Prussia, Austria, and Italy

in 1866, 45,000; expeditions to Mexico, Cochinchina, Morocco, Paraguay, &c., 65,000; Franco-German War of 1870-71—France, 155,000; Germany, 60,000—215,000; Turkish massacres of Christians in Bulgaria, Armenia, &c., 1876-77, 25,000; total, 1,948,000. II. Cost, 1852-77.—Crimean War, 340 million pounds; Italian War of 1859, 60 millions; American Civil War—the North, 940 millions; the South, 460 millions—1,400 millions; Schleswig-Holstein War, 7 millions; Austrian and Prussian War (1866), 66 millions; expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Paraguay, etc. (say only), 40 millions; Franco-Prussian War, 500 millions; total, 2,413 million pounds. The loss of life is equal to about half the population of the whole metropolitan area; and we may vaguely imagine what would be the effect upon production and consumption of absolutely depopulating the whole of the west and north districts of London. The loss of 2,413 millions sterling of capital is equal to about eight or ten years' revenue of all the Governments of Europe and North America. But a public revenue is applied in the payment of services and the promotion of public works which are to a large extent useful. The 2,413 millions of money destroyed in war have been absolutely annihilated. Further, the fortresses, ships, artillery, &c., destroyed by war have to be replaced by capital taken, over a series of years, from productive purposes. The same remark applies to the pensions and rewards granted to maimed and disabled soldiers and sailors.—*Economist*.

THE ARGOT OF POLITE SOCIETY.—It is curious to watch the gradual rise and fall of a popular locution; to note how the once familiar phrase imperceptibly sinks into disuse, and is replaced by another doomed to an existence equally ephemeral. Could Thackeray and Albert Smith revisit us, the former would find his dearly beloved "snob" ruthlessly metamorphosed into "cad"; while the "gent" of the latter has long since become as obsolete as the beaux, bucks, and dandies of former days, now amalgamated under the generic title of "swell." Those genial appellations of our youth, "trump" and "brick," may still linger in the border-land of conversation; but the laudatory encomium in vogue nowadays appears to be "a rattling good fellow," and, lower down in the social scale, "a one-er." The highest expression of admiration is comprised in a "stunner," and the reverse is languidly intimated by the annihilating term, "bad form." A gentleman who experiences a certain difficulty in crossing Piccadilly at ten P.M. is described as "screwed," or more generally "tight"; a glaring waistcoat or trouser pattern, such as Joseph Sedley and Grassot were wont to de-

light in, is simply voted "loud," and the slightest deviation from the ordinary jog-trot of respectability stigmatised as "fast." London is playfully spoken of as the "village"; and the fashionable Sunday resort in the Regent's Park arbitrarily abbreviated into "Zoo." To "bolt," "mizzle," or "make oneself scarce" are superseded by "slope" and "skedaddle"; the "muff" of yesterday is the "duffer" of to-day; while loss of fortune, a fall from one's horse (otherwise "cropper"), or, indeed, any calamity incidental to human nature, is pithily and expressively designated "coming to grief." If personal chastisement be intended, the offender is not to be "thrashed" or "pitched into," but his head is to be "punched"; a threat, we are rejoiced to say, more frequently talked about than put into execution. A cigar is figuratively styled a "weed," an innovation applicable enough to the anomalous compounds of nastiness retailed at the Derby, the boat-race, and other public gatherings, but an evident misnomer as regards the fragrant samples issuing from Mr. Benson's emporium; and its concomitant drink has been quaintly and far more intelligibly christened B.S. (N.B., after too copious libations of the above a man is apt to feel "chippy" next morning). The word "cheek," as synonymous with conceit or impudence, is, notwithstanding its relative antiquity, still largely patronised by the lovers of *argot*; but were it not for the obliging correspondent of—if we mistake not—the *Daily Telegraph*, "tall talk," a Transatlantic phrase of apparently similar import and of undoubted originality, might never have been naturalised among us.—*Belgravia*.

#### BEYOND REACH.

DEAR love, thou art so far above my song,  
It is small wonder that it fears to rise,  
Knowing it cannot reach my Paradise;  
Yet ever to dwell here my thoughts among,  
Nor try its upward flight, would do thee wrong.  
What time the lark soars singing to the skies  
We know he falters, know the sweet song dies  
That fain would reach Heaven's gate sustained and strong;  
But angels, bending from the shining brink,  
Catch the faint note and know the poor song fails,  
Having no strength to reach their heavenly height.  
So listen thou, beloved, and so think.  
More for the earth than heaven his song avails,  
Yet sweetest heard when nearest to God's light.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

#### ON THE HEIGHTS.

As one who climbs unto the mountain's brow  
Finds the strong head which served him on the plain  
Dizzy and blind, the heart whose pulse was low  
Now throbbing wildly with the upward strain,  
So fares the spirit on the heights of thought.  
Reason, the manful, blankly stares and reels,  
While Love, the child-like, consciously o'erwrought,  
Cries out in anguish to the God it feels.

H. G. HEWLETT.



LITERATURE OF THE WORLD.

BOUND VOLUMES

OF THE

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

New Series, 1865 to 1876 Inclusive.

TWENTY-FOUR INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING VOLUMES.

THE Publisher of the ECLECTIC has a limited number of the bound volumes of the NEW SERIES, embracing the years from 1865 to 1876 inclusive, to which he would invite the attention of public and private libraries, and of the public generally. These volumes are of the same general character as those which, for a quarter of a century, have rendered the ECLECTIC the *American Cyclopædia of foreign contemporary thought*; and, with the unparalleled recent development of English periodical literature and the consequent widening of the field of selection, it is confidently believed that the volumes of this NEW SERIES are better, more comprehensive, and more thoroughly representative of the many aspects of modern thought than any which have preceded them. There is no subject in

## Science, Art, Politics, or General Literature,

related to the period which they cover, of which a record more or less complete will not be found in these volumes. In addition to these cyclopædic features, each number of the ECLECTIC is embellished with a fine steel engraving, generally a portrait of some distinguished individual.

## Each volume contains 6 or more of these Fine Steel Engravings.

These volumes will be sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of price, where the distance does not exceed one thousand miles; or they will be sent in exchange for numbers on receipt of price of binding. In the latter case, all express charges must be paid by the sender.

### TERMS:

Library style, \$7 per year, or \$72 per set; Cloth, \$6 per year, or \$60 per set.

### BINDING.

Each year of the ECLECTIC is bound in two volumes of six numbers each, either in half calf, library style, or in green cloth, stamped and lettered. The price of binding is \$2.50 per year in the former, and \$1.50 per year in the latter style.

COVERS.—Cloth covers for binding sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents per volume, or \$1 per year, and they can be bound by any binder for 75 cents per year additional. Address,

E. R. PELTON, Publisher,

25 Bond Street, New York.

# ECLECTIC GALLERY

OF

## Fine Steel-Engravings.

FOR THE PORTFOLIO, SCRAP-BOOK, OR FRAMING, OR FOR  
CENTRE-TABLE MISCELLANIES.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE has been published for over thirty years. Each monthly number, during this long period, has been embellished with a FINE STEEL-ENGRAVING, illustrating some subject of general interest, historic or ideal, and comprising the Portraits of nearly every distinguished man of the past and present centuries. These engravings are printed in handsome style, suitable for framing, for scrap-books, and for private historical collections, and form a selection calculated to afford both amusement and instruction. Our list includes portraits of

**Historians, Poets, Artists, Warriors,  
Philosophers, Emperors, Kings, Statesmen,  
Historic and Ideal Pictures, etc., etc.,**  
COMPRISING

**NEARLY 300 DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.**

of which the following, selected from our list, will give some idea of their scope and variety.

### PORTRAITS.

THOS. B. MACAULAY.  
JAS. ANTHONY FROUDE.  
ALFRED TENNYSON.  
H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
GUSTAV DORE.  
LANDSEER.  
PROF. R. A. PROCTOR.  
PROF. CHAS. DARWIN.  
PROF. HUXLEY.  
PROF. TYNDALL.  
EARL OF DERBY.  
COUNT BISMARCK.  
CHAS. O'CONNOR.  
WM. M. EVARTS.  
GEO. MACDONALD.  
WM. BLACK.

### HISTORIC PICTURES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND FRIENDS.  
LITERARY PARTY AT SIR J. REYNOLDS.  
SHAKESPEARE AND CONTEMPORARIES.  
CONGRESS OF VIENNA.  
SCHILLER AT THE COURT OF WIENMAR.  
WASHINGTON IRVING AND FRIENDS.  
VAN DYKE PARTING FROM RUBENS.

### IDEAL PICTURES.

FAR FROM HOME.  
FLOWER-GATHERERS.  
OLD MORTALITY.  
BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.  
BEATRICE DE CENCI.  
FLORENTINE POETS.  
HOME TREASURES.

The engravings are numbered on the Catalogue to aid in selection, so that persons giving orders need only indicate the figures opposite the engraving selected. They are printed on heavy quarto sized paper, 10 x 12 inches, and can be sent by mail or express without injury. We furnish neat cloth cases or portfolios, holding from ten to fifty engravings, price, 50 cents each.

### Price of Engravings.

**10c. each, or 15 engravings sent in portfolio, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50.**

We will make selections of the 15 Engravings, to be sent whenever required, or the purchaser can select for himself.

Send postage stamp for Catalogue, and make selection for portfolio, scrap-book or handsomely bound volume for centre-table.

**CATALOGUES SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.**

**E. R. PELTON, Publisher, 25 BOND ST., NEW-YORK.**